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Vol. IV
No 22

He Just Missed Happiness

So They Say

October
25 Cents

The Golden Book Magazine

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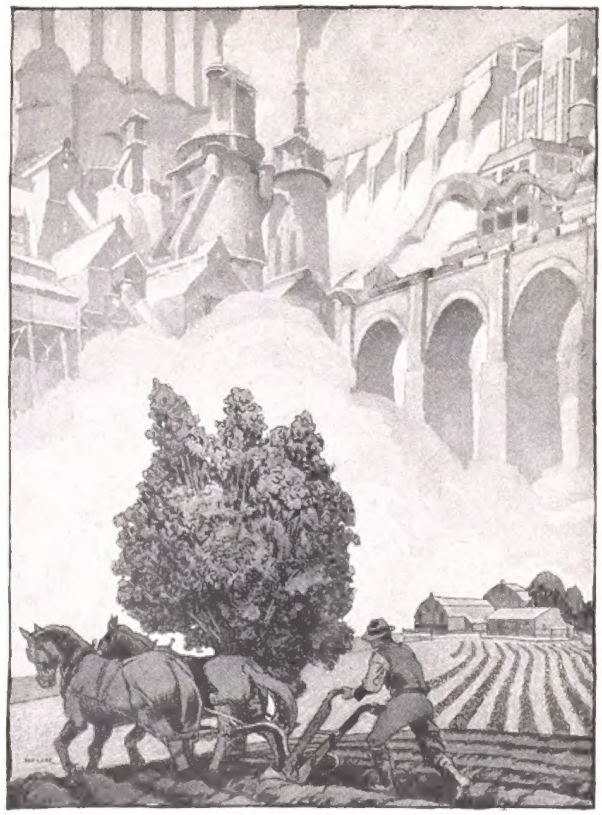

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* * *

The primary cause of the modern break-down of the gums is easily traced to the food that we eat every day. This modern food of ours is soft—it is lacking in fibre—it fails completely in its function of giving to the gums the stimulation and massage they need so much to keep in good condition. So gums grow lazy and stagnant. They grow tender and sensitive. On occasion they bleed—and after that a long list of more severe troubles threatens.

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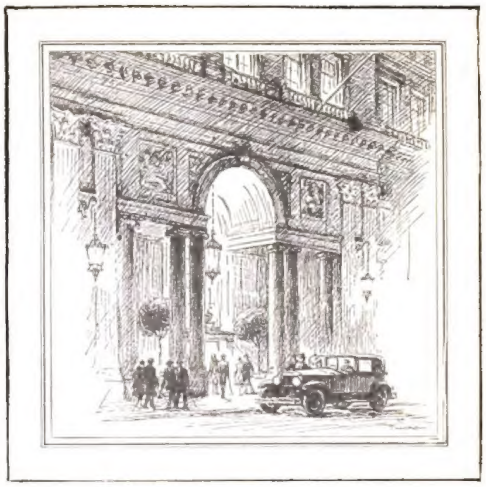

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Number 22

OCTOBER
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

WM. LYON PHELPS ▲ JOHN COTTON DANA ▲ CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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ALBERT SHAW, PRES. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

Some Persons of Importance

TO COME for the first time upon one of the letters of Alciphron gives a modern something of the same thrill conveyed by a first sight of the famous Egyptian statue of the Sheik-el-Beled. That amazing piece of carved wood, by force of its real personality, transports one at a glance into the everyday life of Egypt 4,000 years ago; and in the same way a curious mind, after its futile struggles toward reality with most of the old Greek narrators, gives a sigh of delighted relief when these folk of Alciphron's take pen in hand.

We know almost nothing of this Athenian teacher of rhetoric, except that he lived in the second century (at the time of Lucian), and, from internal evidence, that his 118 imaginary letters represent expressions of men and women nearly four hundred years before his time. The literary authorities, too, point out that these missives, though offering not one complete tale, "are the first successful attempts at character-drawing to be found in Greek prose fiction" (Ovid's "Heroides" being correspondence between characters of myth and legend); that they contain the earliest version of the story of Phyrne before her judges; and so on.

All that is interesting, yet unimportant, compared with the fact that you find your mind whisked away on a magic carpet to the pulsing, fascinating everyday life of Athens during the years after Alexander—with a guide who makes most modern "colyumnists" seem dull and solemn.

> "The illusion is perfect, and we feel that we are for the moment in the Athens of the third century before Christ; that we are strolling in its streets, visiting its shops, its courts, and its temples, and that we are getting a whiff of the Ægean, mingled with the less savoury odours of the markets and wine-shops. We stroll about the city elbowing our way through the throng of boatmen, merchants, and hucksters. Here a barber stands outside his shop and solicits custom; there an old usurer with pimply face sits bending over his accounts in a dingy little office; at the corner of a street a crowd encircles some Cheap Jack who is showing off his juggling tricks at a small three-legged table, making sea-shells vanish out of sight and then taking them from his mouth. Drunken soldiers pass and repass, talking boisterously of their bouts and brawls, of their drills and punishments, and the latest news of their barracks, and forming a striking contrast to the philosopher, who, in coarse robes, moves with supercilious look and an affectation of deep thought, in silence amid the crowd that jostles him. . . .
>
> "We see the demi-monde at their toilet, with their mirrors, their powders, their enamels and rouge-pots, their brushes and pincers. . . . Acquaintances come in to make a morning call, and we hear their chatter—Thaïs and Megara and Bacchis, Hermione and Myrrha. They nibble cakes, drink sweet wine, gossip about their respective lovers, hum the latest songs, and enjoy themselves with perfect abandon. Again we see them at their evening rendezvous, at the banquets where philosophers, poets, sophists, painters, artists of every sort—in fact, the whole Bohemia of Athens—gather round them."

Of course, much of the effect in the entertaining Letter in this issue is due to the superlative translation by the late Harry Thurston Peck, who made versions of several for the "Warner Library." It would be hard to name more successful performances in this extremely difficult art.

Whatever one may think of Samuel Butler (1835–1902), it would be impossible not to recognize the stubborn independence and virility of his mind. He's like a boulder in the smooth current of contemporary ideas, sorely troubling the flowing waters—and offering a wonderful place to perch and dive from, exploringly, into that river. Also there are gamy trout-ideas that lurk in the swirls about such refuges, ready to give the angler a battle royal, and to feed the tissues of him who can land them.

And this notable, tough, sturdy, upsetting originality among the mental yes-men who always form the majority—has just delayed these fragmentary jottings for two days!

(*Continued on page 6*)

AMERICA selected these chocolates and confections . . . . every one!

Whitman's Sampler

(*Continued from page 4*)

For, thinking over some of those provocative individualisms of his (equalled in subversiveness only by Shaw and Bierce and a few other such), I picked up "Hudibras," the monument of that other Samuel Butler, two centuries earlier. And came presently to a characteristic passage:

> But here our authors make a doubt,
> Whether he were more wise, or stout.
> Some hold the one, and some the other;
> But howsoe'er they make a pother,
> The diff'rence was so small, his brain
> Outweighed his rage but half a grain,
> Which made some take him for a tool
> That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool;
> And offer'd to lay wagers that
> As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
> Complains she thought him but an ass,
> Much more she wou'd Sir Hudibras:

Something in the point of view—whimsy underlaid with plausibility or hard fact—suddenly brought the conviction that the seventeenth century satiric poet was the ancestor of the author of "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh." And a good many hours of reference labour had to be expended before this beautiful theory went down under the impact of brutal fact.

For not one of the many references—cyclopaedias, literary histories, critics, official biography—so much as refers to the similarity of names, much less of thoughts.

Apparently, when the earlier Samuel Butler was born of a yeoman family in Southern Worcestershire, the forebears of "Erewhon" Butler were yeomen in Eastern Warwickshire, forty miles away. So, if the lines do come together, it would have to be in some Boteler earlier than the seventeenth century.

Nevertheless, I recommend to the curious a comparison of the *flavour* of parts of "Hudibras" with Samuel Butler's "Note-books" for instance. (In the case of George Bernard Shaw, he has testified how deeply influenced his attitude has been by the stark forcefulness of the later Butler.) The notion suggested above may seem fanciful or unimportant. But anyone who believes that truth is the most interesting thing in the world—provided one gets enough of it—will be repaid by the nuggets that come with little digging in Butler's works.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO INDIANA GIRLS, 1894

"What is this 'Trilby' everybody is talking about?"

"Oh it's a book—a novel."

"They say it's awfully bad."

"Yes, I've heard so; but it isn't so at all. I read it clear through, and there wasn't anything bad in it. I didn't like it, either; there's too much French in it."

"French? Well that's it, then—all the bad part is in French."

"I hadn't thought of that. I suppose that's just the way of it. Anyway, it isn't nearly as good as 'Dally.'"

I doubt if any other new book in the last thirty years has had quite so powerful and complex an impact upon the United States as "Trilby" produced when it appeared in *Harper's Monthly* from January to August, 1894—and then in book form, to reach a final circulation of about 700,000 copies.

"Looking Backward" and "Ben Hur," a few years earlier, had probably sold even more widely; but there was a charming and intimate appeal in Du Maurier's manner of telling the story of that poor Trilby who "had all the virtues but one," and of Svengali, who had only one virtue, his love of himself as a master of his art—an appeal which made the whole thing a personal matter, about which one must hold (and express) convictions.

Ministers preached sermons on it, weeklies attacked and defended the morality of the heroine; a man in Paterson, N. J., evolved a soothing theory that Trilby's "relations with her hypnotizer were chaste so far as her consciousness of them went"—and presently

(*Continued on page 8*)

A digestive aid *that never works overtime!*

THE next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try a couple of Gastrogen Tablets. They will give you quick relief from your indigestion, heartburn or gas—and they will give their relief without in the least interfering with your normal digestion.

For Gastrogen Tablets never go too far, as soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it are very apt to do. With alkalies of that kind, the least overdose leaves your stomach with an alkaline residue that is almost as unwelcome as the hyperacidity itself.

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When tasty dishes force nature just a little too far, then two or three Gastrogen Tablets will bring you quick relief—without any risk of alkalizing your stomach.

So, if you suffer from digestive distress, give Gastrogen Tablets a trial. Find out what it means to correct indigestion without hampering digestion!

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73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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(*Continued from page 6*)

produced a letter from the author confirming this salving view. The Mercantile Library needed a hundred copies. A play was hurriedly put into shape and produced with a success that sent it all over the country, Mr. Wilton Lackaye svengali-ing with shuddersome effect; a Broadway caterer announced ice-creams molded "in the shape of a model of Trilby's ever-famous foot"; there were "Trilby entertainments", such as that most pretentious one at Sherry's, which seems almost incredible to look back on.

All this and much more was going on in 1894.

And in 1924 I happened to ask three young men, between twenty and thirty, two of them just from the university—and not one had ever read the story or knew who George Du Maurier was. But I found the ten-year-old daughter of a friend curled up on a sofa with an old copy she'd found in the family library. (And it seemed a lot better reading for that age than many other freely-circulated new volumes she might have picked up.)

I have an idea, however, that if those particular youngsters start in at the tale as printed here, they'll keep on. For I discover no lessening of the charm with which Du Maurier invested his smiling reminiscences of artist life in the Quarter.

One incident that helped to focus a little more attention on the novel was Whistler's attack on the author for caricaturing him as Joe Sibley, the idle apprentice. The following was the caustic artist's public letter:

> To the Editor—Sir:
>
> It would seem, notwithstanding my boastful declaration, that, after all, I had not, before leaving England, completely rid myself of the abomination—the 'friend'! One solitary, unheeded one—Mr. George du Maurier—still remained, hidden in Hampstead. On that healthy heath he has been harbouring, for nearly half a life, every villainy of good fellowship that could be perfected by the careless frequentation of our early intimacy and my unsuspecting *camaraderie*. Of this pent-up envy, malice and furtive intent he never at any moment during all that time allowed me, while grasping his honest Anglo-French fist, to detect the faintest indication. Now that my back is turned the old *marmite* of our *pot-au-feu* he fills with the picric acid of thirty years' spite, and, in an American magazine, fires off his bomb of mendacious recollection and poisoned rancour. The lie with which it is loaded *à morn intention* he proposes for my possible 'future biographer'—but I fancy it explodes, as is usual, in his own waistcoat, and he furnishes, in his present unseemly state, an excellent example of all those others who, like himself, have thought a foul friend a finer fellow than an open enemy.
>
> J. M'Neill Whistler.
>
> Reflection: the *compagnon* of the *pétard* we guillotine. Guineas are given to the popular companion who prepares his infernal machine for the distinguished associates in whose friendship he has successfully speculated.

Threats of legal action, and a knowledge of the threatener, brought elaborate apologies from the publishers. The offensive references were toned down, the Idle Apprentice's portrait solus went out, while in a general scene he grew a beard. And Whistler in high glee declared:

> "I question if it be not without precedent that a writer ever before so abjectly regorged his spleen as to submit his Bowdlerized work to his victim for his approval."

Great artist as was Mr. Whistler at his best—the fact is that it makes mighty little difference to "Trilby" as a novel whether Joe Sibley appears or not. But the tale is printed here in the original form.

I suppose Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart got the material for "The Miracle" at first hand, for, long ago, after her high-school education, she had a course in the Pittsburgh Training School for Nurses.

It sounds real. And I'm glad it stops just where it does. And for my part, I intend to believe that Al was good to Claribel and "the little mutt" from that day forth, forevermore.

All of which at least proves that the tale has an appeal to the feelings.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was in editorial harness for most of his working years. Born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836, he went to work at sixteen, instead of to college; and he was on the staff of the N. Y. *Evening Mirror* and N. P. Willis's *Home Journal* till the end of the

(*Continued on page 10*)

The Ox Woman

Washing, cleaning, and pumping water are tasks which electricity does for the farm woman. But electric light, the electric iron, electric milkers and separators, and a dozen other devices make life easier on the farm. Ask your electric power company for the G-E Farm Book, which tells what electricity can do for you.

On an East Indian farm, a woman drives a wooden plow, another woman pulls—and a black ox pulls beside her.

The American farm has many conveniences. But the farm woman often toils at the washtub, at the churn, and carries water. In some communities electricity is now doing these tasks at small cost and in half the time.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from page 8*)

Civil War. Then for nine years he edited *Every Saturday* in Boston, to be rewarded by the dignity of the directing chair in the *Atlantic*, 188 -90. He left a number of books, both prose and verse; but his "Story of a Bad Boy" and a few of the short tales are almost the only things which show vitality to-day.

"The Playboy's real name was Synge; and the famous libel on Ireland (and who is Ireland that she should not be libelled as other countries are by their great comedians?) was the truth about the world." G. B. S.

John Millington Synge's "notorious, grandly-named comedy," "The Playboy of the Western World," has some black magic in it that sets Irishmen to rioting. It caused rowdy uproar in Dublin and in America; Cork banned it altogether; the Abbey Theater Company were arrested for producing it in Philadelphia! (The prosecution was laughed out of court.)

For a week in Dublin, under police protection, the play was forced down the gagging public throat, with W. B. Yeats explaining what it was all about, and assuring the indignant Irish it was not a libel on Erin—without convincing the big public, but at least succeeding in giving the play a hearing.

"Certain it is that had the Directors yielded to the hostility of the audience, and withdrawn the play, Synge would be utterly unknown nowadays, except to the curious student of Literature's bohereens or by-ways."

I rather think Maurice Bourgeois is correct in feeling that Synge intended to do a humourous burlesque (based on intimate knowledge of reality)—

"to depict poetically and allegorically, by dint of 'exaltation,' which in his view was the product of genuine humour, the imaginative, emotional and sexual self-discovery of a poet's soul, burgeoning at first amid uncongenial surroundings, and finally expanding into perfect flower of expression in the warm sunshine of poetic praise. . . .

"Might not one go further still, and maintain that the *Playboy* is meant by Synge not only as a humourous and allegorical impersonation of poetic, creative souls in general, but also as an ironical vision of the dramatist's own personal attitude throughout his 'comedy'? Is not the Playboy the playwright himself?"

It's somewhat of a handicap to complete literary enjoyment to feel the necessity of defending one's native land, or God, or the Church from the writer. Those of us who are luckily free from this onerous, self-imposed obligation will find some delightful humour in the "Playboy." H. W. L.

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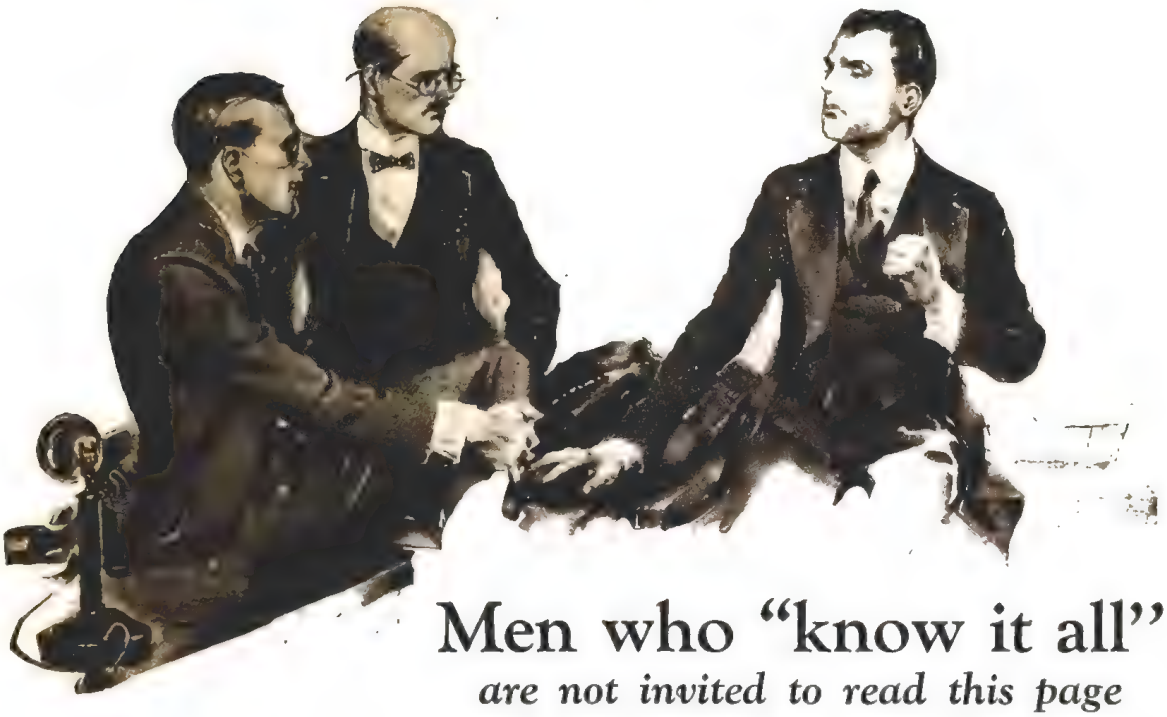

Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary *to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.* We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business" and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

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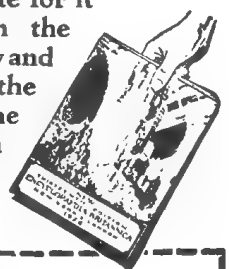

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GOLDSMITH.

"I'm not in love with her any more than she's in love with me."

"She is in love with you. I've told you that before."

"If she were it wouldn't do her any good. There's nothing between us. I've been faithful to you. I swear I've been faithful."

"You haven't. There's everything between you. Everything that matters. You've gone to her with your mind and your soul. You've taken everything I loved best in you and given it to her."

"My dear Hilda, this sounds like madness."

"It isn't madness. You know it isn't. It's the horrible truth."

"You talk as if I'd no right to have a friend."

"You've no right to have such a friend. A friend who takes your mind and soul from me. I've seen her doing it. I've seen her fascinating your mind, fascinating, fascinating, oh, I own she's fascinating. She couldn't rest till she'd got you caught. She knew how to get you through your mind."

"On your own showing it's all jolly innocent."

"It isn't. To me it's worse than any physical guilt. I forgave you Mona, because I knew that was only your poor weak body yielding. It was a madness. It wasn't really you. I can see a point of view from which it would be utterly unimportant. You didn't give Mona what I cared for most."

"I've been faithful to you, Hilda," he repeated.

"Faithful? Do you think that faithfulness is only of the body? You know it isn't. I've heard you say so. This unfaithfulness of mind and soul is the worst, the most terrible unfaithfulness. It's brought me more suffering than ever Mona did. I've not known one happy moment since you took up with that woman. Because I know I've lost you utterly."

Far End. MAY SINCLAIR.

THE ETERNAL EXPLORER

Science seems always to advance, while philosophy seems always to lose ground. Yet this is only because philosophy accepts the hard and hazardous task of dealing with problems not yet open to the methods of science—problems like good and evil, beauty and ugliness, order and freedom, life and death; so soon as a field of inquiry yields knowledge susceptible of exact formulation it is called science. Every science begins as philosophy and ends as art; it arises in hypothesis and flows into achievement. Philosophy is a

(*Continued on page 16*)

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(*Continued from page 14*)

hypothetical interpretation of the unknown (as in metaphysics), or of the inexactly known (as in ethics or political philosophy); it is the front trench in the siege of truth. Science is the captured territory; and behind it are those secure regions in which knowledge and art build our imperfect and marvelous world. Philosophy seems to stand still, perplexed; but only because she leaves the fruits of victory to her daughters the sciences, and herself passes on, divinely discontent, to the uncertain and unexplored.

The Story of Philosophy. WILL DURANT.

THE COMMON TRAIT OF PIGS AND DOLLARS

Susan hung a moment on the words.

"I'd like to be in business like that. You know, Uncle Jack, I'm going to make money some time. I'm going to make lots and invest it and make more and put it into things. Everything increases and multiplies, don't it? Money is like pigs and all that, ain't it? Like a dollar bill was to have a litter and then each of them dollar bills would have a litter, only you got to take care of them, of course. Say, Uncle Jack, all this borrowing is fair and square, isn't it?"

"Why certainly, darling, fair as fair. Credit, that's what it is; everything in the world runs on credit."

Susan Shane. ROGER BURLINGAME.

A DRAMATIST CONSIDERS TEMPTATION

"Mr. Sheridan, for God's sake, say straight out what you mean. I entreat you, my only friend. Who else must I turn to!"

He looked at her, veiling earnestness with laughter in true Sheridan fashion.

"The Prince, Perdita—the Prince! I declare if a Princess ogled me from the Royal box I won't answer for myself. Royal eyes have a magic—But if a Prince Florizel became a rival to his wicked uncle Humgruffin—why then—why then—the little earth pipkin between the two big iron pots runs a mighty chance of smashing into smithereens. You have too much sensibility, Madam, for a King's mistress. You are a romantic with your high flights and your verses and vapours. For such a post it needs——"

But she interrupted in a flash.

"Mr. Sheridan, I'll be no man's mistress. If I could resist the temptation to hear *you*——"

She stopped, horrified at herself, and coloured painfully from chin to brow. Extraordinary man! There was no exultation in the look he cast upon her.

"If!" he said. "That was a saving If. When you have been longer in the world, Perdita, you will know that no man—no woman resists a real temptation. 'Tis impossible. We follow always what most delights us. The only temptations are those we succumb to. Ponder this and you will find it true. You loved the answer of an untroubled conscience better than me, and certainly I own it worth more. The applause of the public for a virtuous actress. The company of the strait-laced grimalkins who would turn their backs on you if—Ah, no. You loved twenty things better than me. You never loved me. And to be honest, I never loved you. For I loved your chance in life better—your reputation, my wife—fifty trifles. You stare at me with great eyes and don't comprehend a word I say. Wait till you stand alone between God and man—each tempting you to some purpose, and then by your decision I'll tell you what you really are. I swear I don't know now."

The Exquisite Perdita. E. BARRINGTON.

THE COMPLETE AGNOSTIC

"One day, at Théophile Gautier's, Baudelaire saw his friend Charles Asselineau handling a hideous little idol carved by a Congo nigger out of the trunk of a fig-tree. It was the figure of a man with a head twice as big as his body, and a mouth stretching from ear to ear."

"'What a horrible-looking thing," exclaimed Asselineau, putting it down in disgust."

"'Take care!' said Baudelaire. 'Suppose it were the true God!'"

Under the Rose. ANATOLE FRANCE (Arranged and Annotated by MICHEL CORDAY).

(*Continued on page 18*)

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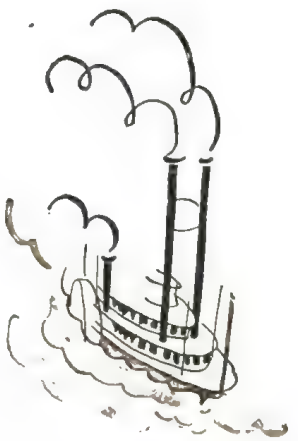

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(*Continued from page 16*)

Art vs. Landladies

The bitterness in Mr. Hicks's look now turned stony.

"My music never troubled me," he said. "Never for a moment. It has been other things, altogether. Art never gives me anything but joy; but, I have been plagued by landladies," said Simpson; "I have been spoken to most offensively by them. And their husbands have been most brutal."

Shot Towers. John T. McIntyre.

Love in Smart Society

Her companion sank into a wide chair. "Has Fielding been making love to you?"

"What, exactly, is making love?"

"You must know immensely all about it!"

"I don't . . . I am frightened of it! I like everyone so much—so much, but love seems. . . ."

"An egoistical orgy that men get through, just as they take exercise in the park; women talk about it, and never get through!" murmured Lady Maud.

The Triumphant Rider. Mrs. Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson).

The Business Man in Ancient India

"Now profitable trade has seven branches. They are: (1) false weights and balances, (2) price-boosting, (3) keeping a pawnshop, (4) getting regular customers, (5) a stock company, (6) *articles de luxe* such as perfumes, (7) foreign trade.

"Now the economists say:

False weights and boosting prices to
  An overshameless sum
And constant cheating of one's friends
  Are fit for social scum.

And again:

Deposits in the house compel
  The pawnshop man to pray:
If you will kill the owner, Lord,
  I'll give you what you say.

Likewise:

The holder of a stock reflects
  With glee, though one of many:
The wide world's wealth belongs to me;
  No other gets a penny.

Furthermore:

Perfumery is first-class ware;
  Why deal in gold and such?
Whate'er the cost, you sell it for
  A thousand times as much.

"Foreign trade is the affair of the capitalist. As the book says:

Wild elephants are caught by tame:
  So money-kings, devising
A trap for money, capture it
  With far-flung advertising.

The brisk commercial traveler,
  Who knows the selling game,
Invests his money, and returns
  With twice or thrice the same.

The Panchatanira. Translated (from an 11th Century Version) by Arthur W. Ryder.

(*Continued on page 20*)

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(*Continued from page 18*)

When Did "Literature" Stop?

I have been told by a distinguished professor of poetry that he never reads any verse later than 1850. And he is an editor of Poe, and what in the university world we call "a modern man." I know many professors who never read any verse since Chaucer nor any prose since Dryden. But all this is but another indication of how much, in the universities, they are out of sympathy with the spirit of the times. The spirit of the times is an indiscriminate passion for the *dernier cri.*

The Outlook for American Prose. Joseph Warren Beach.

One Job Ahead for Democracy

It is utterly imperative that if the ideals of democracy are to prevail there shall be a great impetus toward equalization of incomes at least. The impetus need not lead to a complete sameness of income; but it ought not to stop until it has achieved at least two objectives. The first may be formulated thus: *No leisure except upon the discharge of productive function.* And the second may be thus stated: *No one to have a superfluity until everyone has a wage adequate for life and growth.*

The Democratic Way of Life. Thomas Vernor Smith.

A Superman

Paul burst out laughing. "You are a rum chap. I suppose you don't go so far as to choose colours for your wife."

"I found out soon after we were married that she looked her best in blue by day and black by night. She never wears anything else."

Paul continued to laugh. "By Jove, I can't imagine my wife taking my advice about colours or clothes! Doesn't Mrs. Heath ever want to wear anything else?"

"A woman never wants to look anything but her best, and she knows I am right," said Stephen.

Ways of Escape. Noel Forrest.

What the Victorian "Young Female" Has Come To

"The woman always pays, they say. What I want to know is, am I going to get what I pay for?"

Preston Smith's plump face became serious. "Every woman bargains with life for her body," he pronounced oracularly. "Each has her own standards of value received. She decides for herself what price she shall demand, whether in happiness, joy, wealth, security, comfort. Women being natural conservatives, most of them bargain for security. Hence the not-so-ancient institution of marriage. What's your price, Derry?"

"Happiness."

He grinned. "Well, I can only repeat——"

"No, you can't, because I won't let you. I'm off that stale old stuff. I suppose there's something in the theory that chastity is the way of happiness for a woman, or they wouldn't have been preaching it so many thousand years. But times change, and I've got a kind of hunch that maybe morals aren't as unchangeable as they pretend. Anyway, they've got to prove it to me."

"You remind me of the young saint's prayer," he smiled. "'Give me chastity, oh Lord—but not yet.'"

"Saint? What do you mean, saint?" demanded Derry. "What sort of a saint would make that kind of prayer?"

"A strictly first-class one. St. Augustine."

Summer Bachelors. Warner Fabian.

(*Continued on page 22*)

LET'S MAKE A BARGAIN. To use display captions and large type we would have to leave out some books you would be interested in. So, if you'll read on, we'll talk over more of them, intimately, in small type.

Rose Macaulay's latest heroine, Denham Dobie, is a character we have often observed but have rarely crystallized for ourselves. Her interests are physical; she is bored by people and talking, and honest primitive that she is, she cannot adjust herself to town life, with its eternal mingling of human interests and the coercion they stand for. Her career makes **Crewe Train** as fine a story as Rose Macaulay has ever given us. $2.00

W. E. Woodward, the novelist, has been quietly at work on a book that is likely to cause more excitement than anything printed this year. It is a life of Washington, the first to present him as a human being, rescued from the mists of mythology in which previous biographers have left him. **George Washington; *The Image and The Man.*** Illustrated. Octavo. $4.00

What a powerful novel could be made from our current political life! Samuel Hopkins Adams has done it. He has entitled his book appropriately, **Revelry.** Lots of the big boys will be identified with some of the book's characters; and the book is bound to stir up the country from coast to coast. $2.00

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The story of one day—and in that one day, of ten years of marriage, and in that ten years, the story of two lifetimes is told in **Tin Wedding,** by Margaret Leech. Critics are going to say big things of Margaret Leech's technical achievements. $2.00

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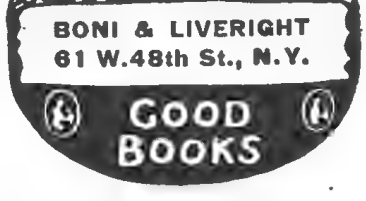

(*Continued from page 20*)

The Trap of Love

"I thought of Mother spinning here day after day, whirring like a little lych-fowl. I thought of all the other Sarn women, and of myself, striving and slaving for the bane. And it seemed that the bane was like some plant, such as the catch-fly, that does wile living creatures into its banqueting hall, spreading a great feast, and see! when they are in, she catches them and grips them, and binds them, and trammels their feet, so that they cannot go." *Precious Bane.* Mary Webb.

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(Letter of Sir Rupert Kettle.) *Benjamin Disraeli.* Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K. C.

Influence

"My dear Sir Algernon; congratulations!" cried his physician. "We have really made some progress this afternoon. I have at last got in touch with a certain highly influential member of the Cabinet. He particularly asked me not to mention his name, but I may tell you in confidence that he is connected by marriage with the Commissioner's wife, and he and the Commissioner take dancing lessons from the same danseuse. They split her, in fact, every Tuesday and Thursday. Hence he has naturally an unusually firm hold over this otherwise somewhat unapproachable official."

"Do you mean to say that is actually how people get influence?" exclaimed Sir Algernon, sitting up in bed with a startled air.

"It is practically the only way nowadays. You must either dance at the same tea rooms, be divorced from the same lady, or drive the same sort of car. It is necessary, you

(*Continued on page 24*)

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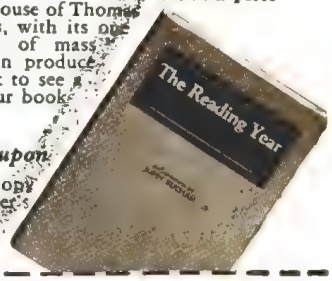

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(*Continued from page 22*)

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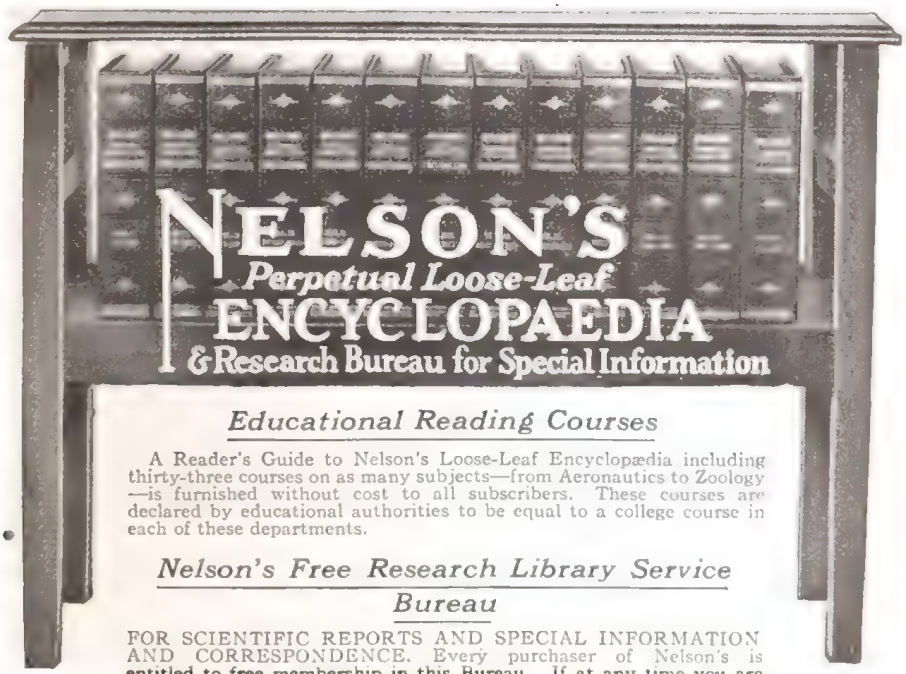

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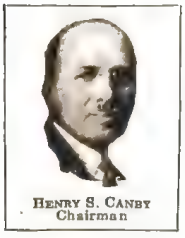

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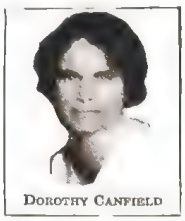

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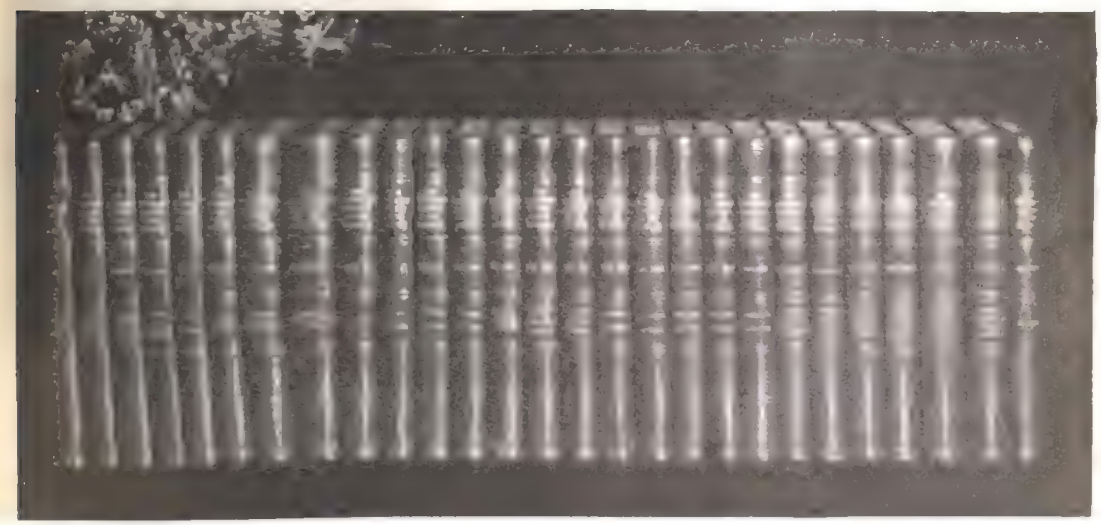

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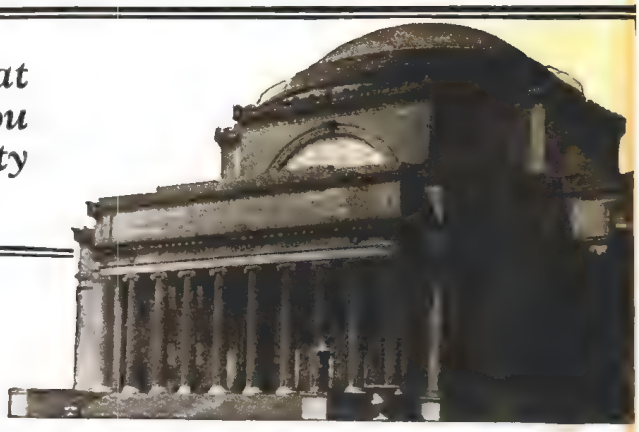

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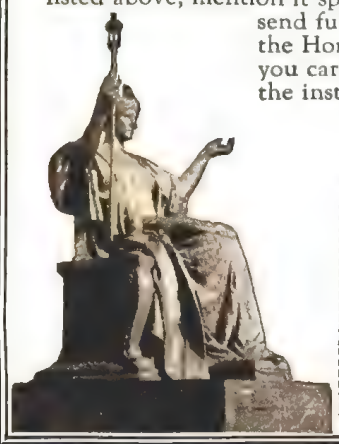

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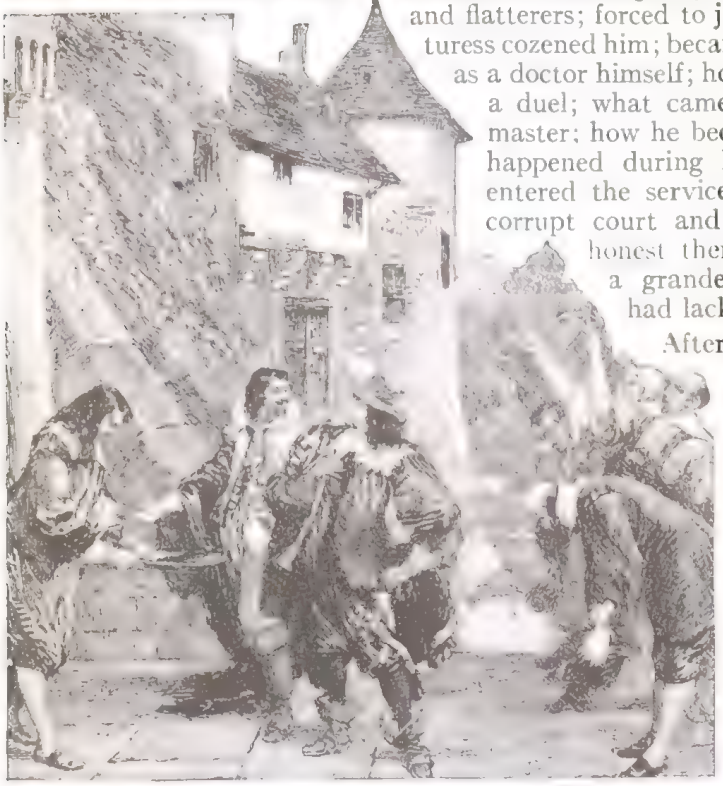

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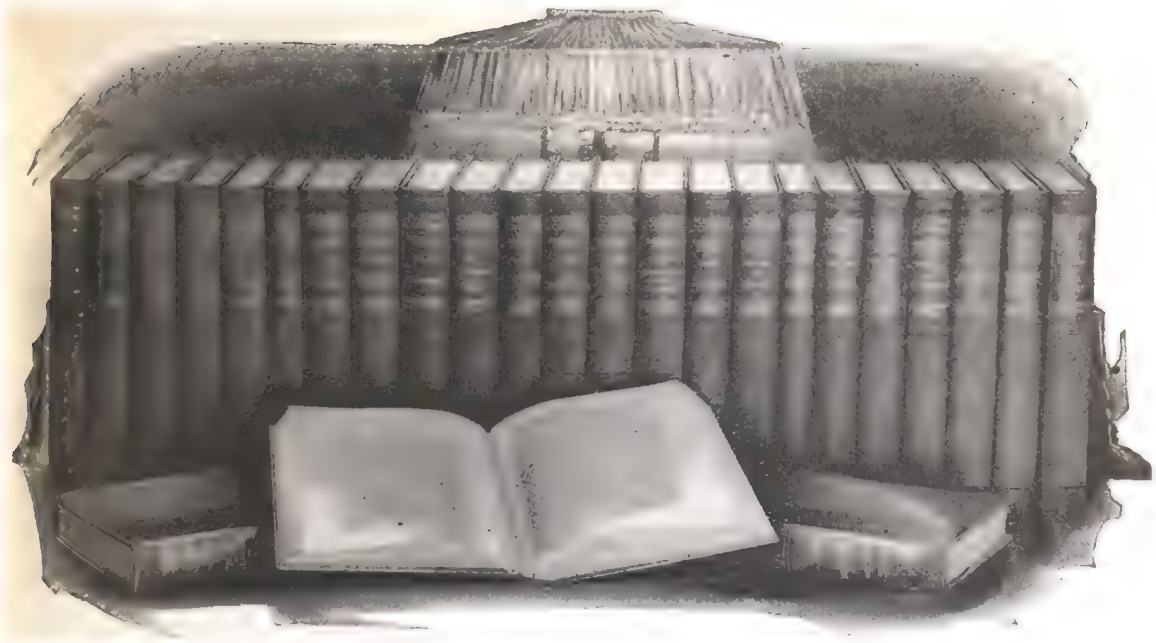

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They may offend others as much as these offend you

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These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

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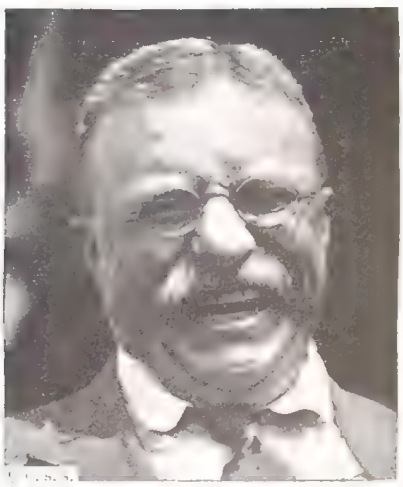

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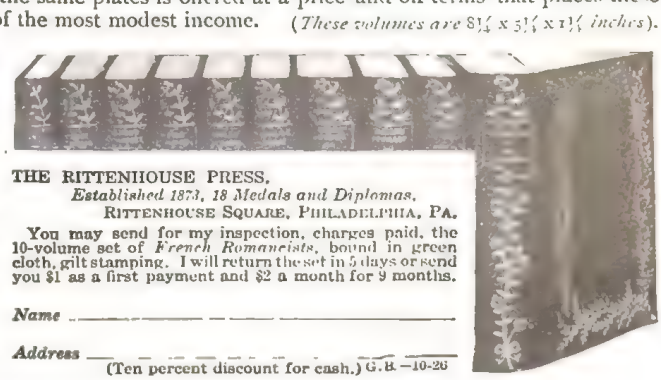

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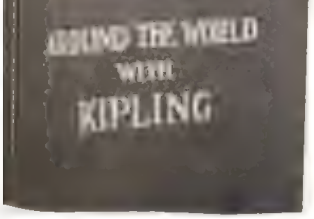

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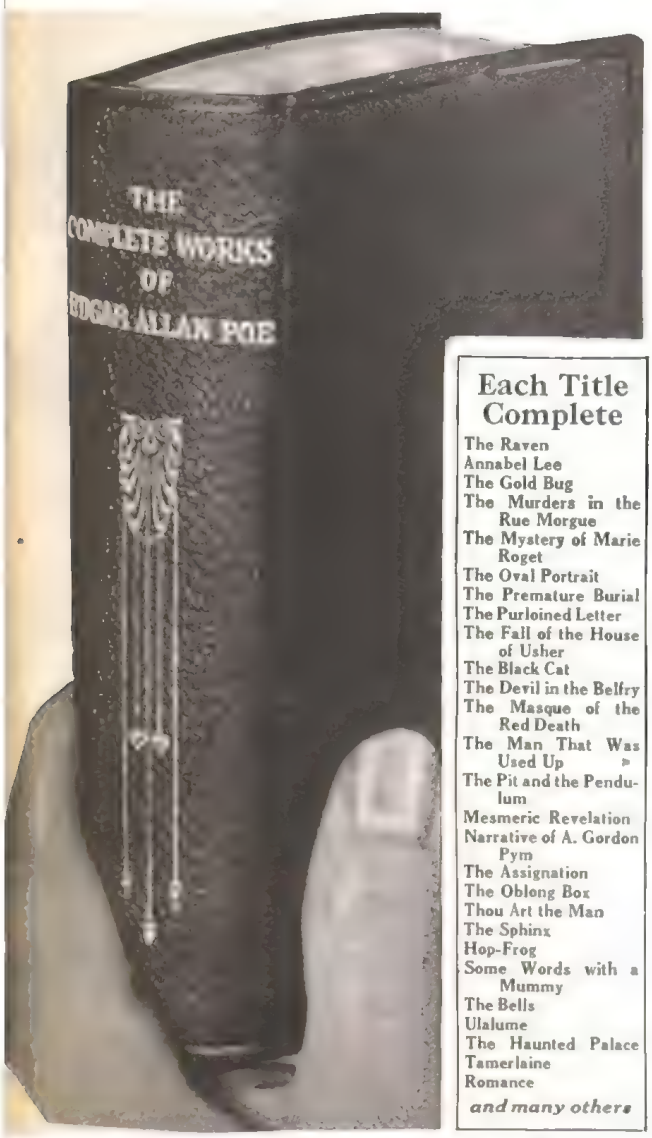

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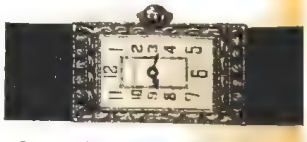

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By ALCIPHRON

Translated by Harry Thurston Peck

WELL, if a girl could live on tears, what a wealthy girl I should be; for you are generous with *them*, anyhow! Unfortunately, however, that isn't quite enough for me. I need money; I must have jewels, clothes, servants, and all that sort of thing. Nobody has left me a fortune, I should like you to know, or any mining stock; and so I am obliged to depend on the little presents that gentlemen happen to make me.

Now that I've known you a year, how much better off am I for it, I should like to ask? My head looks like a fright because I haven't had anything to rig it out with, all that time; and as to clothes,—why, the only dress I've got in the world is in rags that make me ashamed to be seen with my friends: and yet you imagine that I can go on in this way without having any other means of living!

Oh, yes, of course, you cry; but you'll stop presently. I'm really surprized at the number of your tears; but really, unless somebody gives me something pretty soon I shall die of starvation.

Of course, you pretend you're just crazy for me, and that you can't live without me. Well, then, isn't there any family silver in your house? Hasn't your mother any jewelry that you can get hold of? Hasn't your father any valuables? Other girls are luckier than I am; for I have a mourner rather than a lover. He sends me crowns, and he sends me garlands and roses, as if I were dead and buried before my time, and he says that he cries all night. Now, if you can manage to scrape up something for me, you can come here without having to cry your eyes out; but if you can't, why, keep your tears to yourself, and don't bother me! (*Warner Library.*)

october

Idyll

By SAMUEL BUTLER

I KNEW a South Italian of the old Greek blood whose sister told him when he was a boy that he had eyes like a cow.

Raging with despair and grief he haunted the fountains and looked into the mirror of their waters. "Are my eyes," he asked himself with horror, "are they really like the eyes of a cow?" "Alas!" he was compelled to answer, "they are only too sadly, sadly like them."

And he asked those of his playmates whom he best knew and trusted whether it was indeed true that his eyes were like the eyes of a cow, but he got no comfort from any of them, for they one and all laughed at him and said that they were not only like, but very like. Then grief consumed his soul, and he could eat no food, till one day the loveliest girl in the place said to him:

"Gaetano, my grandmother is ill and cannot get her firewood; come with me to the bosco this evening and help me to bring her a load or two, will you?"

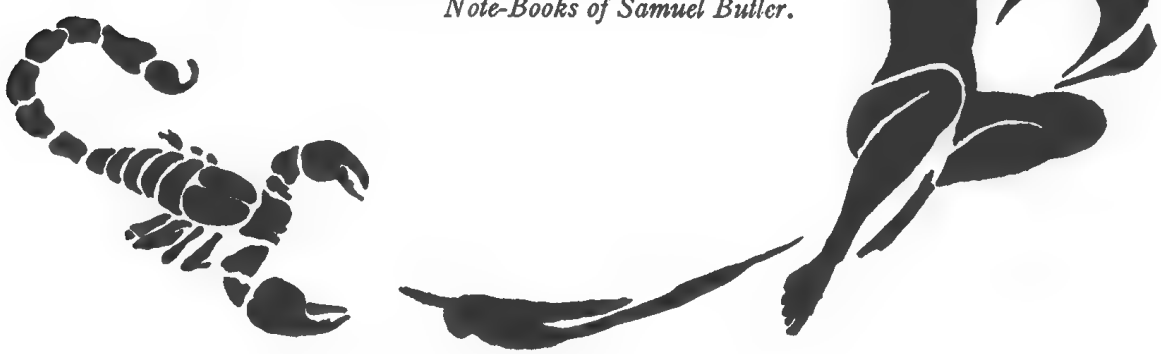
And he said he would go.

So when the sun was well down and the cool night air was sauntering under the chestnuts, the pair sat together cheek to cheek and with their arms round each other's waists.

"O Gaetano," she exclaimed, "I do love you so very dearly. When you look at me your eyes are like—they are like the eyes"—here she faltered a little—"the eyes of a cow."

Thenceforward he cared not. . . .

Note-Books of Samuel Butler.



1 The big-bodied fisherman asks me doubtingly about the comet seen these nights in the northwest—if there is any danger to be apprehended from that side. I would fain suggest that only he is dangerous to himself. THOREAU.

2 The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry of bugles going by.
BLISS CARMAN.

3 Life means for us constantly to transform into light and flame all that we are or meet with. NIETZSCHE.

4 Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning. BROWNING.

5 Gaiety means impulse and vigour . . . generally speaking, it is disguised kindliness, and if it be a mere affair of temperament and mood, still it is a blessing.
AMIEL.

6 The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well but lets himself lie fallow and untilled.
JOHN EARLE.

7 From Gorgias you Thessalians learned the habit of answering to any question whatever with an undaunted and noble confidence, such indeed as becomes those who have a thorough knowledge of the subject. SOCRATES.

8 Cool is the autumn wind,
Clear the autumn moon,
The blown leaves heap up and scatter again;
A raven, cold-stricken, starts from his roost.
Where are you, beloved?
LI PO (OBATA).

9 What a personage the wind is for sailors! . . . No enemy, no woman gives us so powerful a sensation of struggle, nor compels us to so much foresight, for it is the master of the sea, it is that thing which we may avoid, make use of, or fly from, but which we can never subdue.
DE MAUPASSANT.

10 I observed that after marriage people cease to be curious. TCHEKHOV.

11 The autumn leaves went whispering by,
Like ghosts that never slept.
RICCARDO STEPHENS.

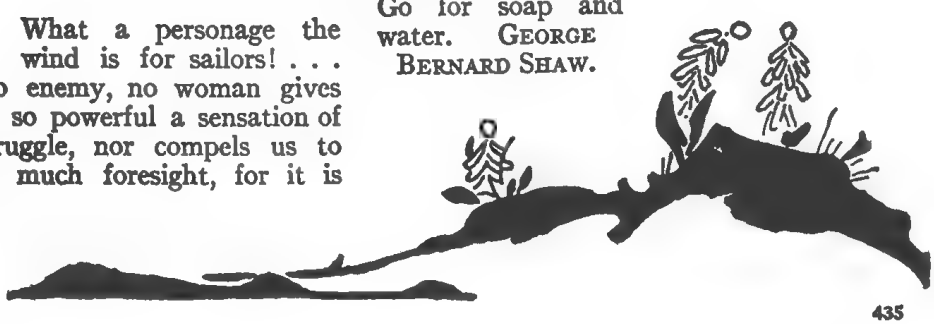
12 Another thing which caused a noise in the country, and wherein Satan had undoubtedly a great influence, was that which happened at Groton. There was a maid in that town (one Elizabeth Knap) who in the moneth of October, anno 1671, was taken after a very strange manner, sometimes weeping, sometimes laughing, sometimes roaring hideously, with violent motions and agitations of her body, crying out "Money, money," &c.
COTTON MATHER.

13 Barriers are for those who cannot fly.
MEREDITH.

14 I know that I am mortal, a creature of a day; but when I search into the multitudinous spirals of the stars, my feet no longer rest on the earth, but, standing by Zeus himself, I take my fill of ambrosia, the food of the gods. PTOLEMÆUS.

15 *1660.* And so home whence I fell to read "The Fruitless Precaution," which I read in bed till I made an end of it, and do find it the best writ tale that ever I read in my life. After that done to sleep, which I did not very well do because that my wife . . . snored much, which I did never hear her do before. PEPYS.

16 If a man holds up a mirror to your nature and shows you that it needs washing—not whitewashing—it is no use breaking the mirror.
Go for soap and water. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.



17 Nothing is more useless than those heroic friendships which require exceptional circumstances to prove them. The great difficulty is to find some one who does not rack your nerves in every one of the various ordinary occurrences of life.

FLAUBERT.

18 For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine
The looking on it lifts the heart with wine.

HENLEY.

19 We have all seen mornings when, lacking salt mackerel, we would have starved to death. Salt mackerel sits upon a stormy stomach like a petrel on the bosom of the foaming wave.

SIMEON FORD.

20 Not knowing when the dawn will come,
I open every door;
Or has it feathers like a bird,
Or billows like a shore?

EMILY DICKINSON.

21 Item, as for Mistress Katherine Dudley, I have many times recommended you to her, and she is nothing displeased with it, she rekkythe not how many gentlemen love her, she is full of love.

Paston Letters (*about 1470*).

22 Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace;
Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?

THOMAS NASHE.

23 The first autumn I passed in America, I was surprized to find a great and very oppressive return of heat, accompanied with a heavy mistiness in the air, long after the summer heats were over—the "Indian Summer." The cause of this heat is the slow combustion of the leaves and other vegetable matter of the boundless and indeterminable forests.

MRS. TROLLOPE.

24 Thence to see the pictures on the wall over the altar of All Souls, being the largest piece of fresco painting . . . in England, not ill designed by the hand of one Fuller; yet I fear it will not hold long. It seems too full of nakeds for a chapel.

EVELYN.

25 Before across the silent lawn
In sea-green mist the morning steals
And to love's frightened eyes reveals
The long white fingers of the dawn.

WILDE.

26 "She's the sort of woman, now, one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing, and do it neatly too!"

DICKENS.

27 Let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.

KEATS.

28 Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

SWIFT.

29 Can the year, when his heart is fulfilled with desire of the days of his mirth,
Redeem them, recall, or remember?

SWINBURNE.

30 Woman: an enigma which perhaps is no enigma except for those who seek some meaning in it.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

31 Great nature through her spaces vast
Casts her keen javelins of the frost.

CELIA THAXTER.

THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE BRUSH

BEGINNING

TRILBY

A Novel of Studio Life in Paris

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

Illustrated by the Author

"WISTFUL AND SWEET"

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME IV OCTOBER, 1926 NUMBER 22

LITTLE BILLEE

TAFFY, ALIAS TALBOT WYNNE

Trilby

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

George du Maurier

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN

PART FIRST

"Mimi Pinson est une blonde,
Une blonde que l'on connait;
Elle n'a qu'une robe au monde,
Landérirette! et qu'un bonnet!"

IT WAS a fine, sunny, showery day in April.

The big studio window was open at the top, and let in a pleasant breeze from the northwest. Things were beginning to look shipshape at last. The big piano, a semi-grand by Broadwood, had arrived from England by "the Little Quickness" (*la Petite Vitesse*, as the goods trains are called in France), and lay, freshly tuned, alongside the eastern wall; on the wall opposite was a panoply of foils, masks, and boxing-gloves.

A trapeze, a knotted rope, and two parallel cords, supporting each a ring, depended from a huge beam in the ceiling. The walls were of the usual dull red, relieved by plaster casts of arms and legs and hands and feet; and Dante's mask, and Michael Angelo's alto-rilievo of Leda and the swan, and a centaur and Lapith from the Elgin marbles—on none of these had the dust as yet had time to settle.

There were also studies in oil from the

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nude; copies of Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Rubens, Tintoret, Leonardo da Vinci —none of the school of Botticelli, Mantegna, and Co.—a firm whose merits had not as yet been revealed to the many.

Along the walls, at a great height, ran a broad shelf, on which were other casts in plaster, terra-cotta, imitation bronze: a little Theseus, a little Venus of Milo, a little discobolus; a little flayed man threatening high heaven (an act that seemed almost pardonable under the circumstances!); a lion and a boar by Barye; an anatomical figure of a horse with only one leg left and no ears; a horse's head from the pediment of the Parthenon, earless also; and the bust of Clytie, with her beautiful low brow, her sweet wan gaze, and the ineffable forward shrug of her dear shoulders that makes her bosom a nest, a rest, a pillow, a refuge—to be loved and desired forever by generation after generation of the sons of men.

Near the stove hung a gridiron, a frying-pan, a toasting-fork, and a pair of bellows. In an adjoining glazed corner cupboard were plates and glasses, black-handled knives, pewter spoons, and three-pronged steel forks; a salad-bowl, vinegar cruets, an oil-flask, two mustard-pots (English and French), and such like things—all scrupulously clean. On the floor, which had been stained and waxed at considerable cost, lay two chetah-skins and a large Persian praying-rug. One-half of it, however (under the trapeze and at the farthest end from the window, beyond the model throne), was covered with coarse matting, that one might fence or box without slipping down and splitting one's self in two, or fall without breaking any bones.

Two other windows of the usual French size and pattern, with shutters to them and heavy curtains of baize, opened east and west, to let in dawn or sunset, as the case might be, or haply keep them out. And there were alcoves, recesses, irregularities, odd little nooks and corners, to be filled up as time wore on with endless personal knick-knacks, bibelots, private properties and acquisitions—things that make a place genial homelike, and good to remember, and sweet to muse upon (with fond regret) in after years.

And an immense divan spread itself in width and length and delightful thickness just beneath the big north window, the business window—a divan so immense that three well-fed, well-contented Englishmen could all lie lazily smoking their pipes on it at once without being in each other's way, and very often did!

At present one of these Englishmen—a Yorkshireman, by-the-way, called Taffy (and also the Man of Blood, because he was supposed to be distantly related to a baronet)—was more energetically engaged. Bare-armed, and in his shirt and trousers, he was twirling a pair of Indian clubs round his head. His face was flushed, and he was perspiring freely and looked fierce. He was a very big young man, fair, with kind but choleric blue eyes, and the muscles of his brawny arm were strong as iron bands.

For three years he had borne her Majesty's commission, and had been through the Crimean campaign without a scratch. He would have been one of the famous six hundred in the famous charge at Balaklava but for a sprained ankle (caught playing leap-frog in the trenches), which kept him in hospital on that momentous day. So that he lost his chance of glory or the grave, and this humiliating misadventure had sickened him of soldiering for life, and he never quite got over it. Then, feeling within himself an irresistible vocation for art, he had sold out; and here he was in Paris, hard at work, as we see.

He was good-looking, with straight features but I regret to say that, besides his heavy plunger's mustache, he wore an immense pair of drooping auburn whiskers, of the kind that used to be called Piccadilly weepers, and were afterwards affected by Mr. Sothern in Lord Dundreary. It was a fashion to do so then for such of our gilded youth as could afford the time (and the hair); the bigger and fairer the whiskers, the more beautiful was thought the youth! It seems incredible in these days, when even her Majesty's household brigade go about with smooth cheeks and lips, like priests or play-actors.

"What's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms . . . ?"

Another inmate of this blissful abode—Sandy, the Laird of Cockpen, as he was called—sat in similarly simple attire at his easel, painting at a lifelike little picture of a Spanish toreador serenading a lady of high degree (in broad daylight). He had never been to Spain, but he had a complete toreador's kit—a bargain which he had picked up for a mere song in the Boulevard du Temple—and he had hired the guitar. His pipe was in his mouth—reversed; for it had gone out, and the ashes were spilled

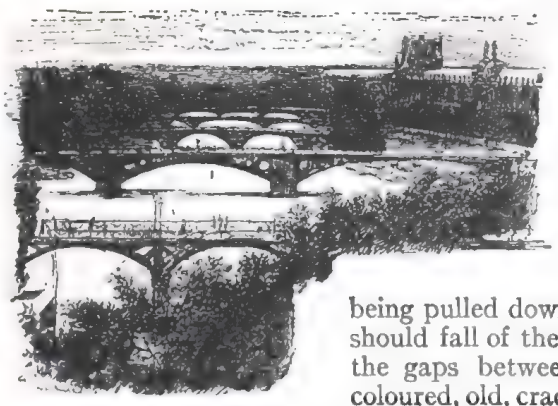
all over his trousers, where holes were often burned in this way.

Quite gratuitously, and with a pleasing Scotch accent, he began to declaim:

"A street there is in Paris famous
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Roo Nerve day Petty Shong its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields. . . ."

And then, in his keen appreciation of the immortal stanza, he chuckled audibly, with a face so blithe and merry and well pleased that it did one good to look at him.

He also had entered life by another door. His parents (good, pious people in Dundee) had intended that he should be a writer to the signet, as his father and grandfather had been before him. And here he was in Paris famous, painting toreadors, and spouting the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse," as he would often do out of sheer lightness of heart—much oftener, indeed, than he would say his prayers.



THE BRIDGE OF ARTS

Kneeling on the divan, with his elbow on the window-sill, was a third and much younger youth. The third he was "Little Billee." He had pulled down the green baize blind, and was looking over the roofs and chimney-pots of Paris and all about with all his eyes, munching the while a roll and a savoury saveloy, in which there was evidence of much garlic. He ate with great relish, for he was very hungry; he had been all the morning at Carrel's studio, drawing from the life.

Little Billee was small and slender, about twenty or twenty-one, and had a straight white forehead veined with blue, large dark-blue eyes, delicate, regular features, and coal-black hair. He was also very graceful and well built, with very small hands and feet, and much better dressed than his friends, who went out of their way to outdo the denizens of the quartier latin in careless eccentricity of garb, and succeeded. And in his winning and handsome face there was just a faint suggestion of some possible very remote Jewish ancestor—just a tinge of that strong, sturdy, irrepressible, indomitable, indelible blood which is of such priceless value in diluted homœopathic doses, like the dry white Spanish wine called montijo, which is not meant to be taken pure; but without a judicious admixture of which no sherry can go round the world and keep its flavour intact; or like the famous bulldog strain, which is not beautiful in itself; and yet just for lacking a little of the same no greyhound can ever hope to be a champion. So, at least, I have been told by wine-merchants and dog-fanciers—the most veracious persons that can be. Fortunately for the world, and especially for ourselves, most of us have in our veins at least a minim of that precious fluid, whether we know it or show it or not. *Tant pis pour les autres!*

As Little Billee munched he also gazed at the busy place below—the Place St. Anatole des Arts—at the old houses opposite, some of which were being pulled down, no doubt lest they should fall of their own sweet will. In the gaps between he would see discoloured, old, cracked, dingy walls, with mysterious windows and rusty iron balconies of great antiquity—sights that set him dreaming dreams of mediæval French love and wickedness and crime, bygone mysteries of Paris!

One gap went right through the block, and gave him a glimpse of the river, the "Cité," and the ominous old Morgue; a little to the right rose the gray towers of Notre Dame de Paris into the checkered April sky. Indeed, the top of nearly all Paris lay before him, with a little stretch of the imagination on his part; and he gazed with a sense of novelty, an interest and a pleasure for which he could not have found any expression in mere language.

Paris! Paris!! Paris!!!

The very name had always been one to conjure with, whether he thought of it as a mere sound on the lips and in the air, or as a magical written or printed word for the eye. And here was the thing itself at last, and he, he himself, ipsissimus, in the very midst of it, to live there and learn there as long as he liked, and make himself the great artist he longed to be.

Then, his meal finished, he lit a pipe, and flung himself on the divan and sighed deeply out of the overfull contentment of his heart.

He felt he had never known happiness

like this, never even dreamed its possibility. And yet his life had been a happy one. He was young and tender, was Little Billee; he had never been to any school, and was innocent of the world and its wicked ways; innocent of French especially, and the ways of Paris and its latin quarter. He had been brought up and educated at home, had spent his boyhood in London with his mother and sister, who now lived in Devonshire on somewhat straitened means. His father, who was dead, had been a clerk in the Treasury.

He and his two friends, Taffy and the Laird, had taken this studio together. The Laird slept there, in a small bedroom off the studio. Taffy had a bedroom at the Hôtel de Seine, in the street of that name. Little Billee lodged at the Hôtel Corneille, in the Place de l'Odéon.

He looked at his two friends, and wondered if any one, living or dead, had ever had such a glorious pair of chums as these.

Whatever they did, whatever they said, was simply perfect in his eyes; they were his guides and philosophers as well as his chums. On the other hand, Taffy and the Laird were as fond of the boy as they could be.

"IT DID ONE GOOD TO LOOK AT HIM"

His absolute belief in all they said and did touched them none the less that they were conscious of its being somewhat in excess of their deserts. His almost girlish purity of mind amused and charmed them, and they did all they could to preserve it, even in the quartier latin, where purity is apt to go bad if it be kept too long.

They loved him for his affectionate disposition, his lively and caressing ways; and they admired him far more than he ever knew, for they recognized in him a quickness, a keenness, a delicacy of perception, in matters of form and colour, a mysterious facility and felicity of execution, a sense of all that was sweet and beautiful in nature, and a ready power of expressing it, that had not been vouchsafed to them in any such generous profusion, and which, as they ungrudgingly admitted to themselves and each other, amounted to true genius.

And when one within the immediate circle of our intimates is gifted in this abnormal fashion, we either hate or love him for it, in proportion to the greatness of his gift; according to the way we are built.

So Taffy and the Laird loved Little Billee —loved him very much indeed. Not but what Little Billee had his faults. For instance, he didn't interest himself very warmly in other people's pictures. He didn't seem to care for the Laird's guitar playing toreador, nor for his serenaded lady —at all events, he never said anything about them, either in praise or blame. He looked at Taffy's realisms (for Taffy was a realist) in silence, and nothing tries true friendship so much as silence of this kind.

But, then, to make up for it, when they all three went to the Louvre, he didn't seem to trouble much about Titian either, or Rembrandt, or Velasquez, Rubens, Veronese, or Leonardo. He looked at the people who looked at the pictures, instead of at the pictures themselves; especially at the people who copied them, the sometimes charming young lady painters —and these seemed to him even more charming than they really were—and he looked a great deal out of the Louvre windows, where there was much to be seen: more Paris, for instance—Paris, of which he could never have enough.

But when, surfeited with classical beauty, they all three went and dined together, and Taffy and the Laird said beautiful things about the old masters, and quarrelled about them, he listened with deference and rapt attention and reverentially agreed with all they said, and afterwards made the most delightfully funny little pen-and-ink sketches of them, saying all these beautiful things (which he sent to his mother and sister at home); so life-like, so real, that you could almost hear the beautiful things they said;

so beautifully drawn that you felt the old masters couldn't have drawn them better themselves; and so irresistibly droll that you felt that the old masters could not have drawn them at all—any more than Milton could have described the quarrel between Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig; no one, in short, but Little Billee.

Little Billee took up the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse" where the Laird had left it off, and speculated on the future of himself and his friends, when he should have got to forty years—an almost impossibly remote future.

These speculations were interrupted by a loud knock at the door, and two men came in.

First, a tall bony individual of any age between thirty and forty-five, of Jewish aspect, well-featured but sinister. He was very shabby and dirty, and wore a red béret and a large velveteen cloak, with a big metal clasp at the collar. His thick, heavy, languid, lusterless black hair fell down behind his ears on to his shoulders, in that musicianlike way that is so offensive to the normal Englishman. He had bold, brilliant black eyes, with long heavy lids, a thin, sallow face, and a beard of burnt-up black which grew almost from his under eyelids; and over it his mustache, a shade lighter, fell in two long spiral twists. He went by the name of Svengali, and spoke fluent French with a German accent, and humorous German twists and idioms, and his voice was very thin and mean and harsh, and often broke into a disagreeable falsetto.

His companion was a little swarthy young man—a gypsy, possibly—much pitted with the smallpox, and also very shabby. He had large, soft, affectionate brown eyes, like a King Charles spaniel. He had small, nervous, veiny hands with nails bitten down to the quick, and carried a fiddle and a fiddlestick under his arm, without a case, as though he had been playing in the street.

"Ponchour, mes enfants," said Svengali. "Che vous amène mon ami Checko, qui choue du fiolon gomme un anche!"

Little Billee, who adored all "sweet musicianers," jumped up and made Gecko as warmly welcome as he could in his early French.

"Ha! le biâno!" exclaimed Svengali, flinging his red béret on it, and his cloak on the ground. "Ch'espère qu'il est pon, et pien t'accord!"

And sitting down on the music-stool, he ran up and down the scales with that easy power, that smooth, even crispness of touch, which reveal the master.

Then he fell to playing Chopin's impromptu in A flat, so beautifully that Little Billee's heart went nigh to bursting with suppressed emotion and delight. He had never heard any music of Chopin's before, nothing but British provincial home-made music—melodies with variations, "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Blue Bells of Scotland"; innocent little motherly and sisterly tinklings, invented to set the company at their ease on festive evenings, and make all-round conversation possible for shy people; who fear the unaccompanied sound of their own voices, and whose genial chatter always leaves off directly the music ceases.

He never forgot that impromptu which he was destined to hear again one day in strange circumstances.

Then Svengali and Gecko made music together, divinely. Little fragmentary things, sometimes consisting but of a few bars, but these bars of *such* beauty and meaning! Scraps, snatches, short melodies, meant to fetch, to charm immediately, or to melt or sadden or madden just for a moment, and that knew just when to leave off—czardas, gypsy dances, Hungarian love-plaints, things little known out of eastern Europe in the fifties of this century, till the Laird and Taffy were almost as wild in their enthusiasm as Little Billee—a silent enthusiasm too deep for speech. And when these two great artists left off to smoke, the three Britishers were too much moved even for that, and there was a stillness. . . .

Suddenly there came a loud knuckle-rapping at the outer door, and a portentous voice of great volume, and that might almost have belonged to any sex (even an angel's), uttered the British milkman's yodel, "Milk below!" and before any one could say "Entrez," a strange figure appeared, framed by the gloom of the little antechamber.

It was the figure of a very tall and fully developed young female, clad in the gray overcoat of a French infantry soldier, continued netherwards by a short striped petticoat, beneath which were visible her bare white ankles and insteps, and slim, straight, rosy heels, clean cut and smooth as the back of a razor; her toes lost themselves in a huge pair of male list slippers, which made her drag her feet as she walked.

She bore herself with easy, unembarrassed grace, like a person whose nerves and

AMONG THE OLD MASTERS

muscles are well in tune, whose spirits are high, who has lived much in the atmosphere of French studios, and feels at home in it.

This strange medley of garments was surmounted by a small bare head with short, thick, wavy brown hair, and a very healthy young face, which could scarcely be called quite beautiful at first sight, since the eyes were too wide apart, the mouth too large, the chin too massive, the complexion a mass of freckles. Besides, you can never tell how beautiful (or how ugly) a face may be till you have tried to draw it.

But a small portion of her neck, down by the collar-bone, which just showed itself between the unbuttoned lapels of her military coat collar, was of a delicate privet-like whiteness that is never to be found on any French neck, and very few English ones. Also, she had a very fine brow, broad and low, with thick level eyebrows much darker than her hair, a broad, bony, high bridge to her short nose, and her full, broad cheeks were beautifully modelled. She would have made a singularly handsome boy.

As the creature looked round at the assembled company and flashed her big white teeth at them in an all-embracing smile of uncommon width and quite irresistible sweetness, simplicity, and friendly trust, one saw at a glance that she was out of the common, clever, simple, humorous, honest, brave, and kind, and accustomed to be genially welcomed wherever she went. Then suddenly closing the door behind her, dropping her smile, and looking wistful and sweet, with her head on one side and her arms akimbo, "Ye're all English, now, aren't ye?" she exclaimed. "I heard the music, and thought I'd just come in for a bit, and pass the time of day: you don't mind? Trilby, that's my name—Trilby O'Ferrall."

She said this in English, with an accent half Scotch and certain French intonations, and in a voice so rich and deep and full as almost to suggest an incipient tenore robusto; and one felt instinctively that it was a real pity she wasn't a boy, she would have made such a jolly one.

"We're delighted, on the contrary," said Little Billee, and advanced a chair for her.

But she said, "Oh, don't mind me; go on with the music," and sat herself down cross-legged on the model-throne near the piano.

As they still looked at her, curious and half-embarrassed, she pulled a paper parcel containing food out of one of the coat-pockets, and exclaimed:

"I'll just take a bite, if you don't object; I'm a model, you know, and it's just rung twelve—'the rest.' I'm posing for Durine the sculptor, on the next floor. I pose to him for the altogether."

"The altogether?" asked Little Billee.

"Yes—*l'ensemble*, you know—head, hands, and feet—everything—especially feet. That's my foot," she said, kicking off her big slipper and stretching out the limb. "It's the handsomest foot in all Paris. There's only one in all Paris to match it, and here it is," and she laughed heartily (like a merry peal of bells), and stuck out the other.

And in truth they were astonishingly beautiful feet, such as one only sees in pictures and statues—a true inspiration of shape and colour, all made up of delicate lengths and subtly modulated curves and noble straightnesses and happy little dimpled arrangements in innocent young pink and white.

So that Little Billee, who had the quick, prehensile, æsthetic eye, and knew by the grace of Heaven what the shapes and sizes

and colours of almost every bit of man, woman, or child should be (and so seldom are), was quite bewildered to find that a real, bare, live human foot could be such a charming object to look at, and felt that such a base or pedestal lent quite an antique and Olympian dignity to a figure that seemed just then rather grotesque in its mixed attire of military overcoat and female petticoat, and nothing else!

Poor Trilby!

The shape of those lovely slender feet (that were neither large nor small), facsimiled in dusty, pale plaster of Paris, survives on the shelves and walls of many a studio throughout the world, and many a sculptor yet unborn has yet to marvel at their strange perfection, in studious despair.

For when Dame Nature takes it into her head to do her very best, and bestow her minutest attention on a mere detail, as happens now and then—once in a blue moon, perhaps—she makes it uphill work for poor human art to keep pace with her.

It is a wondrous thing, the human foot—like the human hand; even more so, perhaps; but, unlike the hand, with which we are so familiar, it is seldom a thing of beauty in civilized adults who go about in leather boots or shoes.

So that it is hidden away in disgrace, a thing to be thrust out of sight and forgotten. It can sometimes be very ugly, indeed—the ugliest thing there is, even in the fairest and highest and most gifted of her sex; and then it is of an ugliness to chill and kill romance, and scatter young love's dream, and almost break the heart.

And all for the sake of a high heel and a ridiculously pointed toe—mean things, at the best!

Conversely, when Mother Nature has taken extra pains in the building of it, and proper care or happy chance has kept it free of lamentable deformations, indurations, and discolourations—all those grewsome boot-begotten abominations which have made it so generally unpopular—the sudden sight of it, uncovered, comes as a very rare and singularly pleasing surprize to the eye that has learned how to see!

Nothing else that Mother Nature has to show, not even the human face divine, has more subtle power to suggest high physical distinction, happy evolution, and supreme development; the lordship of man over beast, the lordship of man over man, the lordship of woman over all!

En voilà, de l'éloquence—à propos de bottes!

Trilby had respected Mother Nature's special gift to herself—had never worn a leather boot or shoe, had always taken as much care of her feet as many a fine lady takes of her hands. It was her one coquetry, the only real vanity she had.

Gecko, his fiddle in one hand and his bow in the other, stared at her in open-mouthed admiration and delight, as she ate her sandwich of soldier's bread and fromage à la crème quite unconcerned.

When she had finished she licked the tips of her fingers clean of cheese, and produced a small tobacco-pouch from another military pocket, and made herself a cigaret, and lit it and smoked it, inhaling the smoke in large whiffs, filling her lungs with it, and sending it back through her nostrils, with a look of great beatitude.

Svengali played Schubert's "Rosemonde," and flashed a pair of languishing black eyes at her with intent to kill.

But she didn't even look his way. She looked at Little Billee, at big Taffy, at the Laird, at the casts and studies, at the sky, the chimney-pots over the way, the towers of Notre Dame, just visible from where she sat.

Only when he finished she exclaimed: "Maïe, aïe! c'est rudement bien tapé, c'te musique-là! Seulement, c'est pas gai, vous savez! Comment q'ça s'appelle?"

"It is called the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, matemoiselle," replied Svengali. (I will translate.)

"And what's that—Rosemonde?" said she.

"Rosemonde was a princess of Cyprus, matemoiselle, and Cyprus is an island."

"Ah, and Schubert, then—where's that?"

"Schubert is not an island, matemoiselle. Schubert was a compatriot of mine, and made music, and played the piano, just like me."

"Ah, Schubert was a *monsieur*, then. Don't know him; never heard his name."

"That is a pity, matemoiselle. He had some talent. You like this better, perhaps," and he strummed,

> "Messieurs les étudiants,
> Montez à la chaumière
> Pour y danser le cancan,"

striking wrong notes, and banging out a bass in a different key—a hideously grotesque performance.

"Yes, I like that better. It's gayer, you know. Is that also composed by a compatriot of yours?" asked the lady.

"Heaven forbid, matemoiselle."

And the laugh was against Svengali.

THE "ROSEMONDE" OF SCHUBERT

But the real fun of it all (if there was any) lay in the fact that she was perfectly sincere.

"Are you fond of music?" asked Little Billee.

"Oh, ain't I, just!" she replied. "My father sang like a bird. He was a gentleman and a scholar, my father was. His name was Patrick Michael O'Ferrall, fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. He used to sing 'Ben Bolt.' Do you know 'Ben Bolt?'"

"Oh yes, I know it well," said Little Billee. "It's a very pretty song."

"I can sing it," said Miss O'Ferrall. "Shall I?"

"Oh, certainly, if you will be so kind."

Miss O'Ferrall threw away the end of her cigaret, put her hands on her knees as she sat cross-legged on the model-throne, and sticking her elbows well out, she looked up to the ceiling with a tender, sentimental smile, and sang the touching song,

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?" etc., etc.

As some things are too sad and too deep for tears, so some things are too grotesque and too funny for laughter. Of such a kind was Miss O'Ferrall's performance of "Ben Bolt."

From that capacious mouth and through that high-bridged bony nose there rolled a volume of breathy sound, not loud, but so immense that it seemed to come from all round, to be reverberated from every surface in the studio. She followed more or less the shape of the tune, going up when it rose and down when it fell, but with such immense intervals between the notes as were never dreamed of in any mortal melody. It was as though she could never once have deviated into tune, never once have hit upon a true note, even by a fluke—in fact, as though she were absolutely tone-deaf, and without ear, although she stuck to the time correctly enough.

She finished her song amid an embarrassing silence. The audience didn't quite know whether it were meant for fun or seriously. One wondered if she were not paying out Svengali for his impertinent performance of "Messieurs les étudiants." If so, it was a capital piece of impromptu tit-for-tat admirably acted, and a very ugly gleam yellowed the tawny black of Svengali's big eyes. He was so fond of making fun of others that he particularly resented being made fun of himself—

couldn't endure that any one should ever have the laugh of *him*.

At length Little Billee said: "Thank you so much. It is a capital song."

"Yes," said Miss O'Ferrall. "It's the only song I know, unfortunately. My father used to sing it, just like that, when he felt jolly after hot rum and water. It used to make people cry; he used to cry over it himself. *I* never do. Some people think I can't sing a bit. All I can say is that I've often had to sing it six or seven times running in *lots* of studios. I vary it, you know—not the words, but the tune. You must remember that I've only taken to it lately. Do you know Litolff? Well, he's a great composer, and he came to Durien's the other day, and I sang 'Ben Bolt,' and what do you think he said? Why, he said Madame Alboni couldn't go nearly so high or so low as I did, and that her voice wasn't half so strong. He gave me his word of honour. He said I breathed as natural and straight as a baby, and all I want is to get my voice a little more under control. That's what *he* said."

"Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit?" asked Svengali. And she said it all over again to him in French—quite French French—of the most colloquial kind. Her accent was not that of the Comédie Française, nor yet that of the Faubourg St.-Germain, nor yet that of the pavement. It was quaint and expressive—"funny without being vulgar."

"Barpleau! he was right, Litolff," said Svengali. "I assure you, matemoiselle, that I have never heard a voice that can equal yours; you have a talent quite exceptional."

She blushed with pleasure, and the others thought him a "beastly cad" for poking fun at the poor girl in such a way. And they thought Monsieur Litolff another.

She then got up and shook the crumbs off her coat, and slipped her feet into Durien's slippers, saying, in English: "Well, I've got to go back. Life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity; but what's the odds, so long as you're happy?"

On her way out she stopped before Taffy's picture—a chiffonnier with his lantern bending over a dust heap. For Taffy was, or thought himself, a passionate realist in those days. He has changed, and now paints nothing but King Arthurs and Guineveres and Lancelots and Elaines and floating Ladies of Shalott.

"That chiffonnier's basket isn't hitched high enough," she remarked. "How could he tap his pick against the rim and make the rag fall into it if it's hitched only halfway up his back? And he's got the wrong sabots, and the wrong lantern; it's *all* wrong."

"Dear me!" said Taffy, turning very red; "you seem to know a lot about it. It's a pity you don't paint, yourself."

"Ah! now you're cross!" said Miss O'Ferrall. "Oh, maïe, aïe!"

She went to the door and paused, looking round benignly. "What nice teeth you've all three got! That's because you're Englishmen, I suppose, and clean them twice a day. I do too. Trilby O'Ferrall, that's my name, 48 Rue des Pousse-Cailloux!—pose pour l'ensemble, quand ça l'amuse! va-t-en ville, et fait tout ce qui concerne son état! Don't forget. Thanks all, and good-bye."

"En v'là une orichinale," said Svengali.

"I think she's lovely," said Little Billee, the young and tender. "Oh, heavens, what angel's feet! It makes me sick to think she sits for the figure. I'm sure she's quite a lady."

And in five minutes or so, with the point of an old compass, he scratched in white on the dark red wall a three-quarter profile outline of Trilby's left foot, which was perhaps the more perfect poem of the two.

Slight as it was, this little piece of impromptu etching, in its sense of beauty, in its quick seizing of a peculiar individuality, its subtle rendering of a strongly received impression, was already the work of a master. It was Trilby's foot, and nobody else's, nor could have been, and nobody else but Little Billee could have drawn it in just that inspired way.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est, 'Ben Bolt'?" inquired Gecko.

Upon which Little Billee was made by Taffy to sit down to the piano and sing it. He sang it very nicely with his pleasant little throaty English barytone.

It was solely in order that Little Billee should have opportunities of practising this graceful accomplishment of his, for his own and his friends' delectation, that the piano had been sent over from London, at great cost to Taffy and the Laird. It had belonged to Taffy's mother, who was dead.

Before he had finished the second verse, Svengali exclaimed: "Mais c'est tout-à-fait chentil! Allons, Gecko, chouez-nous ça!"

And he put his big hands on the piano, over Little Billee's, pushed him off the music-stool with his great gaunt body, and, sitting on it himself, he played a masterly prelude. It was impressive to hear the

complicated richness and volume of the sounds he evoked after Little Billee's gentle "tink-a-tink."

And Gecko, cuddling lovingly his violin and closing his upturned eyes, played that simple melody as it had probably never been played before—such passion, such pathos, such a tone!—and they turned it and twisted it, and went from one key to another, playing into each other's hands, Svengali taking the lead; and fugued and canoned and counterpointed and battledoored and shuttlecocked it, high and low, soft and loud, in minor, in pizzicato, and in sordino—adagio, andante, allegretto, scherzo—and exhausted all its possibilities of beauty; till their susceptible audience of three was all but crazed with delight and wonder; and the masterful Ben Bolt, and his over-tender Alice; and his too submissive friend, and his old schoolmaster so kind and so true, and his long-dead schoolmates, and the rustic porch and the mill, and the slab of granite so gray,

> "And the dear little nook
> By the clear running brook,"

were all magnified into a strange, almost holy poetic dignity and splendour quite undreamed of by whoever wrote the words and music of that unsophisticated little song, which has touched so many simple British hearts that don't know any better—and among them, once, that of the present scribe—long, long ago!

"Sacrepleu! il choue pien, le Checko, hein?" said Svengali, when they had brought this wonderful double improvisation to a climax and a close. "C'est mon élève! che le fais chanter sur son fiolon, c'est comme si c'était *moi* qui chantais! ach! si ch'afais pour teux sous de voix, che serais le bremier chanteur du monte! I cannot sing!" he continued. (I will translate him into English, without attempting to translate his accent, which is a mere matter of judiciously transposing p's and b's, and t's and d's, and f's and v's, and g's and k's, and turning the soft French j into sch, and a pretty language into an ugly one.)

"I can not sing myself, I can not play the violin, but I can teach—hein, Gecko? And I have a pupil—hein, Gecko?—la betite Honorine"; and here he leered all round with a leer that was not engaging. "The world shall hear of la betite Honorine some day—hein, Gecko? Listen all—this is how I teach la betite Honorine! Gecko, play me a little accompaniment in pizzicato."

And he pulled out of his pocket a kind of little flexible flageolet (of his own invention, it seems), which he screwed together and put to his lips, and on this humble instrument he played "Ben Bolt," while Gecko accompanied him, using his fiddle as a guitar, his adoring eyes fixed in reverence on his master.

And it would be impossible to render in any words the deftness, the distinction, the grace, power, pathos, and passion with which this truly phenomenal artist executed the poor old twopenny tune on his elastic penny whistle—for it was little more—such thrilling, vibrating, piercing tenderness, now loud and full, a shrill scream of anguish, now soft as a whisper, a mere melodic breath, more human almost than the human voice itself, a perfection unattainable even by Gecko, a master, on an instrument which is the acknowledged king of all!

So that the tear which had been so close to the brink of Little Billee's eye while Gecko was playing now rose and trembled under his eyelid and spilled itself down his nose; and he had to dissemble and surreptitiously mop it up with his little finger as he leaned his chin on his hand, and cough a little husky, unnatural cough—*pour se donner une contenance!*

He had never heard such music as this, never dreamed such music was possible. He was conscious, while it lasted, that he saw deeper into the beauty, the sadness of things, the very heart of them, and their pathetic evanescence, as with a new, inner eye—even into eternity itself, beyond the veil—a vague cosmic vision that faded when the music was over, but left an unfading reminiscence of its having been, and a passionate desire to express the like some day through the plastic medium of his own beautiful art.

When Svengali ended, he leered again on his dumb-struck audience, and said: "That is how I teach la betite Honorine to sing; that is how I teach Gecko to play; that is how I teach '*il bel canto!*' It was lost, the bel canto—but I found it, in a dream—I, and nobody else—I—Svengali—I—I—*I*! But that is enough of music; let us play at something else—let us play at this!" he cried, jumping up and seizing a foil and bending it against the wall. . . . "Come along, Little Pillee, and I will show you something more you don't know. . . ."

So Little Billee took off coat and waistcoat, donned mask and glove and fencing-shoes, and they had an "assault of arms," as it is nobly called in French, and in which poor Little Billee came off very

badly. The German Pole fenced wildly, but well.

Then it was the Laird's turn, and he came off badly too; so then Taffy took up the foil, and redeemed the honour of Great Britain, as became a British hussar and a Man of Blood. For Taffy, by long and assiduous practice in the best school in Paris (and also by virtue of his native aptitudes), was a match for any maître d'armes in the whole French army, and Svengali got "what for."

And when it was time to give up play and settle down to work, others dropped in—French, English, Swiss, German, American, Greek; curtains were drawn and shutters opened; the studio was flooded with light—and the afternoon was healthily spent in athletic and gymnastic exercises till dinner-time.

But Little Billee, who had had enough of fencing and gymnastics for the day, amused himself by filling up with black and white and red chalk-strokes the outline of Trilby's foot on the wall, lest he should forget his fresh vision of it, which was still to him as the thing itself—an absolute reality, born of a mere glance, a mere chance.

TRILBY'S LEFT FOOT

Durien came in and looked over his shoulder, and exclaimed: "Tiens! le pied de Trilby! vous avez fait ça d'après nature?"

"Nong!"

"De mémoire, alors?"

"Wee!"

"Je vous en fais mon compliment! Vous avez eu la main heureuse. Je voudrais bien avoir fait ça, moi! C'est un petit chef-d'œuvre que vous avez fait là—tout bonnement, mon cher! Mais vous élaborez trop. De grâce, n'y touchez plus!"

And Little Billee was pleased, and touched it no more; for Durien was a great sculptor, and sincerity itself.

And then—well, I happen to forget what sort of day this particular day turned into at about six of the clock.

If it was decently fine, the most of them went off to dine at the Restaurant de la Couronne, kept by the Père Trin, in the Rue de Monsieur, who gave you of his best to eat and drink for twenty sols Parisis, or one franc in the coin of the empire. Good distending soups, omelets that were only too savoury, lentils, red and white beans, meat so dressed and sauced and seasoned that you didn't know whether it was beef or mutton—flesh, fowl, or good red herring—or even bad, for that matter—nor very greatly care.

And just the same lettuce, radishes, and cheese of Gruyère or Brie as you got at the Trois Frères Provençaux (but not the same butter!). And to wash it all down, generous wine in wooden "brocs"—that stained a lovely æsthetic blue everything it was spilled over.

And you hobnobbed with models, male and female, students of law and medicine, painters and sculptors, workmen and blanchisseuses and grisettes, and found them very good company, and most improving to your French, if your French was of the usual British kind, and even to some of your manners, if these were very British indeed. And the evening was innocently wound up with billiards, cards, or dominos at the Café du Luxembourg opposite; or at the Théâtre du Luxembourg, in the Rue de Madame, to see funny farces with screamingly droll Englishmen in them; or, still better, at the Jardin Bullier (la Closerie des

Lilas), to see the students dance the cancan, or try and dance it yourself, which is not so easy as it seems; or, best of all, at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, to see Fechter and Madame Doche in the "Dame aux Camélias."

Or, if it were not only fine, but a Saturday afternoon into the bargain, the Laird would put on a necktie and a few other necessary things, and the three friends would walk arm in arm to Taffy's hotel in the Rue de Seine, and wait outside till he had made himself as presentable as the Laird, which did not take very long. And then (Little Billee was always presentable) they would, arm in arm, the huge Taffy in the middle, descend the Rue de Seine and cross a bridge to the Cité, and have a look in at the Morgue. Then back again to the quays on the rive gauche by the Pont Neuf, to wend their way westward; now on one side to look at the print and picture shops and the magasins of bric-à-brac, and haply sometimes buy thereof, now on the other to finger and cheapen the second-hand books for sale on the parapet, and even pick up one or two utterly unwanted bargains, never to be read or opened again.

When they reached the Pont des Arts they would cross it, stopping in the middle to look up the river towards the old Cité and Notre Dame, eastward, and dream unutterable things, and try to utter them. Then, turning westward, they would gaze at the glowing sky and all it glowed upon—the corner of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the many bridges, the Chamber of Deputies, the golden river narrowing its perspective and broadening its bed as it went flowing and winding on its way between Passy and Grenelle to St. Cloud, to Rouen, to the Havre, to England perhaps—where *they* didn't want to be just then; and they would try and express themselves to the effect that life was uncommonly well worth living in that particular city at that particular time of the day and year and century, at that particular epoch of their own mortal and uncertain lives.

Then, still arm in arm and chatting gayly, across the court-yard of the Louvre, through gilded gates well guarded by reckless imperial Zouaves, up the arcaded Rue de Rivoli as far as the Rue Castiglione, where they would stare with greedy eyes at the window of the great corner pastry-cook, and marvel at the beautiful assortment of bonbons, pralines, dragées, marrons glacés—saccharine, crystalline substances of all kinds and colours, as charming to look at as an illumination; precious stones, delicately frosted sweets, pearls and diamonds so arranged as to melt in the mouth; especially, at this particular time of the year, the monstrous Easter-eggs of enchanting hue, enshrined like costly jewels in caskets of satin and gold; and the Laird, who was well read in his English classics and liked to show it, would opine that "they managed these things better in France."

Then across the street by a great gate into the Allée des Feuillants, and up to the Place de la Concorde—to gaze, but quite without base envy, at the smart people coming back from the Bois de Boulogne. For even in Paris "carriage people" have a way of looking bored, of taking their pleasure sadly, of having nothing to say to each other, as though the vibration of so many wheels all rolling home the same way every afternoon had hypnotized them into silence, idiocy, and melancholia.

And our three musketeers of the brush would speculate on the vanity of wealth and rank and fashion; on the satiety that follows in the wake of self-indulgence and overtakes it; on the weariness of the pleasures that become a toil—as if they knew all about it, had found it all out for themselves, and nobody else had ever found it out before!

Then they found out something else—namely, that the sting of healthy appetite was becoming intolerable; so they would betake themselves to an English eating-house in the Rue de la Madeleine (on the left-hand side near the top), where they would renovate their strength and their patriotism on British beef and beer, and household bread, and bracing, biting, stinging yellow mustard, and horseradish, and noble apple pie, and Cheshire cheese; and get through as much of these in an hour or so as they could for talking, talking, talking; such happy talk! as full of sanguine hope and enthusiasm, of cocksure commendation or condemnation of all painters, dead or alive, of modest but firm belief in themselves and each other, as a Paris Easter-egg is full of sweets and pleasantness (for the young).

And then a stroll on the crowded, well-lighted boulevards, and a bock at the café there, at a little three-legged marble table right out on the genial asphalt pavement, still talking nineteen to the dozen.

Then home by dark, old, silent streets and some deserted bridge to their beloved Latin quarter, the Morgue gleaming cold and still and fatal in the pale lamplight, and Notre Dame pricking up its watchful twin

THE FLEXIBLE FLAGEOLET

towers, which have looked down for so many centuries on so many happy, sanguine, expansive youths walking arm in arm by twos and threes, and forever talking, talking, talking. . . .

The Laird and Little Billee would see Taffy safe to the door of his hôtel garni in the Rue de Seine, where they would find much to say to each other before they said good-night—so much that Taffy and Little Billee would see the Laird safe to *his* door, in the Place St. Anatole des Arts. And then a discussion would arise between Taffy and the Laird on the immortality of the soul, let us say, or the exact meaning of the word "gentleman," or the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, or some such recondite and quite unhackneyed theme, and Taffy and the Laird would escort Little Billee to *his* door, in the Place de l'Odéon, and he would re-escort them both back again, and so on till any hour you please.

Or again, if it rained, and Paris through the studio window loomed lead-coloured, with its shiny slate roofs under skies that were ashen and sober, and the wild west wind made woful music among the chimney-pots, and little gray waves ran up the river the wrong way, and the Morgue looked chill and dark and wet, and almost uninviting (even to three healthy-minded young Britons), they would resolve to dine and spend a happy evening at home.

Little Billee, taking with him three francs (or even four), would dive into back streets and buy a yard or so of crusty new bread, well burned on the flat side, a fillet of beef, a litre of wine, potatoes and onions, butter, a little cylindrical cheese called "bondon de Neufchatel," tender curly lettuce, with chervil, parsley, spring onions, and other fine herbs, and a pod of garlic, which would be rubbed on a crust of bread to flavour things with.

Taffy would lay the cloth Englishwise, and also make the salad, for which, like everybody else I ever met, he had a special receipt of his own (putting in the oil first and the vinegar after); and indeed his salads were quite as good as everybody else's.

The Laird, bending over the stove, would cook the onions and beef into a savoury Scotch mess so cunningly that you could not taste the beef for the onions—nor always the onions for the garlic!

And they would dine far better than at le Père Trin's, far better than at the English Restaurant in the Rue de la Madeleine—better than anywhere else on earth!

And after dinner, what coffee, roasted and ground on the spot, what pipes and cigarets of "caporal," by the light of the three shaded lamps, while the rain beat against the big North window, and the wind went howling round the quaint old mediæval tower at the corner of the Rue Vieille des

Mauvais Ladres (the old street of the bad lepers), and the damp logs hissed and crackled in the stove!

What jolly talk into the small hours! Thackeray and Dickens again, and Tennyson and Byron (who was "not dead yet" in those days); and Titian and Velasquez, and young Millais and Holman Hunt (just out); and Monsieur Ingres and Monsieur Delacroix, and Balzac and Stendahl and George Sand; and the good Dumas! and Edgar Allan Poe; and the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. . . .

Good, honest, innocent, artless prattle—not of the wisest, perhaps, nor redolent of the very highest culture (which, by-the-way, can mar as well as make), nor leading to any very practical result; but quite pathetically sweet from the sincerity and fervour of its convictions, a profound belief in their importance, and a proud trust in their life-long immutability.

Oh, happy days and happy nights, sacred to art and friendship! oh, happy times of careless impecuniosity, and youth and hope and health and strength and freedom—with all Paris for a playground, and its dear old unregenerate Latin quarter for a workshop and a home!

And, up to then, no kill-joy complications of love!

No, decidedly no! Little Billee had never known such happiness as this—never even dreamed of its possibility.

TAFFY MAKES THE SALAD

A day or two after this, our opening day, but in the afternoon, when the fencing and boxing had begun and the trapeze was in full swing, Trilby's "Milk below!" was sounded at the door, and she appeared—clothed this time in her right mind, as it seemed: a tall, straight, flat-backed, square-shouldered, deep-chested, full-bosomed young grisette, in a snowy frilled cap, a neat black gown and white apron, pretty faded, well-darned, brown stockings, and well-worn, soft, gray, square-toed slippers of list, without heels and originally shapeless; but which her feet, uncompromising and inexorable as boot-trees, had ennobled into everlasting classic shapeliness, and stamped with an unforgettable individuality, as does a beautiful hand its well-worn glove—a fact Little Billee was not slow to perceive, with a curious conscious thrill that was only half æsthetic.

Then he looked into her freckled face, and met the kind and tender mirthfulness of her gaze and the plucky frankness of her fine wide smile with a thrill that was not æsthetic at all (nor the reverse), but all of the heart. And in one of his quick flashes of intuitive insight he divined far down beneath the shining surface of those eyes (which seemed for a moment to reflect only a little image of himself against the sky beyond the big north window) a well of sweetness; and floating somewhere in the midst of it the very heart of compassion, generosity, and warm sisterly love; and under that—alas! at the bottom of all—a thin slimy layer of sorrow and shame. And just as long as it takes for a tear to rise and gather and choke itself back again, this sudden revelation shook his nervous little frame with a pang of pity, and the knightly wish to help. But he had no time to indulge in such soft emotions. Trilby was met on her entrance by friendly greetings on all sides.

"Tiens! c'est la grande Trilby!" exclaimed Jules Guinot through his fencing-mask. "Comment! t'es déjà debout après hier soir? Avons-nous assez rigolé chez Mathieu, hein? Crénom d'un nom, quelle noce! V'là une crémaillère qui peut se vanter d'être diantrement bien pendue, j'espère! Et la petite santé, c' matin?"

"Hé, hé! mon vieux," answered Trilby. "Ca boulotte, apparemment! Et toi? et Victorine? Comment qu'a s' porte à c't'heure? Elle avait un fier coup d'chasselas! c'est-y jobard, hein? de s' fich 'paf comme ça d'vant l' monde! Tiens, v'là, Gontran! ça marche-t-y, Gontran, Zouzou d' mon cœur?"

"Comme sur des roulettes, ma biche!" said Gontran, *alias* l' Zouzou—a corporal in the Zouaves. "Mais tu t'es donc mise chiffonnière, à présent? T'as fait banqueroute?"

(For Trilby had a chiffonnier's basket strapped on her back, and carried a pick and lantern.)

"Mais - z - oui, mon bon!" she said. "Dame! pas d' veine hier soir! t'as bien vu! Dans la dêche jusqu'aux omoplates, mon pauv' caporal-sous-off! nom d'un canon—faut bien vivre, s' pas?"

Little Billee's heart sluices had closed during this interchange of courtesies. He felt it to be a very slangy kind, because he couldn't understand a word of it, and he hated slang. All he could make out was the free use of the "tu" and the "toi," and he knew enough French to know that this implied a great familiarity, which he misunderstood.

So that Jules Guinot's polite inquiries whether Trilby were none the worse after Mathieu's house-warming (which was so jolly), Trilby's kind solicitude about the health of Victorine, who had very foolishly taken a drop too much on that occasion, Trilby's mock regrets that her own bad luck at cards had made it necessary that she should retrieve her fallen fortunes by rag-picking—all these innocent, playful little amenities (which I have tried to write down just as they were spoken) were couched in a language that was as Greek to him—and he felt out of it, jealous and indignant.

"Good-afternoon to you, Mr. Taffy," said Trilby, in English. "I've brought you these objects of art and virtu to make the peace with you. They're the real thing, you know. I borrowed 'em from le Père Martin, chiffonnier en gros et en détail, grand officier de la Légion d'Honneur, membre de l'Institut, et cetera, treize bis, Rue du Puits d'Armour, rez-de-chaussée, au fond de la cour à gauche, vis-à-vis le mont-de-piété! He's one of my intimate friends, and——"

"You don't mean to say you're the intimate friend of a *rag-picker?*" exclaimed the good Taffy.

"Oh yes! Pourquoi pas? I never brag; besides, there ain't any beastly pride about le Père Martin," said Trilby, with a wink. "You'd soon find that out if *you* were an intimate friend of his. This is how it's put on. Do you see? If *you*'ll put it on I'll fasten it for you, and show you how to hold the lantern and handle the pick. You may come to it yourself some day, you know. Il ne faut jurer de rien! Père Martin will pose for you in person, if you like. He's generally disengaged in the afternoon. He's poor but honest, you know, and very nice and clean; quite the gentleman. He likes artists, especially English—they pay. His wife sells bric-à-brac and old masters: Rembrandts from two francs fifty upwards. They've got a little grandson—

"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE".

a love of a child. I'm his godmother. You know French, I suppose?"

"Oh yes," said Taffy, much abashed. "I'm very much obliged to you—very much indeed—a—I—a——"

"Y a pas d' quoi!" said Trilby divesting herself of her basket and putting it, with the pick and lantern, in a corner. "Et maintenant, le temps d'absorber une fine de fin sec [a cigaret] et je m' la brise [I'm off]. On m'attend à l'Ambassade d'Autriche. Et puis zut! Allez toujours, mes enfants. En avant la boxe!"

She sat herself down cross-legged on the model-throne, and made herself a cigaret, and watched the fencing and boxing. Little Billee brought her a chair, which she refused; so he sat down on it himself by her side, and talked to her, just as he would have talked to any young lady at home—about the weather, about Verdi's new opera (which she had never heard), the impressiveness of Notre Dame, and Victor Hugo's beautiful romance (which she had never read), the mysterious charm of Leonardo da Vinci's Lisa Gioconda's smile (which she had never seen)—by all of which she was no doubt rather tickled and a little embarrassed, perhaps also a little touched.

Taffy brought her a cup of coffee, and conversed with her in polite formal French, very well and carefully pronounced; and the Laird tried to do likewise. *His* French was of that honest English kind that breaks up the stiffness of even an English party; and his jolly manners were such as to put an end to all shyness and constraint, and make self-consciousness impossible.

Others dropped in from neighbouring studios—the usual cosmopolite crew. It was a perpetual come and go in this particular studio between four and six in the afternoon.

There were ladies too, *en cheveux*, in caps and bonnets, some of whom knew Trilby, and thee'd and thou'd with familiar and friendly affection, while others mademoiselle'd her with distant politeness, and were mademoiselle'd and madame'd back again. "Absolument comme à l'Ambassade d'Autriche," as Trilby observed to the Laird, with a British wink that was by no means ambassadorial.

Then Svengali came and made some of his grandest music, which was as completely thrown away on Trilby as fireworks on a blind beggar, for all she held her tongue so piously.

Fencing and boxing and trapezing seemed to be more in her line; and indeed, to a tone-deaf person, Taffy lunging his full spread with a foil, in all the splendour of his long, lithe, youthful strength, was a far gainlier sight than Svengali at the key-board flashing his languid bold eyes with a sickly smile from one listener to another, as if to say: "N'est-ce pas que che suis peau! N'est-ce pas que ch'ai tu chénie? N'est-ce pas que che suis suplime, enfin?"

Then enter Durien the sculptor, who had been presented with a baignoire at the Odéon to see "La Dame aux Camélias," and he invited Trilby and another lady to dine with him "au cabaret" and share his box.

So Trilby didn't go to the Austrian embassy after all, as the Laird observed to Little Billee, with such a good imitation of her wink that Little Billee was bound to laugh.

But Little Billee was not inclined for fun; a dulness, a sense of disenchantment, had come over him; as he expressed it to himself, with pathetic self-pity:

> "A feeling of sadness and longing
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain."

And the sadness, if he had known, was that all beautiful young women with kind sweet faces and noble figures and goddess-like extremities should not be good and pure as they were beautiful; and the longing was a longing that Trilby could be turned into a young lady—say the vicar's daughter in a little Devonshire village—his sister's friend and co-teacher at the Sunday-school; a simple, pure, and pious maiden of gentle birth.

For he adored piety in women, although he was not pious by any means. His inarticulate, intuitive perceptions were not of form and colour secrets only, but strove to pierce the veil of deeper mysteries in impetuous and dogmatic boyish scorn of all received interpretations. For he flattered himself that he possessed the philosophical and scientific mind, and piqued himself on thinking clearly, and was intolerant of human inconsistency.

That small reserve portion of his ever-active brain which should have lain fallow while the rest of it was at work or play, perpetually plagued itself about the mysteries of life and death, and was forever propounding unanswerable arguments against the Christian belief, through a kind of inverted sympathy with the believer. Fortunately for his friends, Little Billee was both shy and discreet, and very tender of

other people's feelings; so he kept all his immature juvenile agnosticism to himself.

To atone for such ungainly strong-mindedness in one so young and tender, he was the slave of many little traditional observances which have no very solid foundation in either science or philosophy. For instance, he wouldn't walk under a ladder for worlds, nor sit down thirteen to dinner, nor have his hair cut on a Friday, and was quite upset if he happened to see the new moon through glass. And he believed in lucky and unlucky numbers, and dearly loved the sights and scents and sounds of high-mass in some dim old French cathedral, and found them secretly comforting.

Let us hope that he sometimes laughed at himself if only in his sleeve!

And with all his keenness of insight into life he had a well-brought-up, middle-class young Englishman's belief in the infallible efficacy of gentle birth—for gentle he considered his own and Taffy's and the Laird's, and that of most of the good people he had lived among in England—all people, in short, whose two parents and four grandparents had received a liberal education and belonged to the professional class. And with this belief he combined (or thought he did) a proper democratic scorn for bloated dukes and lords, and even poor inoffensive baronets, and all the landed gentry—everybody who was born an inch higher up than himself.

It is a fairly good middle-class social creed, if you can only stick to it through life in despite of life's experience. It fosters independence and self-respect, and not a few stodgy practical virtues as well. At all events, it keeps you out of bad company, which is to be found both above and below.

And all this melancholy preoccupation, on Little Billee's part, from the momentary gleam and dazzle of a pair of over-perfect feet in an over-æsthetic eye, too much enamoured of mere form!

Reversing the usual process, he had idealized from the base upward!

Many of us, older and wiser than Little Billee, have seen in lovely female shapes the outer garment of a lovely female soul. The instinct which guides us to do this is, perhaps, a right one, more often than not. But more often than not, also, lovely female shapes are terrible complicators of the difficulties and dangers of this earthly life, especially for their owner, and more especially if she be a humble daughter of the people, poor and ignorant, of a yielding nature, too quick to love and trust. This is all so true as to be trite—so trite as to be a common platitude!

A modern teller of tales, most widely (and most justly) popular, tells us of heroes and heroines who, like Lord Byron's corsair, were linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes. And so dexterously does he weave his story that the young person may read it and learn nothing but good.

My poor heroine was the converse of these engaging criminals; she had all the virtues but one; but the virtue she lacked (the very one of all that plays the title-rôle, and gives its generic name to all the rest of that goodly company) was of such a kind that I have found it impossible so to tell her history as to make it quite fit and proper reading for the ubiquitous young person so dear to us all.

Most deeply to my regret. For I had fondly hoped it might one day be said of me that whatever my other literary shortcomings might be, I at least had never penned a line which a pure-minded young British mother might not read aloud to her little blue-eyed babe as it lies sucking its little bottle in its little bassinet.

Fate has willed it otherwise.

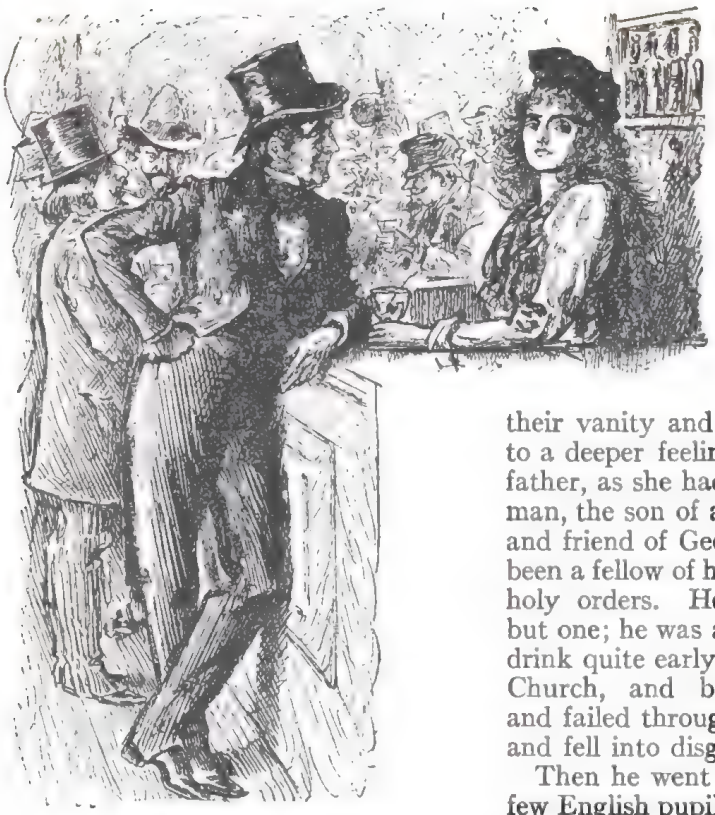
Would indeed that I could duly express poor Trilby's one shortcoming in some not too familiar medium—in Latin or Greek, let us say—lest the young person (in this ubiquitousness of hers, for which Heaven be praised) should happen to pry into these pages when her mother is looking another way.

Latin and Greek are languages the young person should not be taught to understand—seeing that they are highly improper languages, deservedly dead—in which pagan bards who should have known better have sung the filthy loves of their gods and goddesses.

But at least am I scholar enough to enter one little Latin plea on Trilby's behalf—the shortest, best, and most beautiful plea I can think of. It was once used in extenuation and condonation of the frailties of another poor weak woman, presumably beautiful, and a far worse offender than Trilby, but who, like Trilby, repented of her ways, and was most justly forgiven—

"Quia multum amavit!"

Whether it be an aggravation of her misdeeds or an extenuating circumstance, no pressure of want, no temptations of greed or vanity had ever been factors in urging Trilby on her downward career after her first false step in that direction—the result



TRILBY'S FOREBEARS

of ignorance, bad advice (from her mother, of all people in the world), and base betrayal. She might have lived in guilty splendour had she chosen, but her wants were few. She had no vanity, and her tastes were of the simplest, and she earned enough to gratify them all, and to spare.

So she followed love for love's sake only, now and then, as she would have followed art if she had been a man—capriciously, desultorily, more in a frolicsome spirit of camaraderie than anything else. Like an amateur, in short—a distinguished amateur who is too proud to sell his pictures, but willingly gives one away now and then to some highly valued and much admiring friend.

Sheer gayety of heart and genial good-fellowship, the difficulty of saying nay to earnest pleading. She was "bonne camarade et bonne fille" before everything. Though her heart was not large enough to harbour more than one light love at a time (even in that Latin quarter of genially capacious hearts), it had room for many warm friendships; and she was the warmest, most helpful, and most compassionate of friends, far more serious and faithful in friendship than in love.

Indeed, she might almost be said to possess a virginal heart, so little did she know of love's heart-aches and raptures and torments and clingings and jealousies.

With her it was lightly come and lightly go, and never come back again; as one or two, or perhaps three, picturesque bohemians of the brush or chisel had found, at some cost to their vanity and self-esteem; perhaps even to a deeper feeling—who knows? Trilby's father, as she had said, had been a gentleman, the son of a famous Dublin physician and friend of George the Fourth's. He had been a fellow of his college, and had entered holy orders. He also had all the virtues but one; he was a drunkard, and began to drink quite early in life. He soon left the Church, and became a classical tutor, and failed through this besetting sin of his, and fell into disgrace.

Then he went to Paris, and picked up a few English pupils there, and lost them, and earned a precarious livelihood from hand to mouth, anyhow; and sank from bad to worse.

And when his worst was about reached, he married the famous tartaned and tam-oshantered bar-maid at the "Montagnards Écossais," in the Rue du Paradis Poissonnière (a very fishy paradise indeed); she was a most beautiful Highland lassie of low degree, and she managed to support him, or helped him to support himself, for ten or fifteen years. Trilby was born to them, and was dragged up in some way—*à la grâce de Dieu!*

Patrick O'Ferrall soon taught his wife to drown all care and responsibility in his own simple way, and opportunities for doing so were never lacking to her.

Then he died, and left a posthumous child—born ten months after his death, alas! and whose birth cost its mother her life.

Then Trilby became a *blanchisseuse de fin*, and in two or three years came to grief through her trust in a friend of her mother's. Then she became a model besides, and was able to support her little brother, whom she dearly loved.

At the time this story begins, this small waif and stray was "en pension" with le père Martin, the rag-picker, and his wife, the dealer in bric-à-brac and inexpensive

old masters. They were very good people, and had grown fond of the child, who was beautiful to look at, and full of pretty tricks and pluck and cleverness—a popular favourite in the Rue du Puits d'Amour and its humble neighbourhood.

Trilby, for some freak, always chose to speak of him as her godson, and as the grandchild of le père et la mère Martin, so that these good people had almost grown to believe he really belonged to them.

And almost every one else believed that he was the child of Trilby (in spite of her youth), and she was so fond of him that she didn't mind in the least.

He might have had a worse home.

La mère Martin was pious, or pretended to be; le père Martin was the reverse. But they were equally good for their kind, and though coarse and ignorant and unscrupulous in many ways (as was natural enough), they were gifted in a very full measure with the saving graces of love and charity, especially he. And if people are to be judged by their works, this worthy pair are no doubt both equally well compensated by now for the trials and struggles of their sordid earthly life.

So much for Trilby's parentage.

And as she sat and wept at Madame Doche's impersonation of la Dame aux Camélias (with her hand in Durien's) she vaguely remembered, as in a waking dream, now the noble presence of Taffy as he towered cool and erect, foil in hand, gallantly waiting for his adversary to breathe, now the beautiful sensitive face of Little Billee and his deferential courtesy.

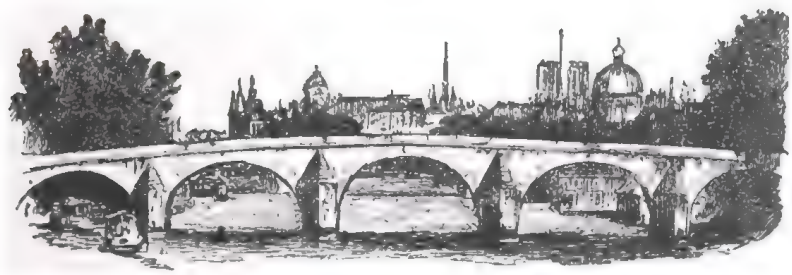
And during the *entr'actes* her heart went out in friendship to the jolly Scotch Laird of Cockpen, who came out now and then with such terrible French oaths and abominable expletives (and in the presence of ladies, too!), without the slightest notion of what they meant.

For the Laird had a quick ear, and a craving to be colloquial and idiomatic before everything else, and made many awkward and embarrassing mistakes.

It would be with him as though a polite Frenchman should say to a fair daughter of Albion, "D—— my eyes, mees, your tea is getting —— cold; let me tell that good old —— of a Jules to bring you another cup."

And so forth, till time and experience taught him better. It is perhaps well for him that his first experiments in conversational French were made in the unconventional circle of the Place St. Anatole des Arts.

(*To be continued*)



The One Desire

By ARTHUR SYMONS

IF I think of your soul, I see
Your body's beauty; and then
I pray to your body again,
And your soul answers me.
So to possess you whole,
Two-fold ever the same,
Come to me light or flame,
Come to me body or soul!

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

WHAT A NIGHT CLUB REALLY IS

(*From the prospectus of a newly-opened Fifth Avenue resort*)

An oasis in the night life of New York, where a caliph sips the ecstasies of his harem.

A salon, with all the subtle intrigue of men and women seeking forgetfulness in the sable cloak of night.

A perfumed garden, where minds dance a sensuous arabesque to the wild moaning of an orchestra.

A canvas of colour, where the abandonment of the Continent mixes with the maddening sophistication of the American.

A rendezvous where the senses play a solo to the obbligato of the mind.

A magic carpet fashioned from the woof of your subconscious and peopled with youthful forms—undulating, rhythmic and desirable.

A little theatre, an intimate plaything, a dream world, where clever children of the night reach out across the footlights for their reward—a laugh.

NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENTS THAT LEAVE ROOM FOR DOUBT

THERE, to banker and baker, buyer and bride; housewife and to movie-star; to representative citizen from every community in the U. S.; to distinguished visitors from the Old World and awe-stricken arrivals in the New World; to thirty million pairs of eyes each month, the Maytag name shines forth in effulgent glory and the Maytag washer blinks its way to immorality.

Sisseton (S. Dak.) Courier.

WANTED—Two ladies to wash dishes and one man. Fort Henry Dairy Lunch.

Wheeling (W. Va.) News.

ON ACCOUNT of the breakdown of the gas engine used in running our press, local births, deaths and weddings will be postponed until next week.

Scranton (Pa.) Journal.

WANTED—Night cook, man or woman preferred.

Aberdeen (S. C.) Evening News.

GLASS BOTTOM MOTOR BOAT
FOR SALESMEN AND SALESLADIES
to show attractive river front city lots. Newest and most attractive selling plan ever used. Big commissions.
CHAS. D. LOVELACE
Owner and developer
Phone 4038. 110 Franklin St., Tampa

Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

BATHTUBS FOR ALL SHAPES.

Atchison (Kans.) Globe.

PERSONAL—If you are going to Prescott or Jerume early Tuesday morning and can carry from two to three hundred pounds extra, please communicate with Miss H at Arizona Republican to-day.

Arizona Republican.

ON ACCOUNT of not being able to plow on account of my mule kicking me, I want to sell the mule cheap.

Hillville (Ky.) Journal.

WANTED—A steady, respectable young man to look after garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir.

New Franklin (Mo.) News.

FOR SALE—Four cows, nine ponies, all ready for riding. We hire them out by the day or hour. Kincher & Vernon, 213 Grace St.

Orlando (Fla.) Morning Sentinel.

IF YOUR EYES change within six months time we will regrind them free of charge where no one else will be able to do that for you. We have more money invested in equipment to save guard your eyes as all the Opticians put together in this town.

Cambridge (O.) Jeffersonian.

Overproof

By ALBERT HICKMAN

Albert Hickman.

THE gentleman was not thirsty, so the specifications were not exact. He had a void of an indeterminate sort, and he felt that he had to fill it or supper would be a failure. So from the green dining-room of Hotel La Corona, Montreal, he reverted—and the reversion is easy—to the bar of the same institution. There he approached a junior. Now, because he had been four years in the Far North in the service of the Honourable, the Hudson's Bay Company—he had come down by Fort Smith, the Athabasca River, Athabasca Landing, and Edmonton, and by rail to Montreal—and because of the lack of practice bred of this experience, the void remained indeterminate and the specifications, as before noted, were not exact.

"I want something about that by that," —he indicated with his fingers a possible 3¼ by 2⅜ inches—"with no stick in it to speak of, and a great deal of taste, d'ye see?" The junior pondered.

"I know what ye want, or, anyway, I know what I'd want if I was wantin' what you want; but I don't think I can do it: but Frank can. Hi! Frank! Now tell him again."

The specifications were repeated. Frank held the sugar-spoon by the end and gazed into space for two—three seconds.

"Ha! Yes, sir!" and the sugar-spoon went on its air-line course to its home. Half a dozen bottles seemed to flash in the light at once, and a moment later a golden-brown liquid was running from a strainer into a dock glass that held some snow and half a straw. The gentleman sipped and marveled aloud:

"Think of translating an inexpressible thought into a taste!"

Frank's lips never moved: the smile swept his eyes alone.

Then by the main front door of the bar entered three men, clad in the Montreal winter-evening glory of evening dress and fur-lined coats. Casually they had a tentative air of discontent, but beneath the surface there developed more. Incidentally here, it may be said that previously they had visited, in order, Krausmann's, the Windsor, and the Bellevue, and that the bars of the latter two had furnished potations that had emulsified a foundation of Pilsener. *Verbum sap.*

Caution was dethroned, and the spirit of war was in the ascendant. It was the middle of the last act at His Majesty's, and the Corona bar was at its emptiest. The discussion was of an actress of a frequent type, with finger-nails cut to a point, under the delusion that they made stubby fingers look tapered and thoroughbred, and the other characteristic of the class—God help us!—and much over-married. It could be gathered that a New York newspaper-man, by name Joe Higginson, and necessarily of Boston, had inconsiderately told the general public the truth about the lady's latest love-affair, and the g. p. had had the bad taste to evince an interest. The story was unsavoury and of no real interest to any man or woman. Mr. Higginson had told it in righteousness of spirit and in perfect good faith, for the sake of the moral; but as few read it for the moral, and the immoral was much more patent, his work to a great extent miscarried. But this is aside from the story.

Mr. Higginson's story, being strictly true, was very difficult to deal with. It had caused the lady a great deal of inconvenience and a very considerable loss of money and friends. A reprisal of some sort was essential; but legally this was impossible, and the methods of possible action became narrowed down to a very few. At this present moment it happened that the lady was in Montreal for a week, doing a much-advertised piece of vaudeville, and that Mr. Higginson was in Montreal as well. Both were at the Windsor. It appeared, furthermore, that on the evening before, after the show, the lady had given a little supper-party to three of her Montreal admirers,

had broken salad for them all with those fingers, had stated her antipathy for Mr. Higginson, and had requested that Mr. Higginson be annihilated, expunged from off the face of the earth, or, at least, as near it as would be at all consistent with safety.

Each of the trio had visions of times gone past—many times gone past—and, it may also be said, entirely distinct times gone past. They remembered evenings that began with supper in New York, and that had no definite ending; and they all felt that they owed the lady much. So they looked upon the lady now—and she was still nothing less than very beautiful—and through the yellow orthochromatic screen of Veuve Clicquot, which cleared all mists ahead, they saw the aforesaid annihilation of Mr. Higginson, which they solemnly vowed to perform before the next day should have died.

On the day in question it was furthermore apparent that each of the three had awakened, entirely separately, to face a gray winter morning and the consciousness that Mr. Higginson stood approximately six feet two inches in height, and during his college career had devoted himself to several branches of athletics. This was inconvenient. The three had lunched at the Windsor and considered ways and means, and had received a pregnant glance from a pair of brown eyes, and, in another part of the dining-room, as he came and went, had noticed the shoulders of the aforesaid Higginson. They had dined at the Windsor and had received more pregnant glances, and again noticed the shoulders; and when dinner was over the problem lay still unsolved. When the lady left for the theater, they went east to find a professional boxer who had lived near Sohmer Park. He was in Westmount, but by telephone said he would meet them in the Corona bar at ten o'clock. Then, as has been said, by Krausmann's and the Windsor and the Bellevue they had arrived at the Corona.

Eight minutes later a heavy-weight also arrived, much too sober to talk to, and had to be given two drinks in quick succession to prepare him. Then the matter was explained.

"Go to the Win'sor to bash a gen'l'man in 'is room for fifty dollars?" he commented. "Naw, I won't!"

"Will ye fer-a-hunder?" queried the spokesman; and he explained thickly and at length how Mr. Higginson had "'sul'd a lady."

"Naw, nor for a hundred. Why don't ye bash 'm yerself? 'Twould be cheaper." And the heavy-weight bore the two drinks out into the night.

The three looked at each other with intense solemnity and sighed. The heavy-weight's suggestion came home unpleasantly. The man of the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company recognized a psychological moment, and, with the poise of a great actor, the intelligence faded from his eye, his brow took on a monumental solemnity, and he spoke with a deliberation that showed the case of one mentally walking a crack.

"Egscuse me, gemlen, but'd I un'oshten' you te say, man insul' laay?" He stood severely motionless and erect, one of those rare cases that lose control of their speech first.

The junior attendant stared open-eyed at the transformation, and Frank, life-trained to be accustomed to all things, made no sign. The three regarded the stranger portentously. When he had reached Edmonton he had bought a ready-made suit, and he was still wearing it, while his Montreal tailor of former days was making others. It fitted him as ready-made suits do men of five feet four. His face carried the red tan of the winds that come across the Barren Grounds, and a redder mustache, and his hands were as the hands of a fisherman. He paused to draw a somewhat complicated breath, but waited for no reply.

"'F a man insul' laay I'd break's head. I'd break two men's head fer a hunder doll'r. 'S your man big man?" he queried, apparently after second thought.

"Yesh; awf'ly big," said the youngest of the three with emphasis. There was a short silence.

"Big's I am?" said the man from Fort Simpson, trying to rest his arm easily on the edge of the bar.

The youngest, after a period of surprise at his cigar ashes failing to reach a spittoon a yard away, looked down on the figure in the clothes. "He'd make two 'n' 'alf o' you," he said judicially, with an evident desire to be fair.

"Well, I'll break 's head fer hunder doll'r." The answer was evidently a permanent decision.

The oldest of the three stretched out a hand.

"See here, yo' 're a'right. Will you lick 'm in the Win'sor Hotel?"

The servant of the Great Company indicated all space with a sweep of his arm.

"I'll lick 'm anywhere—Win'sor Hotel,

Win'sor Hall, S'n' James C'thedral, Sohmer Park, Royal Aquarium, Wes'mins' Rabbey —anywhere!" he concluded comprehensively. The trio was visibly impressed, and smiled in unison for the first time since the evening before. The second of the three still retained some doubts, and gazed down steadfastly at the rim of the Hudson's Bay man's hat.

"S' 'ere, ol' man," he ventured, "you sure you c'n lick 'im?"

"P'rf'tl' certain; lick anybody fer hunder doll'r; lick you fer sevent'-five cents, kill you fer doll'r-'n-quar'r." This was said without heat, and the stranger moved suggestively nearer. The trio retired.

"Tha' 's a'right, ol' man," said the oldest, in a conciliatory tone. "Have a drink?"

"No, sir!" This was very decided. "Business before pleasure," he added sententiously. "Gemlen, I'll join you outside 'n fi' minutes; I'll have t' get m' ove'-coat." And lifting his feet like a hackney stallion, he walked slowly and with great steadiness into the hotel and through the office.

The last act at His Majesty's was over. The three retired into a corner of the bar away from the incoming crowd and made up a roll of ten ten-dollar notes. Then they invested one dollar in cigars, and went out into the snowy alley to fall on one another's necks. The second still had doubts as to the stranger's ability, but the youngest told of things he'd seen done by small, red-haired men. The oldest was also reassuring, explaining that it was ginger that counted, and that Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great were both undersized, red-haired men. The doubter was convinced.

More than five minutes passed, more than ten, and the trio began to get uneasy; besides, it was very cold. But at last the champion appeared, walking rather wide down the front steps of the hotel, but with intense precision, and otherwise normal, as he had been in the bar. He apologized profusely for the delay. He had been hunting for his overcoat. He had formerly had an overcoat, but had at last remembered that he had left it on the train. He had one unfortunate but marked peculiarity: when he fought he had to be warm, very warm, almost ridiculously warm, otherwise he was no good. He would have to ask them for their overcoats, all their overcoats, one to put on, and the others to wrap around his legs and shoulders. It was a short drive to the Windsor, and he knew they wouldn't mind. When he was cold it took his courage, and in a special case like this, one wanted all his courage. Once, when he was cold, he had let an Italian nearly kill him before he got worked up to fight; and, on the other hand, he had killed a man in an overheated bar in Dawson.

He put on one fur-lined overcoat where he stood, and when they had called a sleigh, he got in and they wound the other two fur-lined overcoats around him. But this was not enough. He insisted that they should further wrap him up in the two musk-ox robes that cost the Montreal cabman one hundred dollars apiece. When there was nothing out but a fringe of red hair and his cap, he was satisfied. He occupied the front seat, down under the driver's box, to shelter him from the wind. The trio crowded into the stripped back seat, and the sleigh started.

As they had foreseen, the stranger insisted on having his hundred dollars beforehand, saying that, of course, the gentlemen could come up and listen outside Mr. Higginson's door to learn that the job was well done. The delivery of the money necessitated a stop on the corner of Guy and Dorchester streets, where he made the cabman drive up on the sidewalk under the arc-light in front of the Crystal Rink while he counted and recounted it, examining each note minutely, intimating in explanation that the gentlemen would quite understand, but that he had met them for the first time that evening and that, after all, perhaps the job was a little peculiar. The youngest of the trio tried to keep his teeth from chattering while he suggested very tentatively that perhaps, if there was any real danger, they had better let the matter drop. But the stranger said no. No, sir; he had taken the matter in hand and had begun to feel a real interest in it. What they might think made no difference from now on. Personally he knew that he couldn't sleep until he had licked Mr. Higginson. If the youngest felt afraid, he had better get out; but he, the servant of the Great Company, needed his overcoat for the present, and if he, the youngest, wanted it, he would have to fight for it.

The other two supported him and the youngest explained that he was not in the least afraid, only that he didn't want to do anything rash. Then the servant of the Great Company had to be unswathed so that he might stow the money in an inside pocket, and as carefully done up again, all of which took time. All the while the stars looked down on three men in evening dress,

without other wraps, in a city half buried in very crystalline snow, where the thermometer indicated twelve degrees below zero, with a moderate breeze.

They got under way again, and in a couple of minutes the lights of the Windsor loomed large ahead. The Hudson's Bay man grew confidential, and explained that, now that he had got into the air, he could see that he had taken just a shade too much to drink. It never affected his fighting powers, but it affected his judgment, and he might go too far and kill the man, and that would be a great misfortune. He would be all right, however, if he could have a cool breeze on his forehead a little longer. He felt better already. He told the cabman to drive on down Dorchester Street for a little way.

The three said they were cold; but he said that he didn't see what difference that could make, as they didn't have to do any fighting. He would look after that. They said they were uncomfortably cold, and looked wistfully in at the red light in the windows as they passed St. James's Club. He couldn't see how a little discomfort could make any difference in a matter of this sort, and told them they should be ashamed of themselves. Anyway, he didn't intend to go far. By the time they had gone around Place Viger and come back St. Catherine Street, he felt sure he would be all right.

The three huddled in a dismayed heap on the seat without breeding a reply. At Bleury they got desperate. If he wanted to go back by St. Catherine, he could go up Bleury and back that way. They were going no farther. His muffled voice, through clouds of steam, temporized and finally compromised. He would go up St. Lawrence Main and then back; and to that they had to agree. But he explained that they would have to take the responsibility; that the only reason he had suggested going farther east was that he might recover to the point where he felt that Mr. Higginson's life would be safe. He averred that his conscience told him that the St. Lawrence Main route was a shade too short; but they insisted, and took the responsibility freely.

What wind there was, was westerly, and when they turned into St. Catherine they got it full in the face. It carried the white steam-frost of Montreal, and it bit terribly. The oldest of the trio once sat up and tried to swing his arms, but the operation opened up his anatomy so that he collapsed into a ball, and the youngest groaned as the edge of the seat cut into the only part of him not too numb to feel. Then they begged a horse-blanket from the driver. It was spare, and full of loose hairs and an odour, but they crawled under it and bore in silence. The driver and the figure in the front seat sat impasssive, except on occasions, when the muffled voice of the figure boomed out, asking whether the "gemlen" were sure they would take the responsibility of taking him back in his present state, or whether they would drive a little farther.

At first the gentlemen reiterated that they would take the responsibility, but later they answered never a word, for a reason approximately similar to that which prompted the silence of the skipper of the famous schooner *Hesperus*.

Thus they arrived at the ladies' entrance of the Windsor. The trio crawled out, and their numb hands refused to unswathe the Hudson's Bay man, who cheerfully kept his seat until a couple of cabmen were called in to assist. They asked what he was suffering from, but the three were incommunicative. They at last said that it was a sort of cold on the chest, but a bad one. The invalid increased in cheerfulness as they were helped on with their coats and crawled into the hotel. There they clung to a radiator, where they were instructed to stay while he went to the office to find out whether Mr. Higginson was in his room. He returned, walking with precision as before, and, if possible, even more cheerful, and reported that Mr. Higginson was in his room, and, better still, that the room was in a quarter of the hotel where there were no other guests at present, so that, in all probability, no one would be disturbed. This was better than they could have hoped, and the three, thawing out, began to regain their spirits.

Their cheerfulness, however, was as nothing to that of the man from Fort Simpson. His red mustache bulged with the smiles beneath, and he careered about the little reception room like an ant on a peony bud. He gleefully recalled several scenes of bloodshed in which he had taken an active part, one at Jack McQuesten's, on the Porcupine River, and one on the Stikeen, his only moment of sadness being one in which he said that he was afraid he was feeling too good, and accentuated the fact that he hadn't driven as far as he had intended and mightn't yet be quite safe. However, on remembering that the "gemlen" had taken the responsibility, he returned to his former cheerfulness. He finished by saying

that he didn't believe in letting these little jobs hang over, and if the gentlemen were warmed enough, they might as well go up and get it through with, as it would only take a few minutes at the most.

The elevator left them on their floor, and its light went on into regions above, while he trailed them through the long, darkened, deserted hall and through the swinging doors at the end. The three were strangely silent; but the man from Fort Simpson talked as freely as before. For some reason there was not a knee of the three that did not tremble; but the man from Fort Simpson walked with the same precise step. He led them as does a verger conducting sight-seers in an English cathedral. Straight down the hall a light shone through a transom.

"Tha' 's the door: he's in there," he announced, waving his hand in the direction. The three cringed as if struck. They had thought much of this affair in the twenty-four hours, and their nerves were beginning to show the effect. The second put his hand on the Hudson's Bay man's shoulder and whispered, "Fer 'eaven's sake, ol' man, go easy!"

"Gweasy!" the reply came loud and free, and the cheerful note was still dominant. "Wha' for? He's in there, an' he can' get away. He insul' laay, didn' he? Now you jus' stay here, an' I'll be back jus' 'n a minute. I'll op'n transom so you can hear everything. Oh!"—the tone became profusely apologetic for a profound oversight—"you've got no place sit down. Egscuse me!"

He bounced back through the swinging doors and reappeared at once with three gilded Louis XVI chairs commandeered from one of the drawing-rooms. He set them side by side almost opposite the door with the lighted transom, and insisted that the three sit down. It may be noted here that they were becoming sober with magical rapidity. Then once more he said: "Egscuse me! Now, you gemlen jus' wait an' I'll only be a min't'"; the last quite reassuringly, and he walked over to the door and knocked.

A deep voice said, "Come in," and the man of the Hudson's Bay pranced in—literally pranced in, and shut the door. The three had caught a glimpse of a wide-shouldered, dark-haired, sun-browned person sitting at a table covered with papers. They had seen the face before. The door no sooner closed than the transom opened, though not a word had been spoken. So far the man of the Hudson's Bay was performing like a calendar clock.

Mr. Higginson looked with evident surprize at the little wiry figure with the red hair, red mustache, blazing complexion, and ample suit, and the surprize apparently increased as the visitor turned and opened the transom, fastening it carefully with the wing-nut. The three outside sat petrified, staring through at the ceiling of the room.

They heard the silence broken by the man from Fort Simpson, and his tone was as cheerful and conversational as before.

"Mis-trigg'ns'n, I p'sum?" They heard Mr. Higginson say "Yes!" and they detected an irritated upward inflection. Mr. Higginson was a Harvard man. The cheerful voice continued.

"Sir, I un'rstan' you've insul' laay in newspaper—Miss Mabel Bush, née Mrs. James Ronal'son—an' s'm' other names—don' recall resht—you know who I mean. Now, sir, any man that would insul' laay—specially 'n public—should be horse-whipped. I would lick anybody that insul' laay anyway, an' three gemlen frien's this lady gave me hunder doll'r t' lick you, besides. The gemlen 're 'n the hall waitin' t' hear you licked."

All this was delivered with deliberation, and the three looked at one another in paralyzed amazement. The last effects of the mixed drinks fled away from them in an instant, and they became utterly sober in time to hear Mr. Higginson say:

"You get out of here, you little red-headed runt, or by—"

But for some reason the Hudson's Bay man failed to appear. There was a sound of hurried footsteps, and a noise like the smack of a fist on something soft; then the indefinite mixed sounds of a struggle, terminating in a crackling smash that was coincident with a towel-rack dissolving into a cloud of splinters. Following came the sound of pounding boots and hard breathing, as when two men roll on the floor in each other's embrace. This continued for some time, and was terminated with a rending, as of clothes, and a mixed, bursting noise that signalized the demolition of a cane-seated chair. Again came the sound of much footwork, punctuated with an occasional rain of thuds, as from fists, and a second later there was a crash against the door, which jarred and gave, while a panel split from top to bottom. The three jumped to their feet unanimously and unanimously started to flee down the hall, then looked at one an-

other foolishly and waited, shifting from leg to leg in their excitement.

In the meantime the scene of action had removed itself to the other side of the room, and the table had evidently waltzed into the danger area and became involved in the struggle. The following forty seconds bred a pandemonium of sounds in which the explosions of two electric-light bulbs in rapid succession were inconsiderable incidents, and which included some outrageous language on the part of Mr. Higginson. Then suddenly it was patent that a spring mattress had gone down, and for a moment the language became muffled. Immediately came a somewhat complex bump, such as would be made by two men falling out of bed, and a brief interval, overcrowded with Mr. Higginson's language, in which it was evident that the combatants were struggling to regain their feet.

Then the three, watching through the transom, saw on the ceiling shadows as of the legs of a chair lifted in anger, and heard the voice of the man from Fort Simpson growl, "Ye would, would ye!" There followed two or three smashing blows from a fist and the noise of a great fall, then only the sound of a man gasping for breath, as after heavy exertion.

The three stood altogether incapable of motion while, after half a minute or so, some one, kicking aside the ruins as he came, crossed the room and opened the door. It was the man from Fort Simpson. He held a bloody handkerchief to his nose, he had no coat on, and one shirt sleeve was torn off. Otherwise he looked quite normal. His cheerfulness seemed unimpaired. The three breathed a synchronous sigh of relief.

"Well, gemlen," he said, "tha' 's pretty good job, eh? He's not what y' 'd call much 'f fighter—'s too slow." He became explanatory. "Ye see, I could 've hit 'im before, but I wan' t' give ye some sa'sfaction fer yer hunder doll'r, an' I would 've given ye more, too, only he got t' usin' a chair, an', not wantin' t' waste any more furn'ture, I had to shtop the fight. I 'm sorry," he added apologetically; "but 't 's ne'sary. Come over an' see 'm."

They followed mechanically to where, with one arm under him, and face downward, the redoubtable Mr. Higginson lay in the corner of the room. They gazed in awe-struck silence while the champion tore off the fringe that represented the lost shirt-sleeve and put on his coat. He was still business like.

"Le' 's turn 'm over an' show ye how li'l' I mark 'm in the face. 'F they die, frien's don' like t' have face marked; makes 'em look horrid. 'F we turn 'im over, he'll come to sooner."

The youngest of the trio shuddered. The man from Fort Simpson, with a heave on one leg and the slack of the coat, rolled the recumbent figure over, eliciting a slight moan. It was true that Mr. Higginson's face was quite unmarked, though it seemed very much flushed and at times the lips twitched peculiarly. The man from Fort Simpson regarded the face intently.

"Hm!" he ejaculated. The remark seemed to indicate some curiosity. Then again "Hm!" This time it meant nothing less than surprise. "Tha' 's funny!"

"What's funny?" asked the oldest in a strained voice.

"Mos' extraor'nary!" persisted the man from Fort Simpson, with the interested enthusiasm a biologist might display in finding a nervous system in a desmid.

"What's most extraordinary?" said the second, uneasily.

"'S face," said the servant of the Great Company, repeating, "mos' extraor'nary."

"How do you mean; what's the matter with it?" It was the youngest this time, and his own had grown white.

"'T' so red; looksh bad," and the man of the Hudson's Bay developed the first expression of solemnity they had seen in the period of their acquaintance.

"Look 's if he'd bursht blood-vessel somewhere. 'S too bad!" he added sympathetically. "Nice-lookin' man, too. Must 'a' hit 'im too hard. Always doin' that." This was addressed reproachfully to himself. He turned on the three. "I tol' ye I hadn' been out 'n the air long 'nough! Ye see—" Then he remembered. "But you took the reshponsibil'ty, didn' ye? Tha' 's a'right," and he immediately returned to his former condition of cheerfulness.

He regarded Mr. Higginson again with the most unforced interest. "Looks jus' like the man I killed in Dawson did," he commented, after some study, "but he had c'nvulsions firsht, sev'ral c'nvulsions before he died. Hit 'im in the same place, only not so hard; but he was n' so big a man." The oldest of the three faced a crisis and affected poise.

"I say, you don't really think he's much hurt, do you?"

The man from Fort Simpson became judicial.

"'T's likely he is 'f he dies," he said. There was a long frozen silence, broken only

by Mr. Higginson's uneasy breathing. The youngest spoke. His voice was uncertain.

"Hadn't we better get a doctor?"

The man from Fort Simpson explained that he had been thinking about that, but that, as the outcome was uncertain, he wondered if they, the three, hadn't better run down to New York for a day or two until things settled themselves a little. About him, the man from Fort Simpson, personally, they needn't worry as to it inconveniencing him. He was going away, anyway, to Hamburg,—he had a brother there,—and he could just as well go *via* New York as by Halifax, as he had at first intended. So he would go with them. They would just have time to catch the last train to New York that night, and could send a doctor to see Mr. Higginson as they went. He was becoming more and more convinced that it was the safest plan. At this juncture a prolonged groan came from the corner, and the recumbent Mr. Higginson doubled up spasmodically and rolled over on his side. The man from Fort Simpson went over and regarded him critically, stating, as he came back, that it looked like the beginning of one of those convulsions, and that, in his opinion, the sooner something was done the better. He looked at a large gun-metal watch. They had twenty-five minutes before the train went. He suggested that they had better go and see if they could get a doctor, and that he would go to the station and get tickets and berths and meet them on the platform. They had better let him have fifty dollars with which to get the tickets.

The fifty dollars were produced forthwith, and the four crept out into the darkened hall and softly shut the door. Forty seconds later three men in evening dress and fur-lined overcoats were fleeing toward Mountain Street, and a man with a high action and a notably precise step was approaching the Windsor Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He never reached it.

Twenty minutes later the three men sought him in vain, and, with fear and anger in their souls, boarded the train as it pulled out.

At that precise moment, in Mr. Higginson's room, balancing himself on a decrepit, cane-bottomed chair, beside a table with a weak leg, sat the servant of the Honourable, the Hudson's Bay Company. Beside him was a glass of that mixture of ginger ale and lemon peel known to all nations as a horse's neck,—ordinarily his strongest drink,—which he was slowly sucking through a straw. On a sofa lay a member of the Windsor Hotel Company, Limited, sobbing in silence, as sobs a man overwrought by a great strain, and on the broken-down bed lay Mr. Higginson, weeping—literally weeping—tears into a wet pillow. He slowly drew a long breath and went off into a whoop of laughter, pounding the bedclothes with his boots in his ecstasy.

"Shut up, you tittering owl!" said the man of the Hudson's Bay. "You'll wake every soul in the hotel." Mr. Higginson sat up, with the tears running down his cheeks and his left hand on the sore spot on his side.

"An' besides, he drove them near to Maisonneuve and back in their dress-suits because he said he needed their overcoats to keep warm in, so that he could fight. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! An' when he started talkin' convulsions, I began to feel I couldn't go much longer an' live; an' then when he suggested New York, an' got that other fifty dollars out of them, I had a convulsion sure 'nough."

The member of the Windsor Hotel Company, Limited, sat up weakly and steadied himself.

"I had to keep half-way downstairs so they wouldn't see me," he murmured, "an' when you hit the door, they got up and started to run; but they came back. I rolled down three steps an' they never heard me."

Higginson chuckled anew.

"I tried to go easy, b-but I hit him once on the nose,—didn't I, Andy?—and he told them he tried not to mark my face, an' they took it all like bread and milk. Oh, Lord!" and Mr. Higginson lay down again and whimpered.

"I say, Andy, what are you going to do with the money?"

"Pay for the breakage, and found a library with the rest," said the man from Fort Simpson, noisily collecting the last of the horse's neck. It ended in the member of the Windsor Hotel Company claiming the privilege of replacing damaged articles, and it is on record that, on the day following, the treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital begged to acknowledge the receipt of $150 from "a friend," to be applied to "the alleviation of the suffering of inebriates."

The three in New York noted by the New York papers that Mr. Higginson had returned to that city, and noted nothing by the Montreal papers that should prevent their return as well. The oldest found wait-

ing for him an envelope containing a note written on a Canadian-Pacific telegraph-blank. It was endorsed, "Some one sent me this. Thought you might like to see it, so am sending it along. Where were you the latter part of the week? Mab." The note read:

"DEAR HIGGSY: I've just got down from the North and am at the Corona. A few minutes ago three galoots, pretty decently full, came into the bar, and I gathered that they were trying to get some one to lick you because you had been writing something derogatory to the dignity of a friend of theirs, Miss Mabel Bush. A prize-fighter chap who was to meet them here turned up, but funked the job, so I've taken it on for a consideration of a hundred dollars. Get the manager to change your room to some place where we won't disturb anybody, and I'll undertake to keep them busy so that you'll have plenty of time to move. And you'd better put on a suit of clothes you don't value, as the business probably won't improve them much. You see, we'll have to give them their hundred dollars' worth somehow. They'll be outside in the hall to hear the fracas, and for the sake of the ancient days at Harvard and of good old Steve O'Donnell we'll have to do something creditable. Nominally I'm very full at present, so don't be alarmed when you see me.

"Yours, as usual,
"ANDREW FRASER."

The Ballad of Dead Ladies

By FRANÇOIS VILLON

Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

TELL me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere,—
She whose beauty was more than human? . . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloise, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—
And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Save with this much for an overword,—
But where are the snows of yester-year?

The Lagoon

By JOSEPH CONRAD

THE white man, leaning with both arms over the roof of the little house in the stern of the boat, said to the steersman—

"We will pass the night in Arsat's clearing. It is late."

The Malay only grunted, and went on looking fixedly at the river. The white man rested his chin on his crossed arms and gazed at the wake of the boat. At the end of the straight avenue of forests cut by the intense glitter of the river, the sun appeared unclouded and dazzling, poised low over the water that shone smoothly like a band of metal. The forests, somber and dull, stood motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. At the foot of big, towering trees, trunkless nipa palms rose from the mud of the bank, in bunches of leaves enormous and heavy, that hung unstirring over the brown swirl of eddies. In the stillness of the air every tree, every leaf, every bough, every tendril of creeper and every petal of minute blossoms seemed to have been bewitched into an immobility perfect and final. Nothing moved on the river but the eight paddles that rose flashing regularly, dipped together with a single splash; while the steersman swept right and left with a periodic and sudden flourish of his blade describing a glinting semicircle above his head. The churned-up water frothed alongside with a confused murmur. And the white man's canoe, advancing upstream in the short-lived disturbance of its own making, seemed to enter the portals of a land from which the very memory of motion had forever departed.

The white man, turning his back upon the setting sun, looked along the empty and broad expanse of the sea-reach. For the last three miles of its course the wandering, hesitating river, as if enticed irresistibly by the freedom of an open horizon, flows straight into the sea, flows straight to the east—to the east that harbours both light and darkness. Astern of the boat the repeated call of some bird, a cry discordant and feeble, skipped along over the smooth water and lost itself, before it could reach the other shore, in the breathless silence of the world.

The steersman dug his paddle into the stream, and held hard with stiffened arms, his body thrown forward. The water gurgled aloud; and suddenly the long straight reach seemed to pivot on its center, the forests swung in a semicircle, and the slanting beams of sunset touched the broadside of the canoe with a fiery glow, throwing the slender and distorted shadows of its crew upon the streaked glitter of the river. The white man turned to look ahead. The course of the boat had been altered at right-angles to the stream, and the carved dragon-head of its prow was pointing now at a gap in the fringing bushes of the bank. It glided through, brushing the overhanging twigs, and disappeared from the river like some slim and amphibious creature leaving the water for its lair in the forests.

The narrow creek was like a ditch: tortuous, fabulously deep; filled with gloom under the thin strip of pure and shining blue of the heaven. Immense trees soared up, invisible behind the festooned draperies of creepers. Here and there, near the glistening blackness of the water, a twisted root of some tall tree showed amongst the tracery of small ferns, black and dull, writhing and motionless, like an arrested snake. The

short words of the paddlers reverberated loudly between the thick and somber walls of vegetation. Darkness oozed out from between the trees, through the tangled maze of the creepers, from behind the great fantastic and unstirring leaves; the darkness, mysterious and invincible; the darkness scented and poisonous of impenetrable forests.

The men poled in the shoaling water. The creek broadened, opening out into a wide sweep of a stagnant lagoon. The forests receded from the marshy bank, leaving a level strip of bright green, reedy grass to frame the reflected blueness of the sky. A fleecy pink cloud drifted high above, trailing the delicate colouring of its image under the floating leaves and the silvery blossoms of the lotus. A little house, perched on high piles, appeared black in the distance. Near it, two tall nibong palms, that seemed to have come out of the forests in the background, leaned slightly over the ragged roof, with a suggestion of sad tenderness and care in the droop of their leafy and soaring heads.

The steersman, pointing with his paddle, said, "Arsat is there. I see his canoe fast between the piles."

The polers ran along the sides of the boat, glancing over their shoulders at the end of the day's journey. They would have preferred to spend the night somewhere else than on this lagoon of weird aspect and ghostly reputation. Moreover, they disliked Arsat, first as a stranger, and also because he who repairs a ruined house, and dwells in it, proclaims that he is not afraid to live amongst the spirits that haunt the places abandoned by mankind. Such a man can disturb the course of fate by glances or words; while his familiar ghosts are not easy to propitiate by casual wayfarers upon whom they long to wreak the malice of their human master. White men care not for such things, being unbelievers and in league with the Father of Evil, who leads them unharmed through the invisible dangers of this world. To the warnings of the righteous they oppose an offensive pretence of disbelief. What is there to be done?

So they thought, throwing their weight on the end of their long poles. The big canoe glided on swiftly, noiselessly, and smoothly, towards Arsat's clearing, till, in a great rattling of poles thrown down, and the loud murmurs of "Allah be praised!" it came with a gentle knock against the crooked piles below the house.

The boatmen with uplifted faces shouted discordantly, "Arsat! O Arsat!" Nobody came. The white man began to climb the rude ladder giving access to the bamboo platform before the house. The juragan of the boat said sulkily, "We will cook in the sampan, and sleep on the water."

"Pass my blankets and the basket," said the white man, curtly.

He knelt on the edge of the platform to receive the bundle. Then the boat shoved off, and the white man, standing up, confronted Arsat, who had come out through the low door of his hut. He was a man young, powerful, with broad chest and muscular arms. He had nothing on but his sarong. His head was bare. His big, soft eyes stared eagerly at the white man, but his voice and demeanour were composed as he asked, without any words of greeting—

"Have you medicine, Tuan?"

"No," said the visitor in a startled tone. "No. Why? Is there sickness in the house?"

"Enter and see," replied Arsat, in the same calm manner, and turning short round, passed again through the small doorway. The white man, dropping his bundles, followed.

In the dim light of the dwelling he made out on a couch of bamboos a woman stretched on her back under a broad sheet of red cotton cloth. She lay still, as if dead; but her big eyes, wide open, glittered in the gloom, staring upwards at the slender rafters, motionless and unseeing. She was in a high fever, and evidently unconscious. Her cheeks were sunk slightly, her lips were partly open, and on the young face there was the ominous and fixed expression—the absorbed, contemplating expression of the unconscious who are going to die. The two men stood looking down at her in silence.

"Has she been long ill?" asked the traveller.

"I have not slept for five nights," answered the Malay, in a deliberate tone. "At first she heard voices calling her from the water and struggled against me who held her. But since the sun of to-day rose she hears nothing—she hears not me. She sees nothing. She sees not me—me!"

He remained silent for a minute, then asked softly—

"Tuan, will she die?"

"I fear so," said the white man, sorrowfully. He had known Arsat years ago, in a far country in times of trouble and danger,

when no friendship is to be despised. And since his Malay friend had come unexpectedly to dwell in the hut on the lagoon with a strange woman, he had slept many times there, in his journeys up and down the river. He liked the man who knew how to keep faith in council and how to fight without fear by the side of his white friend. He liked him—not so much perhaps as a man likes his favourite dog—but still he liked him well enough to help and ask no questions, to think sometimes vaguely and hazily in the midst of his own pursuits, about the lonely man and the long-haired woman with audacious face and triumphant eyes, who lived together hidden by the forests—alone and feared.

The white man came out of the hut in time to see the enormous conflagration of sunset put out by the swift and stealthy shadows that, rising like a black and impalpable vapour above the tree-tops, spread over the heaven, extinguishing the crimson glow of floating clouds and the red brilliance of departing daylight. In a few moments all the stars came out above the intense blackness of the earth, and the great lagoon, gleaming suddenly with reflected lights, resembled an oval patch of night sky flung down into the hopeless and abysmal night of the wilderness. The white man had some supper out of the basket, then collecting a few sticks that lay about the platform, made up a small fire, not for warmth, but for the sake of the smoke, which would keep off the mosquitoes. He wrapped himself in the blankets and sat with his back against the reed wall of the house, smoking thoughtfully.

Arsat came through the doorway with noiseless steps and squatted down by the fire. The white man moved his outstretched legs a little.

"She breathes," said Arsat in a low voice, anticipating the expected question. "She breathes and burns as if with a great fire. She speaks not; she hears not—and burns!"

He paused for a moment, then asked in a quiet, incurious tone—

"Tuan . . . will she die?"

The white man moved his shoulders uneasily and muttered in a hesitating manner—

"If such is her fate."

"No, Tuan," said Arsat, calmly. "If such is my fate. I hear, I see, I wait. I remember . . . Tuan, do you remember the old days? Do you remember my brother?"

"Yes," said the white man. The Malay rose suddenly and went in. The other, sitting still outside, could hear the voice in the hut. Arsat said: "Hear me! Speak!" His words were succeeded by a complete silence. "O Diamelen!" he cried, suddenly. After that cry there was a deep sigh. Arsat came out and sank down again in his old place.

They sat in silence before the fire. There was no sound within the house, there was no sound near them; but far away on the lagoon they could hear the voices of the boatmen ringing fitful and distinct on the calm water. The fire in the bows of the sampan shone faintly in the distance with a hazy red glow. Then it died out. The voices ceased. The land and the water slept invisible, unstirring and mute. It was as though there had been nothing left in the world but the glitter of stars streaming, ceaseless and vain, through the black stillness of the night.

The white man gazed straight before him into the darkness with wide-open eyes. The fear and fascination, the inspiration and the wonder of death—of death near, unavoidable, and unseen, soothed the unrest of his race and stirred the most indistinct, the most intimate of his thoughts. The ever-ready suspicion of evil, the gnawing suspicion that lurks in our hearts, flowed out into the stillness round him—into the stillness profound and dumb, and made it appear untrustworthy and infamous, like the placid and impenetrable mask of an unjustifiable violence. In that fleeting and powerful disturbance of his being the earth enfolded in the starlight peace became a shadowy country of inhuman strife, a battlefield of phantoms terrible and charming, august or ignoble, struggling ardently for the possession of our helpless hearts. An unquiet and mysterious country of inextinguishable desires and fears.

A plaintive murmur rose in the night; a murmur saddening and startling, as if the great solitudes of surrounding woods had tried to whisper into his ear the wisdom of their immense and lofty indifference. Sounds hesitating and vague floated in the air round him, shaped themselves slowly into words; and at last flowed on gently in a murmuring stream of soft and monotonous sentences. He stirred like a man waking up and changed his position slightly. Arsat, motionless and shadowy, sitting with bowed head under the stars, was speaking in a low dreamy tone—

". . . for where can we lay down the heaviness of our trouble but in a friend's

heart? A man must speak of war and of love. You, Tuan, know what war is, and you have seen me in time of danger seek death as other men seek life! A writing may be lost; a lie may be written; but what the eye has seen is truth and remains in the mind!"

"I remember," said the white man, quietly. Arsat went on with mournful composure—

"Therefore I shall speak to you of love. Speak in the night. Speak before both night and love are gone—and the eye of day looks upon my sorrow and my shame; upon my blackened face; upon my burnt-up heart."

A sigh, short and faint, marked an almost imperceptible pause, and then his words flowed on, without a stir, without a gesture.

"After the time of trouble and war was over and you went away from my country in the pursuit of your desires, which we, men of the islands, can not understand, I and my brother became again, as we had been before, the sword-bearers of the Ruler. You know we were men of family, belonging to a ruling race, and more fit than any to carry on our right shoulder the emblem of power. And in the time of prosperity Si Dendring showed us favour, as we, in time of sorrow, had showed to him the faithfulness of our courage. It was a time of peace. A time of deer-hunts and cock-fights; of idle talks and foolish squabbles between men whose bellies are full and weapons are rusty. But the sower watched the young rice-shoots grow up without fear, and the traders came and went, departed lean and returned fat into the river of peace. They brought news, too. Brought lies and truth mixed together, so that no man knew when to rejoice and when to be sorry. We heard from them about you also. They had seen you here and had seen you there. And I was glad to hear, for I remembered the stirring times, and I always remembered you, Tuan, till the time came when my eyes could see nothing in the past, because they had looked upon the one who is dying there—in the house."

He stopped to exclaim in an intense whisper, "O Mara bahia! O Calamity!" then went on speaking a little louder:

"There's no worse enemy and no better friend than a brother, Tuan, for one brother knows another, and in perfect knowledge is strength for good or evil. I loved my brother. I went to him and told him that I could see nothing but one face, hear nothing but one voice. He told me: 'Open your heart so that she can see what is in it—and wait. Patience is wisdom. Inchi Midah may die or our Ruler may throw off his fear of a woman!' . . . I waited! . . . You remember the lady with the veiled face, Tuan, and the fear of our Ruler before her cunning and temper. And if she wanted her servant, what could I do? But I fed the hunger of my heart on short glances and stealthy words. I loitered on the path to the bath-houses in the daytime, and when the sun had fallen behind the forest I crept along the jasmine hedges of the women's courtyard. Unseeing, we spoke to one another through the scent of flowers, through the veil of leaves, through the blades of long grass that stood still before our lips; so great was our prudence, so faint was the murmur of our great longing. The time passed swiftly . . . and there were whispers amongst women—and our enemies watched—my brother was gloomy, and I began to think of killing and of a fierce death. . . . We are of a people who take what they want—like you whites. There is a time when a man should forget loyalty and respect. Might and authority are given to rulers, but to all men is given love and strength and courage. My brother said, 'You shall take her from their midst. We are two who are like one.' And I answered, 'Let it be soon, for I find no warmth in sunlight that does not shine upon her.' Our time came when the Ruler and all the great people went to the mouth of the river to fish by torchlight. There were hundreds of boats, and on the white sand, between the water and the forests, dwellings of leaves were built for the households of the Rajahs. The smoke of cooking-fires was like a blue mist of the evening, and many voices rang in it joyfully. While they were making the boats ready to beat up the fish, my brother came to me and said, 'To-night!' I looked to my weapons, and when the time came our canoe took its place in the circle of boats carrying the torches. The lights blazed on the water, but behind the boats there was darkness. When the shouting began and the excitement made them like mad we dropped out. The water swallowed our fire, and we floated back to the shore that was dark, with only here and there the glimmer of embers. We could hear the talk of slave-girls amongst the sheds. Then we found a place deserted and silent. We waited there. She came. She came running along the shore, rapid and leaving no trace, like a leaf driven by the wind into the sea. My brother said gloomily, 'Go

and take her; carry her into our boat.' I lifted her in my arms. She panted. Her heart was beating against my breast. I said, 'I take you from those people. You came to the cry of my heart, but my arms take you into my boat against the will of the great!' 'It is right,' said my brother. 'We are men who take what we want and can hold it against many. We should have taken her in daylight.' I said, 'Let us be off'; for since she was in my boat I began to think of our Ruler's many men. 'Yes. Let us be off,' said my brother. 'We are cast out and this boat is our country now—and the sea is our refuge.' He lingered with his foot on the shore, and I entreated him to hasten, for I remembered the strokes of her heart against my breast and thought that two men can not withstand a hundred. We left, paddling down-stream close to the bank; and as we passed by the creek where they were fishing, the great shouting had ceased, but the murmur of voices was loud like the humming of insects flying at noon-day. The boats floated, clustered together, in the red light of torches, under a black roof of smoke; and men talked of their sport. Men that boasted, and praised, and jeered—men that would have been our friends in the morning, but on that night were already our enemies. We paddled swiftly past. We had no more friends in the country of our birth. She sat in the middle of the canoe with covered face; silent as she is now; unseeing as she is now—and I had no regret at what I was leaving because I could hear her breathing close to me—as I can hear her now."

He paused, listened with his ear turned to the doorway, then shook his head and went on:

"My brother wanted to shout the cry of challenge—one cry only—to let the people know we were freeborn robbers who trusted our arms and the great sea. And again I begged him in the name of our love to be silent. Could I not hear her breathing close to me? I knew the pursuit would come quickly enough. My brother loved me. He dipped his paddle without a splash. He only said, 'There is half a man in you now—the other half is in that woman. I can wait. When you are a whole man again, you will come back with me here to shout defiance. We are sons of the same mother.' I made no answer. All my strength and all my spirit were in my hands that held the paddle—for I longed to be with her in a safe place beyond the reach of men's anger and of women's spite. My love was so great, that I thought it could guide me to a country where death was unknown, if I could only escape from Inchi Midah's fury and from our Ruler's sword. We paddled with haste, breathing through our teeth. The blades bit deep into the smooth water. We passed out of the river; we flew in clear channels amongst the shallows. We skirted the black coast; we skirted the sand beaches where the sea speaks in whispers to the land; and the gleam of white sand flashed back past our boat, so swiftly she ran upon the water. We spoke not. Only once I said, 'Sleep, Diamelen, for soon you may want all your strength.' I heard the sweetness of her voice, but I never turned my head. The sun rose and still we went on. Water fell from my face like rain from a cloud. We flew in the light and heat. I never looked back, but I knew that my brother's eyes, behind me, were looking steadily ahead, for the boat went as straight as a bushman's dart, when it leaves the end of the sumpitan. There was no better paddler, no better steersman than my brother. Many times, together, we had won races in that canoe. But we never had put out our strength as we did then—then, when for the last time we paddled together! There was no braver or stronger man in our country than my brother. I could not spare the strength to turn my head and look at him, but every moment I heard the hiss of his breath getting louder behind me. Still he did not speak. The sun was high. The heat clung to my back like a flame of fire. My ribs were ready to burst but I could no longer get enough air into my chest. And then I felt I must cry out with my last breath, 'Let us rest!' . . . 'Good!' he answered; and his voice was firm. He was strong. He was brave. He knew not fear and no fatigue . . . My brother!"

A murmur powerful and gentle, a murmur vast and faint; the murmur of trembling leaves, of stirring boughs, ran through the tangled depths of the forests, ran over the starry smoothness of the lagoon, and the water between the piles lapped the slimy timber once with a sudden splash. A breath of warm air touched the two men's faces and passed on with a mournful sound—a breath loud and short like an uneasy sigh of the dreaming earth.

Arsat went on in an even, low voice.

"We ran our canoe on the white beach of a little bay close to a long tongue of land that seemed to bar our road; a long wooded cape going far into the sea. My brother knew that place. Beyond the cape a river

has its entrance, and through the jungle of that land there is a narrow path. We made a fire and cooked rice. Then we lay down to sleep on the soft sand in the shade of our canoe, while she watched. No sooner had I closed my eyes than I heard her cry of alarm. We leaped up. The sun was halfway down the sky already, and coming in sight in the opening of the bay we saw a prau manned by many paddlers. We knew it at once; it was one of our Rajah's praus. They were watching the shore, and saw us. They beat the gong, and turned the head of the prau into the bay. I felt my heart become weak within my breast. Diamelen sat on the sand and covered her face. There was no escape by sea. My brother laughed. He had the gun you had given him, Tuan, before you went away, but there was only a handful of powder. He spoke to me quickly: 'Run with her along the path. I shall keep them back, for they have no firearms, and landing in the face of a man with a gun is certain death for some. Run with her. On the other side of that wood there is a fisherman's house—and a canoe. When I have fired all the shots I will follow. I am a great runner, and before they can come up we shall be gone. I will hold out as long as I can, for she is but a woman—that can neither run nor fight, but she has your heart in her weak hands.' He dropped behind the canoe. The prau was coming. She and I ran, and as we rushed along the path I heard shots. My brother fired—once—twice—and the booming of the gong ceased. There was silence behind us. That neck of land is narrow. Before I heard my brother fire the third shot I saw the shelving shore, and I saw the water again; the mouth of a broad river. We crossed a grassy glade. We ran down to the water. I saw a low hut above the black mud, and a small canoe hauled up. I heard another shot behind me. I thought, 'That is his last charge.' We rushed down to the canoe; a man came running from the hut, but I leaped on him, and we rolled together in the mud. Then I got up, and he lay still at my feet. I don't know whether I had killed him or not. I and Diamelen pushed the canoe afloat. I heard yells behind me, and I saw my brother run across the glade. Many men were bounding after him, I took her in my arms and threw her into the boat, then leaped in myself. When I looked back I saw that my brother had fallen. He fell and was up again, but the men were closing round him. He shouted, 'I am coming!' The men were close to him. I looked. Many men. Then I looked at her. Tuan, I pushed the canoe. I pushed it into deep water. She was kneeling forward looking at me, and I said, 'Take your paddle,' while I struck the water with mine. Tuan, I heard him cry. I heard him cry my name twice; and I heard voices shouting, 'Kill! Strike!' I never turned back. I heard him calling my name again with a great shriek, as when life is going out together with the voice—and I never turned my head. My own name! . . . My brother! Three times he called—but I was not afraid of life. Was she not there in that canoe? And could I not with her find a country where death is forgotten—where death is unknown!"

The white man sat up. Arsat rose and stood, an indistinct and silent figure above the dying embers of the fire. Over the lagoon a mist drifting and low had crept, erasing slowly the glittering images of the stars. And now a great expanse of white vapour covered the land; it flowed cold and gray in the darkness, eddied in noiseless whirls round the tree-trunks and about the platform of the house, which seemed to float upon a restless and impalpable illusion of a sea. Only far away the tops of the trees stood outlined on the twinkle of heaven like a somber and forbidding shore—a coast deceptive, pitiless and black.

Arsat's voice vibrated loudly in the profound peace.

"I had her there! I had her! To get her I would have faced all mankind. But I had her—and——"

His words went out ringing into the empty distances. He paused, and seemed to listen to them dying away very far—beyond help and beyond recall. Then he said quietly—

"Tuan, I loved my brother."

A breath of wind made him shiver. High above his head, high above the silent sea of mist the drooping leaves of the palms rattled together with a mournful and expiring sound. The white man stretched his legs. His chin rested on his chest, and he murmured sadly without lifting his head—

"We all love our brothers."

Arsat burst out with an intense whispering violence—

"What did I care who died? I wanted peace in my own heart."

He seemed to hear a stir in the house—listened—then stepped in noiselessly. The white man stood up. A breeze was coming in fitful puffs. The stars shone paler as if

they had retreated into the frozen depths of immense space. After a chill gust of wind there were a few seconds of perfect calm and absolute silence. Then from behind the black and wavy line of the forests a column of golden light shot up into the heavens and spread over the semicircle of the eastern horizon. The sun had risen. The mist lifted, broke into drifting patches, vanished into thin flying wreaths; and the unveiled lagoon lay, polished and black, in the heavy shadows at the foot of the wall of trees. A white eagle rose over it with a slanting and ponderous flight, reached the clear sunshine and appeared dazzlingly brilliant for a moment, then soaring higher, became a dark and motionless speck before it vanished into the blue as if it had left the earth forever. The white man standing gazing upwards before the doorway, heard in the hut a confused and broken murmur of distracted words ending with a loud groan. Suddenly Arsat stumbled out with outstretched hands, shivered, and stood still for some time with fixed eyes. Then he said—

"She burns no more."

Before his face the sun showed its edge above the tree-tops rising steadily. The breeze freshened; a great brilliance burst upon the lagoon, sparkled on the rippling water. The forests came out of the clear shadows of the morning, became distinct, as if they had rushed nearer—to stop short in a great stir of leaves, of nodding boughs, of swaying branches. In the merciless sunshine the whisper of unconscious life grew louder, speaking in an incomprehensible voice round the dumb darkness of that human sorrow. Arsat's eyes wandered slowly, then stared at the rising sun.

"I can see nothing," he said half aloud to himself.

"There is nothing," said the white man, moving to the edge of the platform and waving his hand to his boat. A shout came faintly over the lagoon and the sampan began to glide towards the abode of the friend of ghosts.

"If you want to come with me, I will wait all the morning," said the white man, looking away upon the water.

"No, Tuan," said Arsat, softly. "I shall not eat or sleep in this house, but I must first see my road. Now I can see nothing—see nothing! There is no light and no peace in the world; but there is death—death for many. We are sons of the same mother—and I left him in the midst of enemies; but I am going back now."

He drew a long breath and went on in a dreamy tone:

"In a little while I shall see clear enough to strike—to strike. But she has died, and . . . now . . . darkness."

He flung his arms wide open, let them fall along his body, then stood still with unmoved face and stony eyes, staring at the sun. The white man got down into his canoe. The polers ran smartly along the sides of the boat, looking over their shoulders at the beginning of a weary journey. High in the stern, his head muffled up in white rags, the juragan sat moody, letting his paddle trail in the water. The white man, leaning with both arms over the grass roof of the little cabin, looked back at the shining ripple of the boat's wake. Before the sampan passed out of the lagoon into the creek he lifted his eyes. Arsat had not moved. He stood lonely in the searching sunshine; and he looked beyond the great light of a cloudless day into the darkness of a world of illusions.

Human Feelings

By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Translated by John Storer Cobb

AH, ye gods! Ye great immortals
In the spacious heavens above us!
Would ye on this earth but give us
Steadfast minds and dauntless courage,
We, oh kindly ones, would leave you
All your spacious heavens above us!

Remembered from the Play

"Lucky Sam McCarver"

CARLOTTA— . . . I've never seen any tribe yet that wasn't somehow better than the man who was too good for it. . . .

By Sidney Howard, author of "They Knew What They Wanted" (Pulitzer Prize Play Award, 1925), New York, 1926.

"Pomeroy's Past"

POMEROY—Of course, I regard myself married to anyone who is the mother of my children. And as for the ceremony not being regular—you know, in Scotland two people have only to say that they are married to be married.

HEMINWAY—But were you in Scotland, Pom?

POMEROY—No, I didn't happen to be. But the Pomeroys originally came from there. I have Scotch blood; you know that. *By Clare Kummer, New York, 1926.*

"Thy Will Be Done"

ALVINA—I knew you couldn't love anybody. You have no heart.

THE SON—That's why you like me, and why I'm always happy.

"Cosi Sia," by Gallarati-Scotti, Milan; New York, 1923.

Observations in Budapest

MICI—This is rather exasperating. You are all alike. Before love, you demand of a woman that she be a girl. During love you want her as a cocotte. And when love cools, she must be a lady! *"Dr. Juci Szabo," by Laszlo Fedor, Budapest, 1926.*

Man and His Underworld Self

IVAN KARAMAZOFF (Ivan-the-man)—I say there is no need to destroy everything. Simply kill in man his belief in God. . . . That's the initial step. . . .

IVAN KARAMAZOFF (Ivan-the-devil)—The moment that man repudiates God . . . men will unite to wrestle from life all that it can yield of joy and happiness—but in this world only. A spirit of divine, Titanic pride will raise man to the zenith and—lo!—the Man-God will be born. Step by step, through sheer craftiness and skill and science, winning the fight against the elements, man will gradually be possessed of such a feeling of exaltation that it will compensate him largely for his former dreams of heavenly bliss. Everyone, knowing that he is mortal without hope of resurrection, will face death proudly and serenely, like a god. Love will fill only one moment of life. But the knowledge of its fleetingness will intensify the flame of it, now spreading, wasting itself, in dreams of eternal and immortal love . . . and so on and so forth. . . . The question, right at present, is only this: will such a time ever come to pass?

"The Brothers Karamazoff," by Feodor Dostoievsky, Moscow, 1922; New York, 1923.

The Miracle

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

I

BIG MARY was sweeping the ward with a broom muffled in a white bag. In the breeze from the open windows, her blue calico wrapper ballooned about her and made ludicrous her frantic thrusts after the bits of fluff that formed eddies under the beds and danced in the spring air.

She finished her sweeping, and, with the joyous scraps captured in her dust-pan, stood in the doorway, critically surveying the ward. It was brilliantly clean and festive; on either side a row of beds, fresh white for the day; on the center table a vase of Easter lilies, and on the record-table near the door a potted hyacinth. The Nurse herself wore a bunch of violets tucked in her apron-band. One of the patients had seen the Junior Medical give them to her. The Eastern sun, shining across the beds, made below them, on the polished floor, black islands of shadow in a gleaming sea of light.

And scattered here and there, rocking in chairs or standing at windows, enjoying the Sunday respite from sewing or the bandage-machine, women, grotesque and distorted of figure, in attitudes of weariness and expectancy, with patient eyes awaited their crucifixion. Behind them, in the beds, a dozen perhaps who had come up from death and held the miracle in their arms.

The miracles were small and red, and inclined to feeble and ineffectual wrigglings. Fists were thrust in the air and brought down on smiling, pale mother faces. With tight-closed eyes and open mouths, each miracle squirmed and nuzzled until the mother would look with pleading eyes at the Nurse. And the Nurse would look severe and say:

"Good gracious, Annie Petowski, surely you don't want to feed that infant again! Do you want the child to have a dilated stomach?"

Fear of that horrible and mysterious condition, a dilated stomach, would restrain Annie Petowski or Jennie Goldstein or Maggie McNamara for a time. With the wisdom of the serpent, she would give the child her finger to suck—a finger so white, so clean, so soft in the last week that she was lost in admiration of it. And the child would take hold, all its small body set rigid in lines of desperate effort. Then it would relax suddenly, and spew out the finger, and the quiet hospital air would be rent with shrieks of lost illusion. Then Annie Petowski or Jennie Goldstein or Maggie McNamara would watch the Nurse with open hostility and defiance, and her rustling exit from the ward would be followed by swift cessation of cries, and, close to Annie or Jennie or Maggie's heart there would be small ecstatic gurglings—and peace.

In her small domain the Nurse was queen. From her throne at the record-table, she issued proclamations of baths and fine combs, of clean bedding and trimmed nails, of tea and toast, of regular hours for the babies. From this throne, also, she directed periodic searches of the bedside stands, unearthing scraps of old toast, decaying fruit, candy, and an occasional cigaret. From the throne, too, she sent daily a blue-wrappered and pig-tailed brigade to the kitchen, armed with knives, to attack the dinner potatoes.

But on this Easter morning, the queen looked tired and worn. Her crown, a starched white cap, had slipped back on her head, and her blue-and-white dress was stained and spotted. Even her fresh apron and sleevelets did not quite conceal the

damage. She had come in for a moment at the breakfast hour, and asked the Swede, Ellen Ollman, to serve the breakfast for her; and at half past eight she had appeared again for a moment, and had turned down one of the beds and put hot-water bottles in it.

The ward ate little breakfast. It was always nervous when a case was "on." Excursions down the corridor by one or another of the blue-wrappered brigade brought back bits of news:

"The doctor is smoking a cigaret in the hall"; or, "Miss Jones, the day assistant, has gone in"; and then, with bated breath, "The doctor with the red mustache has come"—by which it was known that things were going badly, the staff man having been summoned.

Suggestions of Easter began to appear even in this isolated ward, denied to all visitors except an occasional husband, who was usually regarded with a mixture of contempt and skepticism by the other women. But now the lilies came, and after them a lame young woman who played the organ in the chapel on Sundays, and who afterward went from ward to ward, singing little songs and accompanying herself on the mandolin she carried with her. The lame young woman seated herself in the throne-chair and sang an Easter anthem, and afterward limped around and placed a leaflet and a spray of lilies-of-the-valley on each bedside stand.

She was escorted around the ward by Elizabeth Miller, known as "Liz" in Our Alley, and rechristened Elizabeth by the Nurse. Elizabeth always read the tracts. She had been there four times, and knew all the nurses and nearly all the doctors. "Liz" had been known, in a shortage of nurses, to be called into the mysterious room down the hall to assist; and on those occasions, in an all-enveloping white gown over her wrapper, with her hair under a cap, she outranked the queen herself in regalness and authority.

The lame mandolin-player stopped at the foot of the empty bed. "Shall I put one here?" she asked, fingering a tract.

Liz meditated majestically.

"Well, I guess I would," she said. "Not that it'll do any good."

"Why?"

Liz jerked her head toward the corridor.

"She's not getting on very well," she said; "and, even if she gets through, she won't read the tract. She held her fingers in her ears last Sunday while the Bible-reader was here. She's young. Says she hopes she and the kid'll both die."

The mandolin-player was not unversed in the psychology of the ward.

"Then she—isn't married?" she asked, and because she was young, she flushed painfully.

Liz stared at her, and a faint light of amusement dawned in her eyes.

"Well, no," she admitted; "I guess that's what's worrying her. She's a fool, she is. She can put the kid in a home. That's what I do. Suppose she married the fellow that got her into trouble? Wouldn't he be always throwing it up to her?"

The mandolin-player looked at Liz, puzzled at this new philosophy of life.

"Have—have you a baby here?" she asked timidly.

"Have I!" said Liz, and, wheeling, led the way to her bed. She turned the blanket down with a practised hand, revealing a tiny red atom, so like the others that only mother love could have distinguished it.

"This is mine," she said airily. "Funny little mutt, isn't he?"

The mandolin-player gazed diffidently at the child.

"He—he's very little," she said.

"Little!" said Liz. "He holds the record here for the last six months—eleven pounds three ounces in his skin, when he arrived. The little devil!"

She put the blanket tenderly back over the little devil's sleeping form. The mandolin-player cast about desperately for the right thing to say.

"Does—does he look like his father?" she asked timidly. But apparently Liz did not hear. She had moved down the ward. The mandolin-player heard only a snicker from Annie Petowski's bed, and vaguely uncomfortable, she moved toward the door.

Liz was turning down the cover of the empty bed, and the Nurse, with tired but shining eyes, was wheeling in the operating table.

The mandolin-player stepped aside to let the table pass. From the blankets she had a glimpse of a young face, bloodless and wan—of hurt, defiant blue eyes. She had never before seen life so naked, so relentless. She shrank back against the wall, a little sick. Then she gathered up her tracts and her mandolin, and limped down the hall.

The door of the mysterious room was open, and from it came a shrill, high wail, a rising and falling note of distress—the

voice of a new soul in protest. She went past with averted face.

Back in the ward Liz leaned over the table and, picking the girl up bodily, deposited her tenderly in the warm bed. Then she stood back and smiled down at her, with her hands on her hips.

"Well," she said kindly, "it's over, and here you are! But it's no picnic, is it?"

The girl on the bed turned her head away. The coarsening of her features in the last month or two had changed to an almost bloodless refinement. With her bright hair, she looked as if she had been through the furnace of pain and had come out pure gold. But her eyes were hard.

"Go away," she said petulantly.

Liz leaned down and pulled the blanket over her shoulders.

"You sleep now," she said soothingly. "When you wake up you can have a cup of tea."

The girl threw the cover off and looked up despairingly into Liz's face.

"I don't want to sleep," she said. "My God, Liz, it's going to live and so am I!"

II

Now, the Nurse had been up all night, and at noon, after she had oiled the new baby and washed out his eyes and given him a teaspoonful of warm water, she placed Liz in charge of the ward, and went to her room to put on a fresh uniform. The first thing she did, when she got there, was to go to the mirror, with the picture of her mother tucked on its frame, and survey herself. When she saw her cap and the untidiness of her hair and her white collar all spotted, she frowned.

Then she took the violets out of her belt and put them carefully in a glass of water, and feeling rather silly, she leaned over and kissed them. After that she felt better.

She bathed her face in hot water and then in cold, which brought her colour back, and she put on everything fresh, so that she rustled with each step, which is proper for trained nurses; and finally she tucked the violets back where they belonged, and put on a new cap, which is also proper for trained nurses on gala occasions.

If she had not gone back to the mirror to see that the general effect was as crisp as it should be, things would have been different for Liz, and for the new mother back in the ward. But she did go back; and there, lying on the floor in front of the bureau, all folded together, was a piece of white paper exactly as if it has been tucked in her belt with the violets.

She opened it rather shakily, and it was a leaf from the ward order-book, for at the top it said:

Annie Petowski—may sit up for one hour.

And below that:

Goldstein baby—bran baths.

And below that:

I love you. E. J.

"E. J." was the Junior Medical.

So the Nurse went back to the ward, and sat down, palpitating, in the throne-chair by the table, and spread her crisp skirts, and found where the page had been torn out of the order-book.

And as the smiles of sovereigns are hailed with delight by their courts, so the ward brightened until it seemed to gleam that Easter afternoon. And a sort of miracle happened: none of the babies had colic, and the mothers mostly slept. Also, one of the ladies of the House Committee looked in at the door and said:

"How beautiful you are here, and how peaceful! Your ward is always a sort of benediction."

The lady of the House Committee looked across and saw the new mother, with the sunshine on her yellow braids, and her face refined from the furnace of pain.

"What a sweet young mother!" she said, and rustled out, leaving an odour of peau d'Espagne.

The girl lay much as Liz had left her. Except her eyes, there was nothing in her face to show that despair had given place to wild mutiny. But Liz knew; Liz had gone through it all when "the first one" came; and so, from the end of the ward, she rocked and watched.

The odour of peau d'Espagne was still in the air, eclipsing the Easter lilies, when Liz got up and sauntered down to the girl's bed.

"How are you now, dearie?" she asked, and, reaching under the blankets, brought out the tiny pearl-handled knife with which the girl had been wont to clean her finger-nails. The girl eyed her savagely, but said nothing; nor did she resist when Liz brought out her hands and examined the wrists. The left had a small cut on it.

"Now listen to me," said Liz. "None of that, do you hear? You ain't the only one that's laid here and wanted to end it all. And what happened? Inside of a month they're well and strong again, and they put the kid somewhere, and the folks that know what's happened get used to it, and the

ones that don't know don't need to know. Don't be a fool!"

She carried the knife off, but the girl made no protest. There were other ways.

The Nurse was very tired, for she had been up almost all night. She sat at the record-table with her Bible open, and, in the intervals of taking temperatures, she read it. But mostly she read about Annie Petowski being allowed to sit up, and the Goldstein baby having bran baths, and the other thing written below!

At two o'clock came the Junior Medical, in a frock-coat and gray trousers. He expected to sing "The Palms" at the Easter service downstairs in the chapel that afternoon, and, according to precedent, the one who sings "The Palms" on Easter in the chapel must always wear a frock-coat.

Very conscious, because all the ward was staring at his gorgeousness, he went over to the bed where the new mother lay. Then he came back and stood by the table, looking at a record.

"Have you taken her temperature?" he said, businesslike and erect.

"Ninety-eight."

"Her pulse is strong?"

"Yes; she's resting quietly."

"Good.—And—did you get my note?"

This, much as if he had said, "Did you find my scarf-pin?" or anything merely casual; for Liz was hovering near.

"Yes." The Nurse's red lips were trembling, but she smiled up at him. Liz came nearer. She was only wishing him Godspeed with his wooing, but it made him uncomfortable.

"Watch her closely," he said, "she's pretty weak and despondent." And he looked at Liz.

"Elizabeth," said the Nurse, "won't you sit by Claribel and fan her?"

Claribel was the new mother. Claribel is, of course, no name for a mother, but she had been named when she was very small.

Liz went away and sat by the girl's bed, and said a little prayer to the effect that they were both so damned good to everybody, she hoped they'd hit it off. But perhaps the prayer of the wicked availeth nothing.

"You know I meant that," he said, from behind a record. "I—I love you with all my heart—and if only you——"

The Nurse shook down a thermometer and examined it closely. "I love you, too!" she said. And, walking shakily to one of the beds, she put the thermometer upside down in Maggie McNamara's mouth.

The Junior Medical went away with his shoulders erect in his frock-coat, and his heavy brown hair, which would never part properly and had to be persuaded with brilliantine, bristling with happiness.

And the Nurse-Queen, looking over her kingdom for somebody to lavish her new joy on, saw Claribel lying in bed, looking at the ceiling and reading there all the tragedy of her broken life, all her despair.

So she rustled out to the baby-room, where the new baby had never batted an eye since her bath and was lying on her back with both fists clenched on her breast, and she did something that no trained nurse is ever supposed to do.

She lifted the baby, asleep and all, and carried her to her mother.

But Claribel's face only darkened when she saw her.

"Take the brat away," she said, and went on reading tragedies on the ceiling.

Liz came and proffered her the little mite with every art she knew. She showed her the wrinkled bits of feet, the tiny, ridiculous hands, and how long the hair grew on the back of her head. But when Liz put the baby on her arm, she shuddered and turned her head away. So finally Liz took it back to the other room, and left it there, still sleeping.

The fine edge of the Nurse's joy was dulled. It is a characteristic of great happiness to wish all to be well with the world; and here before her was dry-eyed despair. It was Liz who finally decided her.

"I guess I'll sit up with her to-night," she said, approaching the table with the peculiar gait engendered of heel-less hospital carpet-slippers and Mother Hubbard wrappers. "I don't like the way she watches the ceiling."

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?" asked the Nurse.

"Time I had the twins—that's before your time," said Liz—"we had one like that. She went out the window head first the night after the baby came, and took the kid with her."

The Nurse rose with quick decision.

"We must watch her," she said. "Perhaps if I could find—I think I'll go to the telephone. Watch the ward carefully, Elizabeth, and if Annie Petowski tries to feed her baby before three o'clock, take it from her. The child's stuffed like a sausage every time I'm out for five minutes."

Nurses know many strange things: they know how to rub an aching back until the ache is changed to a restful thrill, and how

to change the bedding and the patient's night-dress without rolling the patient over more than once, which is a high and desirable form of knowledge. But also they get to know many strange people; their clean starchiness has a way of rubbing up against the filth of the world and coming away unsoiled. And so the Nurse went downstairs to the telephone, leaving Liz to watch for nefarious feeding.

The Nurse called up Rose Davis; and Rosie, who was lying in bed with the Sunday papers scattered around her and a cigaret in her manicured fingers, reached out with a yawn and, taking the telephone, rested it on her laced and ribboned bosom.

"Yes," she said indolently.

The Nurse told her who she was, and Rosie's voice took on a warmer tinge.

"Oh, yes," she said. "How are you? . . . Claribel? Yes; what about her? . . . What!"

"Yes," said the Nurse. "A girl—seven pounds."

"My Gawd! Well, what do you think of that! Excuse me a moment; my cigaret's set fire to the sheet. All right—go ahead."

"She's taking it pretty hard, and I—I thought you might help her. She—she——"

"How much do you want?" said Rose, a trifle coldly. She turned in the bed and eyed the black leather bag on the stand at her elbow. "Twenty enough?"

"I don't think it's money," said the Nurse, "although she needs that too; she hasn't any clothes for the baby. But—she's awfully despondent—almost desperate. Have you any idea who the child's father is?"

Rosie considered, lighting a new cigaret with one hand and balancing the telephone with the other.

"She left me a year ago," she said. "Oh, yes; I know now. What time is it?"

"Two o'clock."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Rosie. "I'll get the fellow on the wire and see what he's willing to do. Maybe he'll give her a dollar or two a week."

"Do you think you could bring him to see her?"

"Say, what do you think I am—a missionary?" The Nurse was wise, so she kept silent. "Well, I'll tell you what I will do. If I can bring him, I will. How's that yellow-haired she-devil you've got over there? I've got that fixed all right. She pulled a razor on me first—I've got witnesses. Well, if I can get Al, I'll do it. So long."

It did not occur to the Nurse to deprecate having used an evil medium toward a righteous end. She took life much as she found it. And so she tiptoed past the chapel again, where a faint odour of peau d'Espagne came stealing out into the hall, and where the children from the children's ward, in roller-chairs and on crutches, were singing with all their shrill young voices, earnest eyes uplifted.

The white Easter lilies on the altar sent their fragrance out over the gathering, over the nurses, young and placid, over the hopeless and the hopeful, over the faces where death had passed and left its inevitable stamp, over bodies freshly risen on this Easter Sunday to new hope and new life—over the Junior Medical, waiting with the manuscript of "The Palms" rolled in his hand and his heart singing a hymn of happiness.

The Nurse went up to her ward, and put a screen around Claribel, and, with all her woman's art, tidied the immaculate white bed and loosened the uncompromising yellow braids, so that the soft hair fell across Claribel's bloodless forehead and softened the defiance in her blue eyes. She brought the pink hyacinth in its pot, too, and placed it on the bedside table. Then she stood off and looked at her work. It was good.

Claribel submitted weakly. She had stopped staring at the wall, and had taken to watching the open window opposite with strange intentness. Only when the Nurse gave a final pat to the bedspread she spoke.

"Was it a boy—or a girl?" she asked.

"Girl," said the Nurse briskly. "A little beauty, perfect in every way."

"A girl—to grow up and go through this hell!" she muttered, and her eyes wandered back to the window.

But the Nurse was wise with the accumulated wisdom of a sex that has had to match strength with wile for ages, and she was not yet ready. She went into the little room where eleven miracles lay in eleven cribs, and, although they all looked exactly alike, she selected Claribel's without hesitation, and carried it to the mysterious room down the hall—which was no longer a torture-chamber, but a resplendently white place, all glass and tile and sunlight, and where she did certain things that are not prescribed in the hospital rules.

First of all, she opened a cupboard and took out a baby dress of lace and insertion—and everybody knows that such a dress is used only when a hospital infant is baptised

—and she clothed Claribel's baby in linen and fine raiment, and because they are very, very red when they are so new, she dusted it with a bit of talcum—to break the shock, as you may say. It was very probable that Al had never seen so new a baby, and it was useless to spoil the joy of parent-hood unnecessarily. For it really was a fine child, and eventually it would be white and beautiful.

The baby smelled of violet, for the christening-robe was kept in a sachet.

Finally she gave it another teaspoonful of warm water and put it back in its crib. And then she rustled starchily back to the throne-chair by the record-table, and opened her Bible at the place where it said that Annie Petowski might sit up, and the Goldstein baby—bran baths, and the other thing written just below.

III

THE music poured up the well of the staircase; softened by distance, the shrill childish sopranos and the throaty basses of the medical staff merged into a rising and falling harmony of exquisite beauty.

Liz sat on the top step of the stairs, with her baby in her arms; and, as the song went on, Liz's eyes fell to her child and stayed there.

At three o'clock the elevator-man brought Rosie Davis along the hall—Rosie, whose costume betrayed haste, and whose figure, under a gaudy motor-coat, gave more than a suggestion of being unsupported and wrapper-clad. She carried a clinking silver chatelaine, however, and at the door she opened it and took out a quarter, extending it with a regal gesture to the elevator-man.

"Here, old sport," she said, "go and blow yourself to a drink. It's Easter."

Such munificence appalled the ward.

Rosie was not alone. Behind her, uncomfortable and sullen, was Al. The ward, turning from the episode of the quarter, fixed on him curious and hostile eyes; and Al, glancing around the ward from the doorway, felt their hostility, and plucked Rosie's arm.

"Gee, Rose, I'm not going in there," he said. But Rosie pulled him in and presented him to the Nurse.

Behind the screen, Claribel, shut off from her view of the open window, had taken to staring at the ceiling again.

When the singing came up the staircase from the chapel, she had moaned and put her fingers in her ears.

"Well, I found him," said Rosie cheerfully. "Had the deuce of a time locating him." And the Nurse, apprising in one glance his stocky figure and heavy shoulders, his ill-at-ease arrogance, his weak, and just now sullen but not bad-tempered face, smiled at him.

"We have a little girl here who will be glad to see you," she said, and took him to the screen. "Just five minutes, and you must do the talking."

Al hesitated between the visible antagonism of the ward and the mystery of the white screen. A vision of Claribel as he had seen her last, swollen with grief and despair, distorted of figure and accusing of voice, held him back. A faint titter of derision went through the room. He turned on Rosie's comfortable back a look of black hate and fury. Then the Nurse gave him a gentle shove, and he was looking at Claribel—a white, Madonna-faced Claribel, lying now with closed eyes, her long lashes sweeping her cheek.

The girl did not open her eyes at his entrance. He put his hat awkwardly on the foot of the bed, and, tiptoeing around, sat on the edge of the stiff chair.

"Well, how are you, kid?" he asked, with affected ease.

She opened her eyes and stared at him. Then she made a little clutch at her throat, as if she were smothering.

"How did you—how did you know I was here?"

"Saw it in the paper, in the society column." She winced at that, and some fleeting sense of what was fitting came to his aid. "How are you?" he asked more gently. He had expected a flood of reproaches, and he was magnanimous in his relief.

"I've been pretty bad; I'm better."

"Oh, you'll be around soon, and going to dances again. The Maginnis Social Club's having a dance Saturday night in Mason's Hall."

The girl did not reply. She was wrestling with a problem that is as old as the ages, although she did not know it—why this tragedy of hers should not be his. She lay with her hands crossed quietly on her breast and one of the loosened yellow braids was near his hand. He picked it up and ran it through his fingers.

"Hasn't hurt your looks any," he said awkwardly. "You're looking pretty good."

With a jerk of her head she pulled the braid out of his fingers.

"Don't," she said, and fell to staring at

the ceiling, where she had written her problem.

"How's the—how's the kid?"—after a moment.

"I don't know—or care."

There was nothing strange to Al in this frame of mind. Neither did he know or care.

"What are you goin' to do with it?"

"Kill it!"

Al considered this a moment. Things were bad enough now, without Claribel murdering the child and making things worse.

"I wouldn't do that," he said soothingly. "You can put it somewhere, can't you? Maybe Rosie'll know."

"I don't want it to live."

For the first time he realized her despair. She turned on him her tormented eyes, and he quailed.

"I'll find a place for it, kid," he said. "It's mine, too. I guess I'm it, all right."

"Yours!" She half rose on her elbow, weak as she was. "Yours! Didn't you throw me over when you found I was going to have it? Yours! Did you go through hell for twenty-four hours to bring it into the world? I tell you, it's mine—mine! And I'll do what I want with it. I'll kill it, and myself too!"

"You don't know what you're saying!"

She had dropped back, white and exhausted.

"Don't I?" she said, and fell silent.

Al felt defrauded, ill-treated. He had done the right thing; he had come to see the girl, which wasn't customary in those circles where Al lived and worked and had his being; he had acknowledged his responsibility, and even—why, hang it all——

"Say the word and I'll marry you," he said magnanimously.

"I don't want to marry you."

He drew a breath of relief. Nothing could have been fairer than his offer, and she had refused it. He wished Rosie had been there to hear.

And just then Rosie came. She carried the baby, still faintly odorous of violets, held tight in unaccustomed arms. She looked awkward and conscious, but her amused smile at herself was half tender.

"Hello, Claribel," she said. "How are you? Just look here, Al! What do you think of this?"

Al got up sheepishly and looked at the child.

"Boy or girl?" he asked politely.

"Girl; but it's the living image of you," said Rose—for Rose and the Nurse were alike in the wiles of the serpent.

"Looks like me!" Al observed caustically. "Looks like an over-ripe tomato!"

But he drew himself up a trifle. Somewhere in his young and hardened soul the germs of parental pride, astutely sowed, had taken quick root.

"Feel how heavy she is," Rose commanded. And Al held out two arms unaccustomed to such tender offices.

"Heavy! She's about as big as a peanut."

"Mind her back," said Rose, remembering instructions.

After her first glance, Claribel had not looked at the child. But now, in its father's arms, it began to whimper. The mother stirred uneasily, and frowned.

"Take it away!" she ordered. "I told them not to bring it here."

The child cried louder. Its tiny red face, under the powder, turned purple. It beat the air with its fists. Al, still holding it in his outstretched arms, began vague motions to comfort it, swinging it up and down and across. But it cried on, drawing up its tiny knees in spasms of distress. Claribel put her fingers in her ears.

"You'll have to feed it!" Rose shouted over the din.

The girl comprehended without hearing, and shook her head in sullen obstinacy.

"What do you think of that for noise?" said Al, not without pride. "She's like me, all right. When I'm hungry, there's hell to pay if I'm not fed quick. Here,"—he bent down over Claribel—"you might as well have dinner now, and stop the row."

Not ungently, he placed the squirming mass in the baptismal dress beside the girl on the bed. With the instinct of ages, the baby stopped wailing and opened her mouth.

"The little cuss!" cried Al, delighted. "Ain't that me all over? Little angel-face the minute I get to the table!"

Unresisting now, Claribel let Rose uncover her firm white breast. The mother's arm, passively extended by Rose to receive the small body, contracted around it unconsciously.

She turned and looked long at the nuzzling, eager mouth, at the red hand lying trustfully open on her breast, at the wrinkled face, the indeterminate nose, the throbbing fontanelle where the little life was already beating so hard.

"A girl, Rose!" she said. "My God, what am I going to do with her?"

Rose was not listening. The Junior

Medical's turn had come at last. Downstairs in the chapel, he was standing by the organ, his head thrown back, his heavy brown hair (which would never stay parted without the persuasion of brilliantine) bristling with earnestness.

"O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay,"

he sang, and his clear tenor came welling up the staircase to Liz, and past her to the ward, and to the group behind the screen.

"Are strewn this day in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes to wipe our tears away—
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare."

On the throne-chair by the record-table, the Nurse sat and listened. And because it was Easter and she was very happy and because of the thrill in the tenor voice that came up the stairs to her, and because of the page in the order-book about bran baths and the rest of it, she cried a little, surreptitiously, and let the tears drop down on a yellow hospital record.

The song was almost done. Liz, on the stairs, had fed her baby twenty minutes too soon, and now it lay, sleeping and sated, in her lap. Liz sat there, brooding over it, and the last line of the song came up the staircase.

"Blessèd is He who comes bringing sal-va-a-a-a-tion!"

the Junior Medical sang.

The services were over. Downstairs the small crowd dispersed slowly. The minister shook hands with the nurses at the door, and the Junior Medical rolled up his song and wondered how soon he could make rounds upstairs again.

Liz got up, with her baby in her arms, and padded in to the throne-chair by the record-table.

"He can sing some, can't he!" she said.

"He has a beautiful voice." The Nurse's eyes were shining.

Liz moved off. Then she turned and came back.

"I—I know you'll tell me I'm a fool," she said; "but I've decided to keep the kid, this time. I guess I'll make out, somehow."

Behind the screen, Rosie had lighted a cigaret and was smoking, sublimely unconscious of the blue smoke-swirl that rose in telltale clouds high above her head. The baby had dropped asleep, and Claribel lay still. But her eyes were not on the ceiling; they were on the child.

Al leaned forward and put his lips to the arm that circled the baby.

"I'm sorry, kid," he said. "I guess it was the limit, all right. Do you hate me?"

She looked at him, and the hardness and defiance died out of her eyes. She shook her head.

"No."

"Do you—still—like me a little?"

"Yes," in a whisper.

"Then what's the matter with you and me and the little mutt getting married and starting all over—eh?"

He leaned over and buried his face with a caressing movement in the hollow of her neck.

Rose extinguished her cigaret on the foot of the bed, and, careful of appearances, put the butt in her chatelaine.

"I guess you two don't need me any more," she said yawning. "I'm going back home to bed."

Moon-white

By DAVID P. BERENBERG

THERE were dark shadows
Where the moon-white
Shone through the moving leaves.
Moon-light
Wove a charm with white flowers!
Watch with me,—do not sleep!
Shadows creep
Out of silence, out of darkness!
Do you hear
Echoes of far moon-whispers?
Are you there?
Stolen beauties of moon-valleys
These nights wear!

Marjorie Daw

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

I.—Dr. Dillon to Edward Delaney, Esq., at The Pines, near Rye, N. H.

August 8, 187–.

MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to assure you that your anxiety is without reason. Flemming will be confined to the sofa for three or four weeks, and will have to be careful at first how he uses his leg. A fracture of this kind is always a tedious affair. Fortunately, the bone was very skilfully set by the surgeon who chanced to be in the drug-store where Flemming was brought after his fall, and I apprehend no permanent inconvenience from the accident. *Flemming is doing perfectly well physically;* but I must confess that the irritable and morbid state of mind into which he has fallen causes me a great deal of uneasiness. He is the last man in the world who ought to break his leg. You know how impetuous our friend is ordinarily, what a soul of restlessness and energy, never content unless he is rushing at some object, like a sportive bull at a red shawl; but amiable withal. He is no longer amiable. His temper has become something frightful. Miss Fanny Flemming came up from Newport, where the family are staying for the summer, to nurse him; but he packed her off the next morning in tears. He has a complete set of Balzac's works, twenty-seven volumes, piled up near his sofa, to throw at Watkins whenever that exemplary serving-man appears with his meals. Yesterday I very innocently brought Flemming a small basket of lemons. You know it was a strip of lemon-peel on the curbstone that caused our friend's mischance. Well, he no sooner set his eyes upon these lemons than he fell into such a rage as I cannot adequately describe. This is only one of his moods, and the least distressing. At other times he sits with bowed head regarding his splintered limb, silent, sullen, despairing. When this fit is on him—and it sometimes lasts all day—nothing can distract his melancholy. He refuses to eat, does not even read the newspapers; books, except as projectiles for Watkins, have no charms for h m. His state is truly pitiable.

Now, if he were a poor man, with a family depending on his daily labour, this irritability and despondency would be natural enough. But in a young fellow of twenty-four, with plenty of money and seemingly not a care in the world, the thing is monstrous. If he continues to give way to his vagaries in this manner, he will end by bringing on an nflammation of the fibula. It was the fibula he broke. I am at my wits' end to know what to prescribe for him. I have anæsthetics and lotions, to make people sleep and to soothe pain; but I've no medicine that will make a man have a little common-sense. That is beyond my skill, but maybe it is not beyond yours. You are Flemming's intimate friend, his *fidus Achates*. Write to him, write to him frequently, distract his mind, cheer him up, and prevent him from becoming a confirmed case of melancholia. Perhaps he has some important plans disarranged by his present confinement. If he has, you will know, and will know how to advise him judiciously. I trust your father finds the change beneficial? I am, my dear sir, with great respect, etc.

II.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming, West 38th Street, New York.

August 9, —.

My dear Jack: I had a line from Dillon this morning, and was rejoiced to learn that your hurt is not so bad as reported. Like a certain personage, you are not so black and blue as you are painted. Dillon will put you on your pins again in two or three weeks, if you will only have patience and

follow his counsels. Did you get my note of last Wednesday? I was greatly troubled when I heard of the accident.

I can imagine how tranquil and saintly you are with your leg in a trough! It is deuced awkward, to be sure, just as we had promised ourselves a glorious month together at the seaside; but we must make the best of it. It is unfortunate, too, that my father's health renders it impossible for me to leave him. I think he has much improved; the sea air is his native element; but he still needs my arm to lean upon in his walks, and requires some one more careful than a servant to look after him. I cannot come to you, dear Jack, but I have hours of unemployed time on hand, and I will write you a whole post-office full of letters if that will divert you. Heaven knows, I haven't anything to write about. It isn't as if we were living at one of the beach houses; then I could do you some character studies, and fill your imagination with groups of sea-goddesses, with their (or somebody else's) raven and blond manes hanging down their shoulders. You should have Aphrodite in morning wrapper, in evening costume, and in her prettiest bathing suit. But we are far from all that here. We have rooms in a farm-house, on a cross-road, two miles from the hotels, and lead the quietest of lives.

I wish I were a novelist. This old house, with its sanded floors and high wainscots, and its narrow windows looking out upon a cluster of pines that turn themselves into æolian-harps every time the wind blows, would be the place in which to write a summer romance. It should be a s ory with the odours of the forest and the breath of the sea in it. It should be a novel like one of that Russian fellow's—what's his name?—Tourguénieff, Turguenef, Turgenif, Toorguniff, Turgénjew—nobody knows how to spell him. Yet I wonder if even a Liza or an Alexandra Paulovna could stir the heart of a man who has constant twinges in his leg. I wonder if one of our own Yankee girls of the best type, haughty and *spirituelle*, would be of any comfort to you in your present deplorable condition. If I thought so, I would hasten down to the Surf House and catch one for you; or, better still, I would find you one over the way.

Picture to yourself a large white house just across the road, nearly opposite our cottage. It is not a house, but a mansion, built, perhaps, in the colonial period, with rambling extensions, and gambrel roof, and a wide piazza on three sides—a self-possessed, high-bred piece of architecture, with its nose in the air. It stands back from the road, and has an obsequious retinue of fringed elms and oaks and weeping willows. Sometimes in the morning, and oftener in the afternoon, when the sun has withdrawn from that part of the mansion, a young woman appears on the piazza with some mysterious Penelope web of embroidery in her hand, or a book. There is a hammock over there—of pine-apple fibre, it looks from here. A hammock is very becoming when one is eighteen, and has golden hair, and dark eyes, and an emerald-coloured illusion dress looped up after the fashion of a Dresden china shepherdess, and is *chaussée* like a belle of the time of Louis Quatorze. All this splendour goes into that hammock, and sways there like a pond-lily in the golden afternoon. The window of my bedroom looks down on that piazza—and so do I.

But enough of this nonsense, which ill becomes a sedate young attorney taking his vacation with an invalid father. Drop me a line, dear Jack, and tell me how you really are. State your case. Write me a long, quiet letter. If you are violent or abusive, I'll take the law to you.

III.—John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

August 11, —.

Your letter, dear Ned, was a godsend. Fancy what a fix I am in—I, who never had a day's sickness since I was born. My left leg weighs three tons. It is embalmed in spices and smothered in layers of fine linen, like a mummy. I can't move. I haven't moved for five thousand years. I'm of the time of Pharaoh.

I lie from morning till night on a lounge, staring into the hot street. Everybody is out of town enjoying himself. The brown-stone-front houses across the street resemble a row of particularly ugly coffins set up on end. A green mould is settling on the names of the deceased, carved on the silver door-plates. Sardonic spiders have sewed up the key-holes. All is silence and dust and desolation. I interrupt this a moment, to take a shy at Watkins with the second volume of César Birotteau. Missed him! I think I could bring him down with a copy of Sainte-Beuve or the Dictionnaire Universel, if I had it. These small Balzac books somehow don't quite fit my hand; but I shall fetch him yet. I've an idea Watkins is tapping the old gentleman's

Chateau Yquem. Duplicate key of the wine-cellar. Hibernian swarries in the front basement. Young Cheops up stairs, snug in his cerements. Watkins glides into my chamber, with that colourless, hypocritical face of his drawn out long like an accordion; but I know he grins all the way down stairs, and is glad I have broken my leg. Was not my evil star in the very zenith when I ran up to town to attend that dinner at Delmonico's? I didn't come up altogether for that. It was partly to buy Frank Livingstone's roan mare, Margot. And now I shall not be able to sit in the saddle these two months. I'll send the mare down to you at The Pines—is that the name of the place?

Old Dillon fancies that I have something on my mind. He drives me wild with lemons. Lemons for a mind diseased! Nonsense. I am only as restless as the devil under this confinement—a thing I'm not used to. Take a man who has never had so much as a headache or a toothache in his life, strap one of his legs in a section of water-spout, keep him in a room in the city for weeks, with the hot weather turned on, and then expect him to smile and purr and be happy! It is preposterous. I can't be cheerful or calm.

Your letter is the first consoling thing I have had since my disaster, ten days ago. It really cheered me up for half an hour. Send me a screed, Ned, as often as you can, if you love me. Anything will do. Write me more about that little girl in the hammock. That was very pretty, all that about the Dresden china shepherdess and the pond-lily; the imagery a little mixed, perhaps, but very pretty. I didn't suppose you had so much sentimental furniture in your upper story. It shows how one may be familiar for years with the reception-room of his neighbour, and never suspect what is directly under his mansard. I supposed your loft stuffed with dry legal parchments, mortgages and affidavits; you take down a package of manuscr pt, and lo! there are lyrics and sonnets and canzonettas. You real y have a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Delaney, and I suspect you of anonymous love-tales in the magazines.

I shall be a bear until I hear from you again. Tell me all about your pretty *inconnue* across the road. What is her name? Who is she? Who's her father? Where's her mother? Who's her lover? You cannot imagine how this will occupy me. The more trifling, the better. My imprisonment has weakened me intellectually to such a degree that I find your epistolary gifts quite considerable. I am passing into my second childhood. In a week or two I shall take to India-rubber rings and prongs of coral. A silver cup, with an appropriate inscription, would be a delicate attention on your part. In the mean time, write!

IV.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 12, —.

The sick pasha shall be amused. *Bismillah!* he wills it so. If the story-teller becomes prolix and tedious—the bow-string and the sack, and two Nubians to drop him into the Piscataqua! But, truly, Jack, I have a hard task. There is literally nothing here—except the little girl over the way. She is swinging in the hammock at this moment. It is to me compensation for many of the ills of life to see her now and then put out a small kid boot, which fits like a glove, and set herself going. Who is she, and what is her name? Her name is Daw. Only daughter of Mr. Richard W. Daw, ex-colonel and banker. Mother dead. One brother at Harvard, elde brother killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, nine years ago. Old, rich family, the Daws. This is the homestead, where father and daughter pass eight months of the twelve; the rest of the year in Baltimore and Washington. The New England winter too many for the old gentleman. The daughter is called Marjorie—Marjorie Daw. Sounds odd at first, doesn't it? But after you say it over to yourself half a dozen times, you like it. There's a pleasing quaintness to it, something prim and violet-like. Must be a nice sort of girl to be called Marjorie Daw.

I had mine host of The Pines in the witness-box last night, and drew the foregoing testimony from him. He has charge of Mr. Daw's vegetable-garden, and has known the family these thirty years. Of course I shall make the acquaintance of my neighbours before many days. It will be next to impossible for me not to meet Mr. Daw or Miss Daw in some of my walks. The young lady has a favourite path to the sea-beach. I shall intercept her some morning, and touch my hat to her. Then the princess will bend her fair head to me with courteous surprize not unmixed with haughtiness. Will snub me, in fact. All this for thy sake, O Pasha of the Snapt Axle-tree! . . . . How oddly things fall out! Ten minutes ago I was called down

to the parlour—you know the kind of parlours in farmhouses on the coast, a sort of amphibious parlour, with sea-shells on the mantel-piece and spruce branches in the chimney-place—where I found my father and Mr. Daw doing the antique polite to each other. He had come to pay his respects to his new neighbours. Mr. Daw is a tall, slim gentleman of about fifty-five, with a florid face and snow-white mustache and side-whiskers. Looks like Mr. Dombey, or as Mr. Dombey would have looked if he had served a few years in the British Army. Mr. Daw was a colonel in the late war, commanding the regiment in which his son was a lieutenant. Plucky old boy, backbone of New Hampshire granite. Before taking his leave, the colonel delivered himself of an invitation as if he were issuing a general order. Miss Daw has a few friends coming, at 4 P. M., to play croquet on the lawn (parade-ground) and have tea (cold rations) on the piazza. Will we honour them with our company? (or be sent to the guard-house.) My father declines on the plea of ill-health. My father's son bows with as much suavity as he knows, and accepts.

In my next I shall have something to tell you. I shall have seen the little beauty face to face. I have a presentiment, Jack, that this Daw is a *rara avis!* Keep up your spirits, my boy, until I write you another letter—and send me along word how's your leg.

V.—EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

August 13, —.

THE party, my dear Jack, was as dreary as possible. A lieutenant of the navy, the rector of the Episcopal church at Stillwater, and a society swell from Nahant. The lieutenant looked as if he had swallowed a couple of his buttons, and found the bullion rather indigestible; the rector was a pensive youth, of the daffydowndilly sort; and the swell from Nahant was a very weak tidal wave indeed. The women were much better, as they always are; the two Miss Kingsburys of Philadelphia, staying at the Sea-shell House, two bright and engaging girls. But Marjorie Daw!

The company broke up soon after tea, and I remained to smoke a cigar with the colonel on the piazza. It was like seeing a picture to see Miss Marjorie hovering around the old so dier, and doing a hundred gracious little things for him. She brought the cigars and lighted the tapers with her own delicate fingers, in the most enchanting fashion. As we sat there, she came and went in the summer twilight, and seemed, with her white dress and pale gold hair, like some lovely phantom that had sprung into existence out of the smoke-wreaths. If she had melted into air, like the statue of Galatea in the play, I should have been more sorry than surprized.

It was easy to perceive that the old colonel worshiped her, and she him. I think the relation between an elderly father and a daughter just blooming into womanhood the most beautiful possible. There is in it a subtile sentiment that cannot exist in the case of mother and daughter, or that of son and mother. But this is getting into deep water.

I sat with the Daws until half past ten, and saw the moon rise on the sea. The ocean, that had stretched motionless and black against the horizon, was changed by magic into a broken field of glittering ice, interspersed with marvelous silvery fjords. In the far distance the Isles of Shoals loomed up like a group of huge bergs drifting down on us. The Polar Regions in a June thaw! It was exceedingly fine. What did we talk about? We talked about the weather—and *you!* The weather has been disagreeable for several days past—and so have you. I glided from one topic to the other very naturally. I told my friends of your accident; how it has frustrated all our summer plans, and what our plans were. I played quite a spirited solo on the fibula. Then I described you; or, rather, I didn't. I spoke of your amiability, of your patience under this severe affliction; of your touching gratitude when Dillon brings you little presents of fruit; of your tenderness to your sister Fanny, whom you would not allow to stay in town to nurse you, and how you heroically sent her back to Newport, preferring to remain alone with Mary, the cook, and your man Watkins, to whom, by the way, you were devotedly attached. If you had been there, Jack, you wouldn't have known yourself. I should have excelled as a criminal lawyer, if I had not turned my attention to a different branch of jurisprudence.

Miss Marjorie asked all manner of leading questions concerning you. It did not occur to me then, but it struck me forcibly afterwards, that she evinced a singular interest in the conversation. When I got back to my room, I recalled how eagerly she leaned forward, with her full, snowy throat in strong moonlight, listening to what I said. Positively, I think I made her like you!

Miss Daw is a girl whom you would like immensely, I can tell you that. A beauty without affectation, a high and tender nature—if one can read the soul in the face. And the old colonel is a noble character, too.

I am glad the Daws are such pleasant people. The Pines is an isolated spot, and my resources are few. I fear I should have found life here somewhat monotonous before long, with no other society that that of my excellent sire. It is true, I might have made a target of the defenceless invalid; but I haven't a taste for artillery, *moi*

VI.—John Flemming to Edward Delaney

August 17, —.

For a man who hasn't a taste for artillery, it occurs to me, my friend, you are keeping up a pretty lively fire on my inner works. But go on. Cynicism is a small brass field-piece that eventually bursts and kills the artilleryman.

You may abuse me as much as you like, and I'll not complain; for I don't know what I should do without your letters. They are curing me. I haven't hurled anything at Watkins since last Sunday, partly because I have grown more amiable under your teaching, and partly because Watkins captured my ammunition one night, and carried it off to the library. He is rapidly losing the habit he had acquired of dodging whenever I rub my ear, or make any slight motion with my right arm. He is still suggestive of the wine-cellar, however. You may break, you may shatter Watkins, if you will, but the scent of the Roederer will hang round him still.

Ned, that Miss Daw must be a charming person. I should certainly like her. I like her already. When you spoke in your first letter of seeing a young girl swinging in a hammock under your chamber window, I was somehow strangely drawn to her. I cannot account for it in the least. What you have subsequently written of Miss Daw has strengthened the impression You seem to be describing a woman I have known in some previous state of existence, or dreamed of in this. Upon my word, if you were to send me her photograph, I believe I should recognize her at a glance. Her manner, that listening attitude, her traits of character, as you indicate them, the light hair and the dark eyes—they are all familiar things to me. Asked a lot of questions, did she? Curious about me? That is strange.

You would laugh in your sleeve, you wretched old cynic, if you knew how I lie awake nights, with my gas turned down to a star, thinking of The Pines and the house across the road. How cool it must be down there! I long for the salt smell in the air. I picture the colonel smoking his cheroot on the piazza. I send you and Miss Daw off on afternoon rambles along the beach. Sometimes I let you stroll with her under the elms in the moonlight, for you are great friends by this time, I take it, and see each other every day. I know your ways and your manners! Then I fall into a truculent mood, and would like to destroy somebody. Have you noticed anything in the shape of a lover hanging around the colonial Lares and Penates? Does that lieutenant of the horse-marines or that young Stillwater parson visit the house much? Not that I am pining for news of them, but any gossip of the kind would be in order. I wonder, Ned, you don't fall in love with Miss Daw. I am ripe to do it myself. Speaking of photographs, couldn't you manage to slip one of her *cartes-de-visite* from her album—she must have an album, you know—and send it to me? I will return it before it could be missed. That's a good fellow! Did the mare arrive safe and sound? It will be a capital animal this autumn for Central Park.

O—my leg? I forgot about my leg. It's better.

VII.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 20, —.

You are correct in your surmises. I am on the most friendly terms with our neighbours. The colonel and my father smoke their afternoon cigar together in our sitting-room or on the piazza opposite, and I pass an hour or two of the day or the evening with the daughter. I am more and more struck by the beauty, modesty, and intelligence of Miss Daw.

You ask me why I do not fall in love with her. I will be frank, Jack: I have thought of that. She is young, rich, accomplished, uniting in herself more attractions, mental and personal, than I can recall in any girl of my acquaintance; but she lacks the something that would be necessary to inspire in me that kind of interest. Possessing this unknown quantity, a woman neither beautiful nor wealthy nor very young could bring me to her feet. But not Miss Daw. If we were shipwrecked together on an uninhabited island—let me suggest a tropical island, for it costs no more to be pictur-

esque—I would build her a bamboo hut, I would fetch her bread-fruit and cocoanuts, I would fry yams for her, I would lure the ingenuous turtle and make her nourishing soups, but I wouldn't make love to her—not under eighteen months. I would like to have her for a sister, that I might shield her and counsel her, and spend half my income on thread-laces and camel's-hair shawls. (We are off the island now.) If such were not my feeling, there would still be an obstacle to my loving Miss Daw. A greater misfortune could scarcely befall me than to love her. Flemming, I am about to make a revelation that will astonish you. I may be all wrong in my premises and consequently in my conclusions; but you shall judge.

That night when I returned to my room after the croquet party at the Daws', and was thinking over the trivial events of the evening, I was suddenly impressed by the air of eager attention with which Miss Daw had followed my account of your accident. I think I mentioned this to you. Well, the next morning, as I went to mail my letter, I overtook Miss Daw on the road to Rye, where the post-office is, and accompanied her thither and back, an hour's walk. The conversation again turned on you, and again I remarked that inexplicable look of interest which had lighted up her face the previous evening. Since then, I have seen Miss Daw perhaps ten times, perhaps oftener, and on each occasion I found that when I was not speaking of you, or your sister, or some person or place associated with you, I was not holding her attention. She would be absent-minded, her eyes would wander away from me to the sea, or to some distant object in the landscape; her fingers would play with the leaves of a book in a way that convinced me she was not listening. At these moments if I abruptly changed the theme—I did it several times as an experiment—and dropped some remark about my friend Flemming, then the sombre blue eyes would come back to me instantly.

Now, is not this the oddest thing in the world? No, not the oddest. The effect which you tell me was produced on you by my casual mention of an unknown girl swinging in a hammock is certainly as strange. You can conjecture how that passage in your letter of Friday startled me. Is it possible, then, that two people who have never met, and who are hundreds of miles apart, can exert a magnetic influence on each other? I have read of such psychological phenomena, but never credited them. I leave the solution of the problem to you. As for myself, all other things being favourable, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with a woman who listens to me only when I am talking of my friend!

I am not aware that any one is paying marked attention to my fair neighbour. The lieutenant of the navy—he is stationed at Rivermouth—sometimes drops in of an evening, and sometimes the rector from Stillwater; the lieutenant the oftener. He was there last night. I would not be surprized if he had an eye to the heiress; but he is not formidable. Mistress Daw carries a neat little spear of irony, and the honest lieutenant seems to have a particular facility for impaling himself on the point of it. He is not dangerous, I should say; though I have known a woman to satirize a man for years, and marry him after all. Decidedly, the lowly rector is not dangerous; yet, again, who has not seen Cloth of Frieze victorious in the lists where Cloth of Gold went down?

As to the photograph. There is an exquisite ivorytype of Marjorie, in passe-partout, on the drawing-room mantel-piece. It would be missed at once, if taken. I would do anything reasonable for you, Jack; but I've no burning desire to be hauled up before the local justice of the peace, on a charge of petty larceny.

P. S.—Enclosed is a spray of mignonette, which I advise you to treat tenderly. Yes, we talked of you again last night, as usual. It is becoming a little dreary for me.

VIII.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming

August 22,—.

Your letter in reply to my last has occupied my thoughts all the morning. I do not know what to think. Do you mean to say that you are seriously half in love with a woman whom you have never seen,—with a shadow, a chimera? for what else can Miss Daw be to you? I do not understand it at all. I understand neither you nor her. You are a couple of ethereal beings moving in finer air than I can breathe with my commonplace lungs. Such delicacy of sentiment is something I admire without comprehending. I am bewildered. I am of the earth earthy, and I find myself in the incongruous position of having to do with mere souls, with natures so finely tempered that I run some risk of shattering them in my awkwardness. I am as Caliban among the spirits!

Reflecting on your letter, I am not sure it is wise in me to continue this correspondence. But no, Jack; I do wrong to doubt the good sense that forms the basis of your character. You are deeply interested in Miss Daw; you feel that she is a person whom you may perhaps greatly admire when you know her: at the same time you bear in mind that the chances are ten to five that, when you do come to know her, she will fall far short of your ideal, and you will not care for her in the least. Look at it in this sensible light, and I will hold back nothing from you.

Yesterday afternoon my father and myself rode over to Rivermouth with the Daws. A heavy rain in the morning had cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust. To Rivermouth is a drive of eight miles, along a winding road lined all the way with wild barberry-bushes. I never saw anything more brilliant than these bushes, the green of the foliage and the pink of the coral berries intensified by the rain. The colonel drove, with my father in front, Miss Daw and I on the back seat. I resolved that for the first five miles your name should not pass my lips. I was amused by the artful attempts she made, at the start, to break through my reticence. Then a silence fell upon her; and then she became suddenly gay. That keenness which I enjoyed so much when it was exercised on the lieutenant was not so satisfactory directed against myself. Miss Daw has great sweetness of disposition, but she can be disagreeable. She is like the young lady in the rhyme, with the curl on her forehead,

> "When she is good,
> She is very, very good,
> And when she is bad, she is horrid!"

I kept to my resolution, however; but on the return home I relented, and talked of your mare! Miss Daw is going to try a side-saddle on Margot some morning. The animal is a trifle too light for my weight. By the by, I nearly forgot to say Miss Daw sat for a picture yesterday to a Rivermouth artist. If the negative turns out well, I am to have a copy. So our ends will be accomplished without crime. I wish, though, I could send you the ivorytype in the drawing-room; it is cleverly coloured, and would give you an idea of her hair and eyes, which of course the other will not.

No, Jack, the spray of mignonette did not come from me. A man of twenty-eight doesn't enclose flowers in his letters—to another man. But don't attach too much significance to the circumstance. She gives sprays of mignonette to the rector, sprays to the lieutenant. She has even given a rose from her bosom to your slave. It is her jocund nature to scatter flowers, like Spring.

If my letters sometimes read disjointedly, you must understand that I never finish one at a sitting, but write at intervals, when the mood is on me.

The mood is not on me now.

IX.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 23,—.

I HAVE just returned from the strangest interview with Marjorie. She has all but confessed to me her interest in you. But with what modesty and dignity! Her words elude my pen as I attempt to put them on paper; and, indeed, it was not so much what she said as her manner; and that I cannot reproduce. Perhaps it was of a piece with the strangeness of this whole business, that she should tacitly acknowledge to a third party the love she feels for a man she has never beheld! But I have lost, through your aid, the faculty of being surprized. I accept things as people do in dreams. Now that I am again in my room, it all appears like an illusion,—the black masses of Rembrandtish shadow under the trees, the fire-flies whirling in Pyrrhic dances among the shrubbery, the sea over there, Marjorie sitting on the hammock!

It is past midnight, and I am too sleepy to write more.

Thursday Morning.

My father has suddenly taken it into his head to spend a few days at the Shoals. In the mean while you will not hear from me. I see Marjorie walking in the garden with the colonel. I wish I could speak to her alone, but shall probably not have an opportunity before we leave.

X.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 28,—.

YOU were passing into your second childhood, were you? Your intellect was so reduced that my epistolary gifts seemed quite considerable to you, did they? I rise superior to the sarcasm in your favour of the 11th instant, when I notice that five days' silence on my part is sufficient to throw you into the depths of despondency.

We returned only this morning from Appledore, that enchanted island,—at four dollars per day. I find on my desk three

letters from you! Evidently there is no lingering doubt in *your* mind as to the pleasure I derive from your correspondence. These letters are undated, but in what I take to be the latest are two passages that require my consideration. You will pardon my candour, dear Flemming, but the conviction forces itself upon me that as your leg grows stronger your head becomes weaker. You ask my advice on a certain point. I will give it. In my opinion you could do nothing more unwise than to address a note to Miss Daw, thanking her for the flower. It would, I am sure, offend her delicacy beyond pardon. She knows you only through me; you are to her an abstraction, a figure in a dream,—a dream from which the faintest shock would awaken her. Of course, if you enclose a note to me and insist on its delivery, I shall deliver it; but I advise you not to do so.

You say you are able, with the aid of a cane, to walk about your chamber, and that you purpose to come to The Pines the instant Dillon thinks you strong enough to stand the journey. Again I advise you not to. Do you not see that, every hour you remain away, Marjorie's glamour deepens, and your influence over her increases? You will ruin everything by precipitancy. Wait until you are entirely recovered; in any case, do not come without giving me warning. I fear the effect of your abrupt advent here—under the circumstances.

Miss Daw was evidently glad to see us back again, and gave me both hands in the frankest way. She stopped at the door a moment, this afternoon, in the carriage; she had been over to Rivermouth for her pictures. Unluckily, the photographer had spilt some acid on the plate, and she was obliged to give him another sitting. I have an intuition that something is troubling Marjorie. She had an abstracted air not usual with her. However, it may be only my fancy. . . . I end this, leaving several things unsaid, to accompany my father on one of those long walks which are now his chief medicine,—and mine!

XI.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 29, —.

I write in great haste to tell you what has taken place here since my letter of last night. I am in the utmost perplexity. Only one thing is plain,—*you* must not dream of coming to The Pines. Marjorie has told her father everything! I saw her for a few minutes, an hour ago, in the garden; and, as near as I could gather from her confused statement, the facts are these: Lieutenant Bradly—that's the naval officer stationed at Rivermouth—has been paying court to Miss Daw for some time past, but not so much to her liking as to that of the colonel, who it seems is an old friend of the young gentleman's father. Yesterday (I knew she was in some trouble when she drove up to our gate) the colonel spoke to Marjorie of Bradly,—urged his suit, I infer. Marjorie expressed her dislike for the lieutenant with characteristic frankness, and finally confessed to her father—well, I really do not know what she confessed. It must have been the vaguest of confessions, and must have sufficiently puzzled the colonel. At any rate, it exasperated him. I suppose I am implicated in the matter, and that the colonel feels bitterly towards me. I do not see why: I have carried no messages between you and Miss Daw; I have behaved with the greatest discretion. I can find no flaw anywhere in my proceeding. I do not see that anybody has done anything—except the colonel himself.

It is probable, nevertheless, that the friendly relations between the two houses will be broken off. "A plague o' both your houses," say you. I will keep you informed, as well as I can, of what occurs over the way. We shall remain here until the second week in September. Stay where you are, or, at all events, do not dream of joining me. . . . Colonel Daw is sitting on the piazza looking rather wicked. I have not seen Marjorie since I parted with her in the garden.

XII.—Edward Delaney to Thomas Dillon, M.D., Madison Square, New York.

August 30, —.

My dear Doctor: If you have any influence over Flemming, I beg of you to exert it to prevent his coming to this place at present. There are circumstances, which I will explain to you before long, that make it of the first importance that he should not come into this neighbourhood. His appearance here, I speak advisedly, would be disastrous to him. In urging him to remain in New York, or to go to some inland resort, you will be doing him and me a real service. Of course you will not mention my name in this connection. You know me well enough, my dear doctor, to be assured that, in begging your secret coöperation, I have reasons that will meet your entire approval when they are made plain to you. We

shall return to town on the 15th of next month, and my first duty will be to present myself at your hospitable door and satisfy your curiosity, if I have excited it. My father, I am glad to state, has so greatly improved that he can no longer be regarded as an invalid. With great esteem, I am, etc., etc.

XIII.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 31,—.

Your letter, announcing your mad determination to come here, has just reached me. I beseech you to reflect a moment. The step would be fatal to your interests and hers. You would furnish just cause for irritation to R. W. D.; and, though he loves Marjorie tenderly, he is capable of going to any lengths if opposed. You would not like, I am convinced, to be the means of causing him to treat *her* with severity. That would be the result of your presence at The Pines at this juncture. I am annoyed to be obliged to point out these things to you. We are on very delicate ground, Jack; the situation is critical, and the slightest mistake in a move would cost us the game. If you consider it worth the winning, be patient. Trust a little to my sagacity. Wait and see what happens. Moreover, I understand from Dillon that you are in no condition to take so long a journey. He thinks the air of the coast would be the worst thing possible for you; that you ought to go inland, if anywhere. Be advised by me. Be advised by Dillon.

XIV.—Telegrams.

September 1, —.

1.—To Edward Delaney.

Letter received. Dillon be hanged. I think I ought to be on the ground. J. F.

2.—To John Flemming.

Stay where you are. You would only complicate matters. Do not move until you hear from me. E. D.

3.—To Edward Delaney.

My being at The Pines could be kept secret. I must see her. J. F.

4.—To John Flemming.

Do not think of it. It would be useless. R. W. D. has locked M. in her room. You would not be able to effect an interview. E. D.

5.—To Edward Delaney.

Locked her in her room. Good God. That settles the question. I shall leave by the twelve-fifteen express. J. F.

XV.—The Arrival.

On the second of September, 187–, as the down express due at 3.40 left the station at Hampton, a young man, leaning on the shoulder of a servant, whom he addressed as Watkins, stepped from the platform into a hack, and requested to be driven to "The Pines." On arriving at the gate of a modest farm-house, a few miles from the station, the young man descended with difficulty from the carriage, and, casting a hasty glance across the road, seemed much impressed by some peculiarity in the landscape. Again leaning on the shoulder of the person Watkins, he walked to the door of the farm-house and inquired for Mr. Edward Delaney. He was informed by the aged man who answered his knock, that Mr. Edward Delaney had gone to Boston the day before, but that Mr. Jonas Delaney was within. This information did not appear satisfactory to the stranger, who inquired if Mr. Edward Delaney had left any message for Mr. John Flemming. There *was* a letter for Mr. Flemming, if he were that person. After a brief absence the aged man reappeared with a Letter.

XVI.—Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

September 1, —.

I am horror-stricken at what I have done! When I began this correspondence I had no other purpose than to relieve the tedium of your sick chamber. Dillon told me to cheer you up. I tried to. I thought you entered into the spirit of the thing. I had no idea, until within a few days, that you were taking matters *au sérieux*.

What can I say? I am in sackcloth and ashes. I am a pariah, a dog of an outcast. I tried to make a little romance to interest you, something soothing and idyllic, and, by Jove! I have done it only too well! My father doesn't know a word of this, so don't jar the old gentleman any more than you can help. I fly from the wrath to come —when you arrive! For O, dear Jack, there isn't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock,—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!!

Buried Treasure

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I.—The Old Timer

JUST at dusk one afternoon we finished cutting the herd which our morning's drive had collected. The stray-herd, with its new additions from the day's work, we pushed rapidly into one big stock corral. The cows and unbranded calves we urged into another. Fifty head of beef steers found asylum from dust, heat, and racing to and fro, in the mile square wire enclosure called the pasture. All the remainder, for which we had no further use, we drove out of the flat into the brush and toward the distant mountains. Then we let them go as best pleased them.

By now the desert had turned slate-coloured, and the brush was olive green with evening. The hard, uncompromising ranges, twenty miles to eastward, had softened behind a wonderful veil of purple and pink, vivid as the chiffon of a girl's gown. To the south and southwest the Chiricahuas and Dragoons were lost in thunderclouds which flashed and rumbled.

We jogged homewards, our cutting ponies, tired with the quick, sharp work, shuffling knee deep in a dusk that seemed to disengage itself and rise upwards from the surface of the desert. Everybody was hungry and tired. At the chuck-wagon we threw off our saddles and turned the mounts into the remuda. Some of the wisest of us, remembering the thunderclouds, stacked our gear under the veranda roof of the old ranch-house.

Supper was ready. We seized the tin battery, filled the plates with the meat, bread, and canned corn, and squatted on our heels. The food was good, and we ate hugely in silence. When we could hold no more we lit pipes. Then we had leisure to notice that the storm-cloud was mounting in a portentous silence to the zenith, quenching the brilliant desert stars.

"Rolls" were scattered everywhere. A roll includes a cowboy's bed and all of his personal belongings. When the outfit includes a bed-wagon, the roll assumes bulky proportions.

As soon as we had come to a definite conclusion that it was going to rain, we deserted the camp-fire and went rustling for our blankets. At the end of ten minutes every bed was safe within the doors of the abandoned adobe ranch-house, each owner recumbent on the floor-claim he had pre-empted, and every man hoping fervently that he had guessed right as to the location of leaks.

Ordinarily we had depended on the light of camp-fires, so now artificial illumination lacked. Each man was indicated by the alternately glowing and waning lozenge of his cigaret fire. Occasionally some one struck a match, revealing for a moment high-lights on bronzed countenances, and the silhouette of a shading hand. Voices spoke disembodied. As the conversation developed, we gradually recognized the membership of our own roomful. I had forgotten to state that the ranch-house included four chambers. Outside, the rain roared with Arizona ferocity. Inside, men congratulated themselves, or swore as leaks developed and localized.

Naturally we talked first of stampedes. Cows and bears are the two great cattle-country topics. Then we had a mouth-organ solo or two, which naturally led on to songs. My turn came. I struck up the first verse of a sailor chantey as possessing at least the interest of novelty:

> Oh, once we were a-sailing, a-sailing were we,
> *Blow high, blow low, what care we;*
> And we were a-sailing to see what we could see,
> *Down on the coast of the High Barbaree.*

I had just gone so far when I was brought up short by a tremendous oath behind me. At the same instant a match flared. I turned to face a stranger holding the little light above his head, and peering with

fiery intentness over the group sprawled about the floor.

He was evidently just in from the storm. His dripping hat lay at his feet. A shock of straight, close-clipped vigorous hair stood up gray above his seamed forehead. Bushy iron-gray eyebrows drawn close together thatched a pair of burning, unquenchable eyes. A square, deep jaw, lightly stubbled with gray, was clamped so tight that the cheek muscles above it stood out in knots and welts.

Then the match burned his thick, square fingers, and he dropped it into the darkness that ascended to swallow it.

"Who was singing that song?" he cried harshly. Nobody answered.

"Who was that singing?" he demanded again.

By this time I had recovered from my first astonishment.

"I was singing," said I.

Another match was instantly lit and thrust into my very face. I underwent the fierce scrutiny of an instant, then the taper was thrown away half consumed.

"Where did you learn it?" the stranger asked in an altered voice.

"I don't remember," I replied; "it is a common enough deep-sea chantey."

A heavy pause fell. Finally the stranger sighed.

"Quite like," he said; "I never heard but one man sing it."

"Who in hell are you?" some one demanded out of the darkness.

Before replying, the newcomer lit a third match, searching for a place to sit down. As he bent forward, his strong, harsh face once more came clearly into view.

"He's Colorado Rogers," the Cattleman answered for him; "I know him."

"Well," insisted the first voice, "what in hell does Colorado Rogers mean by bustin' in on our song *fiesta* that way?"

"Tell them, Rogers," advised the Cattleman, "tell them—just as you told it down on the Gila ten years ago next month."

"What?" inquired Rogers. "Who are you?"

"You don't know me," replied the Cattleman, "but I was with Buck Johnson's outfit then. Give us the yarn."

"Well," agreed Rogers, "pass over the 'makings' and I will."

He rolled and lit a cigaret, while I revelled in the memory of his rich, great voice. It was of the sort made to declaim against the sea or the rush of rivers or, as here, the fall of waters and the thunder—full, from the chest, with the caressing throat vibration that gives colour to the most ordinary statements. After ten words we sank back oblivious of the storm, forgetful of the leaky roof and the dirty floor, lost in the story told us by the Old Timer.

II.—The Texas Rangers

I came from Texas, like the bulk of you punchers, but a good while before the most of you were born. That was forty-odd years ago—and I've been on the Colorado River ever since. That's why they call me Colorado Rogers. About a dozen of us came out together. We had all been Texas Rangers, but when the war broke out we were out of a job. We none of us cared much for the Johnny Rebs, and still less for the Yanks, so we struck overland for the West, with the idea of hitting the California diggings.

Well, we got switched off one way and another. When we got down to about where Douglas is now, we found that the Mexican Government was offering a bounty for Apache scalps. That looked pretty good to us, for Injin chasing was our job, so we started in to collect. Did pretty well, too, for about three months, and then the Injins began to get too scarce, or too plenty in streaks. Looked like our job was over with, but some of the boys discovered that Mexicans, having straight black hair, you couldn't tell one of their scalps from an Apache's. After that the bounty business picked up for a while. It was too much for me, though, and I quit the outfit and pushed on alone until I struck the Colorado about where Yuma is now.

At that time the California immigrants by the southern route used to cross just there, and these Yuma Injins had a monopoly on the ferry business. They were a peaceful, fine-looking lot, without a thing on but a gee-string. The women had belts with rawhide strings hanging to the knees. They put them on one over the other until they didn't feel too decollotey. It wasn't until the soldiers came that the officers' wives got them to wear handkerchiefs over their breasts. The system was all right, though. They wallowed around in the hot, clean sand, like chickens, and kept healthy. Since they took to wearing clothes they've been petering out, and dying of dirt and assorted diseases.

They ran this ferry monopoly by means of boats made of tules, charged a scand'-

lous low price, and everything was happy and lovely. I ran on a little bar and panned out some dust, so I camped a while, washing gold, getting friendly with the Yumas, and talking horse and other things with the immigrants.

About a month of this, and the Texas boys drifted in. Seems they sort of overdid the scalp matter, and got found out. When they saw me, they stopped and went into camp. They'd traveled a heap of desert, and were getting sick of it. For a while they tried gold washing, but I had the only pocket—and that was about skinned. One evening a fellow named Walleye announced that he had been doing some figuring, and wanted to make a speech. We told him to fire ahead.

"Now look here," said he, "What's the use of going to California? Why not stay here?"

"What in hell would we do here?" someone asked. "Collect Gila monsters for their good looks?"

"Don't get gay," said Walleye. "What's the matter with going into business? Here's a heap of people going through, and more coming every day. This ferry business could be made to pay big. Them Injins charges two bits a head. That's a crime for the only way across. And how much do you suppose whisky'd be worth to drink after that desert? And a man's so sick of himself by the time he gets this far that he'd play chuck-a-luck, let alone faro or monte."

That kind of talk hit them where they lived, and Yuma was founded right then and there. They hadn't any whisky yet, but cards were plenty, and the ferry monopoly was too easy. Walleye served notice on the Injins that a dollar a head went; and we all set to building a tule raft like the others. Then the wild bunch got uneasy, so they walked upstream one morning and stole the Injins' boats. The Injins came after them innocent as babies, thinking the raft had gone adrift. When they got into camp our men opened up and killed four of them as a kind of hint. After that the ferry company didn't have any trouble. The Yumas moved up river a ways, where they've lived ever since. They got the corpses and buried them. That is, they dug a trench for each one and laid poles across it, with a funeral pyre on the poles. Then they put the body on top, and the women of the family cut their hair off and threw it on. After that they set fire to the outfit, and, when the poles had burned through, the whole business fell into the trench of its own accord. It was the neatest, automatic, self-cocking, double-action sort of a funeral I ever saw. There wasn't any ceremony—only crying.

The ferry business flourished at prices which were sometimes hard to collect. But it was a case of pay or go back, and it was a tur'ble long ways back. We got us timbers and made a scow; built a *baile* and saloon and houses out of adobe; and called her Yuma, after the Injins that had really started her. We got our supplies through the Gulf of California, where sailing boats worked up the river. People began to come in for one reason or another, and first thing we knew we had a store and all sorts of trimmings. In fact we was a real live town.

III.—The Sailor with One Hand

At this moment the heavy beat of the storm on the roof ceased with miraculous suddenness, leaving the outside world empty of sound save for the *drip, drip, drip* of eaves. Nobody ventured to fill in the pause that followed the stranger's last words, so in a moment he continued his narrative.

We had every sort of people with us off and on, and, as I was lookout at a popular game, I saw them all. One evening I was on my way home about two o'clock of a moonlit night, when on the edge of the shadow I stumbled over a body lying part across the footway. At the same instant I heard the rip of steel through cloth and felt a sharp stab in my left leg. For a minute I thought some drunk had used his knife on me, and I mighty near derringered him as he lay. But somehow I didn't, and looking closer, I saw the man was unconscious. Then I scouted to see what had cut me, and found that the fellow had lost a hand. In place of it he wore a sharp steel hook. This I had tangled up with and gotten well pricked.

I dragged him out into the light. He was a slim-built young fellow, with straight black hair, long and lank and oily, a lean face, and big hooked nose. He had on only a thin shirt, a pair of rough wool pants, and the rawhide home-made *zapatos* the Mexicans wore then instead of boots. Across his forehead ran a long gash, cutting his left eyebrow square in two.

There was no doubt of his being alive, for he was breathing hard, like a man does

when he gets hit over the head. It didn't sound good. When a man breathes that way he's mostly all gone.

Well, it was really none of my business, as you might say. Men got batted over the head often enough in those days. But for some reason I picked him up and carried him to my 'dobe shack, and laid him out and washed his cut with sour wine. That brought him to. Sour wine is fine to put a wound in shape to heal, but it's no soothing syrup. He sat up as though he'd been touched with a hot poker, stared around wild-eyed, and cut loose with that song you were singing. Only it wasn't that verse. It was another one further along, that went like this:

Their coffin was their ship, and their grave it was the sea,
Blow high, blow low, what care we;
And the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea,
Down on the coast of the High Barbaree.

It fair made my hair rise to hear him, with the big, still, solemn desert outside, and the quiet moonlight, and the shadows, and him sitting up straight and gaunt, his eyes blazing each side his big eagle nose, and his snaky hair hanging over the raw cut across his head. However, I made out to get him bandaged up and in shape; and pretty soon he sort of went to sleep.

Well, he was clean out of his head for nigh two weeks. Most of the time he lay flat on his back staring at the pole roof, his eyes burning and looking like they saw each one something a different distance off, the way crazy eyes do. That was when he was best. Then again he'd sing that Barbaree song until I'd go out and look at the Colorado flowing by just to be sure I hadn't died and gone below. Or else he'd just talk. That was the worst performance of all. It was like listening to one end of a telephone, though we didn't know what telephones were in those days. He began when he was a kid, and he gave his side of conversations, pausing for replies. I could mighty near furnish the replies sometimes. It was a queer lingo—about ships and ships' officers and gales and calms and fights and pearls and whales and islands and birds and skies. But it was all little stuff. I used to listen by the hour, but I never made out anything really important as to who the man was, or where he'd come from, or what he'd done.

At the end of the second week I came in at noon as per usual to fix him up with grub. I didn't pay any attention to him, for he was quiet. As I was bending over the fire he spoke. Usually I didn't bother with his talk, for it didn't mean anything, but something in his voice made me turn. He was lying on his side, those black eyes of his blazing at me, but now both of them saw the same distance.

"Where are my clothes?" he asked, very intense.

"You ain't in any shape to want clothes," said I. "Lie still."

I hadn't any more than got the words out of my mouth before he was atop me. His method was a winner. He had me by the throat with his hand, and I felt the point of the hook pricking the back of my neck. One little squeeze—. Talk about your deadly weapons!

But he'd been too sick and too long abed. He turned dizzy and keeled over, and I dumped him back on the bunk. Then I put my six-shooter on.

In a minute or so he came to.

"Now, you're a nice, sweet proposition," said I, as soon as I was sure he could understand me. "Here I pick you up on the street and save your worthless carcass, and the first chance you get you try to crawl my hump. Explain."

"Where's my clothes?" he demanded again, very fierce.

"For heaven's sake," I yelled at him, "what's the matter with you and your old clothes? There ain't enough of them to dust a fiddle with anyway. What do you think I'd want with them? They're safe enough."

"Let me have them," he begged.

"Now, look here," said I, "you can't get up to-day. You ain't fit."

"I know," he pleaded, "but let me see them."

Just to satisfy him I passed over his old duds.

"I've been robbed," he cried.

"Well," said I, "what did you expect would happen to you lying around Yuma after midnight with a hole in your head?"

"Where's my coat?" he asked.

"You had no coat when I picked you up," I replied.

He looked at me mighty suspicious, but didn't say anything more—wouldn't even answer when I spoke to him. After he'd eaten a fair meal he fell asleep. When I came back that evening the bunk was empty and he was gone.

I didn't see him again for two days. Then I caught sight of him quite a ways off. He nodded at me very sour, and dodged around the corner of the store.

"Guess he suspicions I stole that old coat of his," thinks I; and afterwards I found that my surmise had been correct.

However, he didn't stay long in that frame of mind. It was along towards evening, and I was walking on the banks looking down over the muddy old Colorado, as I always liked to do. The sun had just set, and the mountains had turned hard and stiff, as they do after the glow, and the sky above them was a thousand million miles deep of pale green-gold light. A pair of Greasers were ahead of me, but I could see only their outlines, and they didn't seem to interfere any with the scenery. Suddenly a black figure seemed to rise up out of the ground; the Mexican man went down as though he'd been jerked with a string, and the woman screeched.

I ran up, pulling my gun. The Mex was flat on his face, his arms stretched out. On the middle of his back knelt my one-armed friend. And that sharp hook was caught neatly under the point of the Mexican's jaw. You bet he lay still.

I really think I was just in time to save the man's life. According to my belief another minute would have buried the hook in the Mexican's neck. Anyway, I thrust the muzzle of my Colt's into the sailor's face.

"What's this?" I asked.

The sailor looked up at me without changing his position. He was not the least bit afraid.

"This man has my coat," he explained.

"Where'd you get the coat?" I asked the Mex.

"I ween heem at monte off Antonio Curvez," said he.

"Maybe," growled the sailor.

He still held the hook under the man's jaw, but with the other hand he ran rapidly under and over the Mexican's left shoulder. In the half light I could see his face change. The gleam died from his eye; the snarl left his lips. Without further delay he arose to his feet.

"Get up and give it here," he demanded.

The Mexican was only too glad to get off so easy. I don't know whether he'd really won the coat at monte or not. In any case, he flew *poco pronto*, leaving me and my friend together.

The man with the hook felt the left shoulder of the coat again, looked up, met my eye, muttered something intended to be pleasant, and walked away.

This was in December.

During the next two months he was a good deal about town, mostly doing odd jobs. I saw him off and on. He always spoke to me as pleasantly as he knew how, and once made some sort of a bluff about paying me back for my trouble in bringing him around. However, I didn't pay much attention to that, being at the time almighty busy holding down my card games.

The last day of February I was sitting in my shack smoking a pipe after supper, when my one-armed friend opened the door a foot, slipped in, and shut it immediately. By the time he looked towards me I knew where my six-shooter was.

"That's all right," said I, "but you better stay right there."

I intended to take no more chances with that hook.

He stood there looking straight at me without winking or offering to move.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I want to make up to you for your trouble," said he. "I've got a good thing, and I want to let you in on it."

"What kind of a good thing?" I asked.

"Treasure," said he.

"H'm," said I.

I examined him closely. He looked all right enough, neither drunk nor loco.

"Sit down," said I—"over there; the other side the table." He did so. "Now, fire away," said I.

He told me his name was Solomon Anderson, but that he was generally known as Handy Solomon, on account of his hook; that he had always followed the sea; that lately he had coasted the west shores of Mexico; that at Guaymas he had fallen in with Spanish friends, in company with whom he had visited the mines in the Sierra Madre; that on this expedition the party had been attacked by Yaquis and wiped out, he alone surviving; that his blanket-mate before expiring had told him of gold buried in a cove of Lower California by the man's grandfather; that the man had given him a chart showing the location of the treasure; that he had sewn this chart in the shoulder of his coat, whence his suspicion of me and his being so loco about getting it back.

"And it's a big thing," said Handy Solomon to me, "for they's not only gold, but altar jewels and diamonds. It will make us rich, and a dozen like us, and you can kiss the Book on that."

"That may all be true," said I, "but why do you tell me? Why don't you get your treasure without the need of dividing it?"

"Why, mate," he answered, "it's just plain gratitude. Didn't you save my life, and nuss me, and take care of me when I was nigh killed?"

"Look here, Anderson, or Handy Solomon, or whatever you please to call yourself," I rejoined to this, "if you're going to do business with me—and I do not understand yet just what it is you want of me—you'll have to talk straight. It's all very well to say gratitude, but that don't go with me. You've been around here three months, and barring a half-dozen civil words and twice as many of the other kind, I've failed to see any indications of your gratitude before. It's a quality with a hell of a hang-fire to it."

He looked at me sideways, spat, and looked at me sideways again. Then he burst into a laugh.

"The devil's a preacher, if you ain't lost your pin-feathers," said he. "Well, it's this then: I got to have a boat to get there; and she must be stocked. And I got to have help with the treasure, if it's like this fellow said it was. And the Yaquis and cannibals from Tiburon is through the country. It's money I got to have, and it's money I haven't got, and can't get unless I let somebody in as pardner."

"Why me?" I asked.

"Why not?" he retorted. "I ain't see anybody I like better."

We talked the matter over at length. I had to force him to each point, for suspicion was strong in him. I stood out for a larger party. He strongly opposed this as depreciating the shares, but I had no intention of going alone into what was then considered a wild and dangerous country. Finally we compromised. A third of the treasure was to go to him, a third to me, and the rest was to be divided among the men whom I should select. This scheme did not appeal to him.

"How do I know you plays fair?" he complained. "They'll be four of you to one of me; and I don't like it, and you can kiss the Book on that."

"If you don't like it, leave it," said I, "and get out, and be damned to you."

Finally he agreed; but he refused me a look at the chart, saying that he had left it in a safe place. I believe in reality he wanted to be surer of me, and for that I can hardly blame him.

IV.—The Murder on the Beach

At this moment the cook stuck his head in at the open door.

"Say, you fellows," he complained, "I got to be up at three o'clock. Ain't you *never* goin' to turn in?"

"Shut up, Doctor!" "Somebody kill him!" "Here, sit down and listen to this yarn!" yelled a savage chorus.

There ensued a slight scuffle, a few objections. Then silence, and the stranger took up his story.

I had a chum named Billy Simpson, and I rung him in for friendship. Then there was a solemn, tall Texas young fellow, strong as a bull, straight and tough, brought up fighting Injins. He never said much, but I knew he'd be right there when the gong struck. For fourth man I picked out a German named Schwartz. He and Simpson had just come back from the mines together. I took him because he was a friend of Billy's, and besides was young and strong, and was the only man in town excepting the sailor, Anderson, who knew anything about running a boat. I forgot to say that the Texas fellow was named Denton.

Handy Solomon had his boat all picked out. It belonged to some Basques who had sailed her around from California. I must say when I saw her I felt inclined to renig, for she wasn't more'n about twenty-five feet long, was open except for a little sort of cubby-hole up in the front of her, had one mast, and was pointed at both ends. However, Schwartz said she was all right. He claimed he knew the kind; that she was the sort used by French fishermen, and could stand all sorts of trouble. She didn't look it.

We worked her up to Yuma, partly with oars and partly by sails. Then we loaded her with grub for a month. Each of us had his own weapons, of course. In addition we put in picks and shovels, and a small cask of water. Handy Solomon said that would be enough, as there was water marked down on his chart. We told the gang that we were going trading.

At the end of the week we started, and were out four days. There wasn't much room, what with the supplies and the baggage, for the five of us. We had to curl up 'most anywheres to sleep. And it certainly seemed to me that we were in lots of danger. The waves were much bigger than she was, and splashed on us considerable, but Schwartz and Anderson didn't seem to mind. They laughed at us. Anderson sang that song of his, and Schwartz told us of the placers he had worked. He and Simpson had made a pretty good clean-up, just

enough to make them want to get rich. The first day out Simpson showed us a belt with about a hundred ounces of dust. This he got tired of wearing, so he kept it in a compass-box, which was empty.

At the end of the four days we turned in at a deep bay and came to anchor. The country was the usual proposition—very light-brown, brittle-looking mountains, about two thousand feet high; lots of sage and cactus, a pebbly beach, and not a sign of anything fresh and green.

But Denton and I were mighty glad to see any sort of land. Besides, our keg of water was pretty low, and it was getting about time to discover the spring the chart spoke of. So we piled our camp stuff in the small boat and rowed ashore.

Anderson led the way confidently enough up a dry arroyo, whose sides were clay and conglomerate. But, though we followed it to the end, we could find no indications that it was anything more than a wash for rain floods.

"That's main queer," muttered Anderson, and returned to the beach.

There he spread out the chart—the first look at it we'd had—and set to studying it.

It was a careful piece of work done in India ink, pretty old, to judge by the look of it, and with all sorts of pictures of mountains and dolphins and ships and anchors around the edge. There was our bay, all right. Two crosses were marked on the land part—one labelled "*oro*" and the other "*agua.*"

"Now there's the high cliff," says Anderson, following it out, "and there's the round hill with the boulder—and if them bearings don't point due for that ravine, the devil's a preacher."

We tried it again, with the same result. A second inspection of the map brought us no light on the question. We talked it over, and looked at it from all points, but we couldn't dodge the truth: the chart was wrong.

Then we explored several of the nearest gullies, but without finding anything but loose stones baked hot in the sun.

By now it was getting towards sundown, so we built us a fire of mesquite on the beach, made us supper, and boiled a pot of beans.

We talked it over. The water was about gone.

"That's what we've got to find first," said Simpson, "no question of it. It's God knows how far to the next water, and we don't know how long it will take us to get there in that little boat. If we run our water entirely out before we start, we're going to be in trouble. We'll have a good look to-morrow, and if we don't find her, we'll run down to Mollyhay[1] and get a few extra casks."

"Perhaps that map is wrong about the treasure, too," suggested Denton.

"I thought of that," said Handy Solomon, "but then, thinks I to myself, this old rip probably don't make no long stay here—just dodges in and out like, between tides, to bury his loot. He would need no water at the time; but he might when he came back, so he marked the water on his map. But he wasn't noways particular *and* exact, being in a hurry. But you can kiss the Book to it that he didn't make no such mistakes about the swag."

"I believe you're right," said I.

When we came to turn in, Anderson suggested that he should sleep aboard the boat. But Billy Simpson, in mind perhaps of the hundred ounces in the compass-box, insisted that he'd just as soon as not. After a little objection Handy Solomon gave in, but I thought he seemed sour about it. We built a good fire, and in about ten seconds were asleep.

Now, usually I sleep like a log, and did this time until about midnight. Then all at once I came broad awake and sitting up in my blankets. Nothing had happened—I wasn't even dreaming—but there I was as alert and clear as though it were broad noon.

By the light of the fire I saw Handy Solomon sitting, and at his side our five rifles gathered.

I must have made some noise, for he turned quietly toward me, saw I was awake, and nodded. The moonlight was sparkling on the hard stony landscape, and a thin dampness came out from the sea.

After a minute Anderson threw on another stick of wood, yawned, and stood up.

"It's wet," said he; "I've been fixing the guns."

He showed me how he was inserting a little patch of felt between the hammer and the nipple—a scheme of his own for keeping damp from the powder. Then he rolled up in his blanket. At the time it all seemed quite natural—I suppose my mind wasn't fully awake, for all my head felt so clear. Afterwards I realized what a ridiculous bluff he was making: for of course the cap already on the nipple was plenty to keep out the damp. I fully believe he intended to kill us as we lay.

[1] Mulege—I retain the Old Timer's pronunciation.

Only my sudden awakening spoiled his plan.

I had absolutely no idea of this at the time, however. Not the slightest suspicion entered my head. In view of that fact, I have since believed in guardian angels. For my next move, which at the time seemed to me absolutely aimless, was to change my blankets from one side of the fire to the other. And that brought me alongside the five rifles.

Owing to this fact, I am now convinced, we awoke safe at daylight, cooked breakfast, and laid the plan for the day. Anderson directed us. I was to climb over the ridge before us and search in the ravine on the other side. Schwartz was to explore up the beach to the left, and Denton to the right. Anderson said he would wait for Billy Simpson, who had overslept in the darkness of the cubby-hole, and who was now paddling ashore. The two of them would push inland to the west until a high hill would give them a chance to look around for greenery.

We started at once, before the sun would be hot. The hill I had to climb was steep and covered with *chollas*, so I didn't get along very fast. When I was about half way to the top I heard a shot from the beach. I looked back. Anderson was in the small boat, rowing rapidly out to the vessel. Denton was running up the beach from one direction and Schwartz from the other. I slid and slipped down the bluff, getting pretty well stuck up with the *cholla* spines.

At the beach we found Billy Simpson lying on his face, shot through the back. We turned him over, but he was apparently dead. Anderson had hoisted the sail, had cut loose from the anchor, and was sailing away.

Denton stood up straight and tall, looking. Then he pulled his belt in a hole, grabbed my arm, and started to run up the long curve of the beach. Behind us came Schwartz. We ran near a mile, and then fell among some tules in an inlet at the farther point.

"What is it?" I gasped.

"Our only chance—to get him—" said Denton. "He's got to go around this point—big wind—perhaps his mast will bust—then he'll come ashore—" He opened and shut his big brown hands.

So there we two fools lay, like panthers in the tules, taking our only one-in-a-million chance to lay hands on Anderson. Any sailor could have told us that the mast wouldn't break, but we had winded Schwartz a quarter of a mile back. And so we waited, our eyes fixed on the boat's sail, grudging her every inch, just burning to fix things to suit us a little better. And naturally she made the point in what I now know was only a fresh breeze, squared away, and dropped down before the wind toward Guaymas.

We walked back slowly to our camp, swallowing the copper taste of too hard a run. Schwartz we picked up from a boulder, just recovering. We were all of us crazy mad. Schwartz half wept, and blamed and cussed. Denton glowered away in silence. I ground my feet into the sand in a helpless sort of anger, not only at the man himself, but also at the whole way things had turned out. I don't believe the least notion of our predicament had come to any of us. All we knew yet was that we had been done up, and we were hostile about it.

But at camp we found something to occupy us for the moment. Poor Billy was not dead, as we had supposed, but very weak and sick, and a hole square through him. When we returned he was conscious, but that was about all. His eyes were shut, and he was moaning. I tore open his shirt to stanch the blood. He felt my hand and opened his eyes. They were glazed, and I don't think he saw me.

"Water, water!" he cried.

At that we others saw all at once where we stood. I remember I rose to my feet and found myself staring straight into Tom Denton's eyes. We looked at each other that way for I guess it was a full minute. Then Tom shook his head.

"Water, water!" begged poor Billy.

Tom leaned over him.

"My God, Billy, there ain't any water!" said he.

V.—Buried Treasure

The Old Timer's voice broke a little. We had leisure to notice that even the drip from the eaves had ceased. A faint, diffused light vouchsafed us dim outlines of sprawling figures and tumbled bedding. Far in the distance outside a wolf yelped.

We could do nothing for him except shelter him from the sun, and wet his forehead with sea-water; nor could we think clearly for ourselves as long as the spark of life lingered in him. His chest rose and fell regularly, but with long pauses between.

When the sun was overhead he suddenly opened his eyes.

"Fellows," said he, "it's beautiful over there; the grass is so green, and the water so cool; I am tired of marching, and I reckon I'll cross over and camp."

Then he died. We scooped out a shallow hole above tide-mark, and laid him in it, and piled over him stones from the wash.

Then we went back to the beach, very solemn, to talk it over.

"Now, boys," said I, "there seems to me just one thing to do, and that is to pike out for water as fast as we can."

"Where?" asked Denton.

"Well," I argued, "I don't believe there's any water about this bay. Maybe there was when that chart was made. It was a long time ago. And anyway, the old pirate was a sailor, and no plainsman, and maybe he mistook rainwater for a spring. We've looked around this end of the bay. The chances are we'd use up two or three days exploring around the other, and then wouldn't be as well off as we are right now."

"Which way?" asked Denton again, mighty brief.

"Well," said I, "there's one thing I've always noticed in case of folks held up by the desert: they generally go wandering about here and there looking for water until they die not far from where they got lost. And usually they've covered a heap of actual distance."

"That's so," agreed Denton.

"Now, I've always figured that it would be a good deal better to start right out for some particular place, even if it's ten thousand miles away. A man is just as likely to strike water going in a straight line as he is going in a circle; and then, besides, he's getting somewhere."

"Correct," said Denton.

"So," I finished, "I reckon we'd better follow the coast south and try to get to Mollyhay."

"How far is that?" asked Schwartz.

"I don't rightly know. But somewheres between three and five hundred miles, at a guess."

At that he fell to glowering and glooming with himself, brooding over what a hard time it was going to be. That is the way with a German. First off he's plumb scared at the prospect of suffering anything, and would rather die right off than take long chances. After he gets into the swing of it, he behaves as well as any man.

We took stock of what we had to depend on. The total assets proved to be just three pairs of legs. A pot of coffee had been on the fire, but that villain had kicked it over when he left. The kettle of beans was there, but somehow we got the notion they might have been poisoned, so we left them. I don't know now why we were so foolish—if poison was his game, he'd have tried it before—but at that time it seemed reasonable enough. Perhaps the horror of the morning's work, and the sight of the brittle-brown mountains, and the ghastly yellow glare of the sun, and the blue waves racing by outside, and the big strong wind that blew through us so hard that it seemed to blow empty our souls, had turned our judgment. Anyway, we left a full meal there in the beanpot.

So without any further delay we set off up the ridge I had started to cross that morning. Schwartz lagged, sulky as a muley cow, but we managed to keep him with us. At the top of the ridge we took our bearings for the next deep bay. Already we had made up our minds to stick to the sea-coast, both on account of the lower country over which to travel and the off chance of falling in with a fishing vessel. Schwartz muttered something about its being too far even to the next bay, and wanted to sit down on a rock. Denton didn't say anything, but he jerked Schwartz up by the collar so fiercely that the German gave it over and came along.

We dropped down into the gully, stumbled over the boulder wash, and began to toil in the ankle-deep sand of a little sage-brush flat this side of the next ascent. Schwartz followed steadily enough now, but had fallen forty or fifty feet behind. This was a nuisance, as we had to keep turning to see if he still kept up. Suddenly he seemed to disappear.

Denton and I hurried back to find him on his hands and knees behind a sage-brush, clawing away at the sand like mad.

"Can't be water on this flat," said Denton; "he must have gone crazy."

"What's the matter, Schwartz?" I asked.

For answer he moved a little to one side, showing beneath his knee one corner of a wooden box sticking above the sand.

At this we dropped beside him, and in five minutes had uncovered the whole of the chest. It was not very large, and was locked. A rock from the wash fixed that, however. We threw back the lid.

It was full to the brim of gold coins, thrown in loose, night two bushels of them.

"The treasure!" I cried.

There it was, sure enough, or some of it.

We looked the chest through, but found nothing but the gold coins. The altar ornaments and jewels were lacking.

"Probably buried in another box or so," said Denton.

Schwartz wanted to dig around a little.

"No good," said I. "We've got our work cut out for us as it is."

Denton backed me up. We were both old hands at the business, had each in our time suffered the "cotton-mouth" thirst, and the memory of it outweighed any desire for treasure.

But Schwartz was money-mad. Left to himself he would have stayed on that sand flat to perish, as certainly as had poor Billy. We had fairly to force him away, and then succeeded only because we let him fill all his pockets to bulging with the coins. As we moved up the next rise, he kept looking back and uttering little moans against the crime of leaving it.

Luckily for us it was winter. We shouldn't have lasted six hours at this time of year. As it was, the sun was hot against the shale and the little stones of those cussed hills. We plodded along until late afternoon, toiling up one hill and down another, only to repeat immediately. Towards sundown we made the second bay, where we plunged into the sea, clothes and all, and were greatly refreshed. I suppose a man absorbs a good deal that way. Anyhow, it always seemed to help.

We were now pretty hungry, and, as we walked along the shore, we began to look for turtles or shell-fish, or anything else that might come handy. There was nothing. Schwartz wanted to stop for a night's rest, but Denton and I knew better than that.

"Look here, Schwartz," said Denton, "you don't realize you're entered against time in this race—and that you're a damn fool to carry all that weight in your clothes."

So we dragged along all night.

It was weird enough, I can tell you. The moon shone cold and white over that dead, dry country. Hot whiffs rose from the baked stones and hillsides. Shadows lay under the stones like animals crouching. When we came to the edge of a silvery hill we dropped off into pitchy blackness. There we stumbled over boulders for a minute or so, and began to climb the steep shale on the other side. This was fearful work. The top seemed always miles away. By morning we didn't seem to have made much of anywhere. The same old hollow-looking mountains with the sharp edges stuck up in about the same old places.

We had got over being very hungry, and, though we were pretty dry, we didn't really suffer yet from thirst. About this time Denton ran across some fishhook cactus, which we cut up and chewed. They have a sticky wet sort of inside, which doesn't quench your thirst any, but helps to keep you from drying up and blowing away.

All that day we plugged along as per usual. It was main hard work, and we got to that state where things are disagreeable, but mechanical. Strange to say, Schwartz kept in the lead. It seemed to me at the time that he was using more energy than the occasion called for—just as a man runs faster before he comes to the giving-out point. However, the hours went by, and he didn't seem to get any more tired than the rest of us.

We kept a sharp lookout for anything to eat, but there was nothing but lizards and horned toads. Later we'd have been glad of them, but by that time we'd got out of their district. Night came. Just at sundown we took another wallow in the surf, and chewed some more fishhook cactus. When the moon came up we went on.

I'm not going to tell you how dead beat we got. We were pretty tough and strong, for all of us had been used to hard living, but after the third day without anything to eat and no water to drink, it came to be pretty hard going. It got to the point where we had to have some *reason* for getting out besides just keeping alive. A man would sometimes rather die than keep alive, anyway, if it came only to that. But I made up my mind I was going to get out so I could smash up that Anderson, and I reckon Denton had the same idea. Schwartz didn't say anything, but he pumped on ahead of us, his back bent over and his clothes sagging and bulging with the gold he carried.

We used to travel all night, because it was cool, and rest an hour or two at noon. That is all the rest we did get. I don't know how fast we went; I'd got beyond that. We must have crawled along mighty slow, though, after our first strength gave out. The way I used to do was to collect myself with an effort, look around for my bearings, pick out a landmark a little distance off, and forget everything but it. Then I'd plod along, knowing nothing but the sand and shale and slope under my feet, until I'd reached that landmark. Then I'd clear my mind and pick out another.

But I couldn't shut out the figure of Schwartz that way. He used to walk

along just ahead of my shoulder. His face was all twisted up, but I remember thinking at the time it looked more as if he was worried in his mind than like bodily suffering. The weight of the gold in his clothes bent his shoulders over.

As we went on the country gradually got to be more mountainous, and, as we were steadily growing weaker, it did seem things were piling up on us. The eighth day we ran out of the fishhook cactus, and, being on a high promontory, were out of touch with the sea. For the first time my tongue began to swell a little. The cactus had kept me from that before. Denton must have been in the same fix, for he looked at me and raised one eyebrow kind of humorous.

Schwartz was having a good deal of difficulty to navigate. I will say for him that he had done well, but now I could see that his strength was going on him in spite of himself. He knew it, all right, for when we rested that day he took all the gold coins and spread them in a row, and counted them, and put them back in his pocket, and then all of a sudden snatched out two h.. dfuls and threw them as far as he could

"Too heavy," he muttered, but that was all he could bring himself to throw away.

All that night we wandered high in the air. I guess we tried to keep a general direction, but I don't know. Anyway, along late, but before moonrise—she was now on the wane—I came to, and found my self looking over the edge of a twenty-foo drop. Right below me I made out a faint glimmer of white earth in the starlight. Somehow it reminded me of a little trail I used to know under a big rock back in Texas.

"Here's a trail," I thought, more than half loco; "I'll follow it!"

At least that's what half of me thought. The other half was sensible, and knew better, but it seemed to be kind of standing to one side, a little scornful, watching the performance. So I slid and slipped down to the strip of white earth, and, sure enough, it was a trail. At that the loco half of me gave the sensible part the laugh. I followed the path twenty feet and came to a dark hollow under the rock, and in it a round pool of water about a foot across. They say a man kills himself drinking too much, after starving for water. That may be, but it didn't kill me, and I sucked up all I could hold. Perhaps the fishhook cactus had helped. Well, sir, it was surprizing how that drink brought me around. A minute before I'd been on the edge of going plumb loco, and here I was as clear-headed as a lawyer.

I hunted up Denton and Schwartz. They drank themselves full, too. Then we rested. It was mighty hard to leave that spring——

Oh, we had to do it. We'd have starved sure, there. The trail was a game trail, but that did us no good, for we had no weapons. How we did wish for the coffeepot, so we could take some away. We filled our hats, and carried them about three hours, before the water began to soak through. Then we had to drink it in order to save it.

The country fairly stood up on end. We had to climb separate little hills so as to avoid rolling rocks down on each other. It took it out of us. About this time we began to see mountain sheep. They would come right up to the edges of the small cliffs to look at us. We threw stones at them, hoping to hit one in the forehead, but of course without any results.

The good effects of the water lasted us about a day. Then we began to see things again. Off and on I could see water plain as could be in every hollow, and game of all kinds standing around and looking at me. I knew these were all fakes. By making an effort I could swing things around to where they belonged. I used to do that every once in a while, just to be sure we weren't doubling back, and to look out for real water. But most of the time it didn't seem to be worth while. I just let all these visions riot around and have a good time inside me or outside me, whichever it was. I knew I could get rid of them any minute. Most of the time, if I was in any doubt, it was easier to throw a stone to see if the animals were real or not. The real ones ran away.

We began to see bands of wild horses in the uplands. One day both Denton and I plainly saw one with saddle marks on him. If only one of us had seen him, it wouldn't have counted much, but we both made him out. This encouraged us wonderfully, though I don't see why it should have. We had topped the high country, too, and had started down the other side of the mountains that ran out on the promontory. Denton and I were still navigating without any thought of giving up, but Schwartz was getting in bad shape. I'd hate to pack twenty pounds over that country even with rest, food, and water. He was toting it on nothing. We told him so, and he came to see it, but he never could

persuade himself to get rid of the gold all at once. Instead he threw away the pieces one by one. Each sacrifice seemed to nerve him up for another heat. I can shut my eyes and see it now—the wide, glaring, yellow country, the pasteboard mountains, we three dragging along, and the fierce sunshine flashing from the doubloons as one by one they went spinning through the air.

VI.—The Chewed Sugar Cane

"I'd like to have trailed you fellows," sighed a voice from the corner.

"Would you!" said Colorado Rogers grimly.

It was five days to the next water. But they were worse than the eight days before. We were lucky, however, for at the spring we discovered in a deep wash near the coast, was the dried-up skull of a horse. It had been there a long time, but a few shreds of dried flesh still clung to it. It was the only thing that could be described as food that had passed our lips since breakfast thirteen days before. In that time we had crossed the mountain chain, and had come again to the sea. The Lord was good to us. He sent us the water, and the horse's skull, and the smooth hard beach, without breaks or the necessity of climbing hills. And we needed it, oh, I promise you, we needed it!

I doubt if any of us could have kept the direction except by such an obvious and continuous landmark as the sea to our left. It hardly seemed worth while to focus my mind, but I did it occasionally just by way of testing myself. Schwartz still threw away his gold coins, and once, in one of my rare intervals of looking about me, I saw Denton picking them up. This surprized me mildly, but I was too tired to be very curious. Only now, when I saw Schwartz's arm sweep out in what had become a mechanical movement, I always took pains to look, and always I saw Denton search for the coin. Sometimes he found it, and sometimes he did not.

The figures of my companions and the yellow-brown tide sand under my feet, and a consciousness of the blue and white sea to my left, are all I remember, except when we had to pull ourselves together for the purpose of cutting fishhook cactus. I kept going, and I knew I had a good reason for doing so, but it seemed too much of an effort to recall what that reason was.

Schwartz threw away a gold piece as another man would take a stimulant. Gradually, without really thinking about it, I came to see this, and then went on to sabe why Denton picked up the coins; and a great admiration for Denton's cleverness seeped through me like water through the sand. He was saving the coins to keep Schwartz going. When the last coin went, Schwartz would give out. It all sounds queer now, but it seemed all right then—and it *was* all right, too.

So we walked on the beach, losing entire track of time. And after a long interval I came to myself to see Schwartz lying on the sand, and Denton standing over him. Of course we'd all been falling down a lot, but always before we'd got up again.

"He's give out," croaked Denton.

His voice sounded as if it was miles away, which surprized me, but, when I answered, mine sounded miles away, too, which surprized me still more.

Denton pulled out a handful of gold coins.

"This will buy him some more walk," said he gravely, "but not much."

I nodded. It seemed all right, this new, strange purchasing power of gold—it *was* all right, by God, and as real as buying bricks—

"I'll go on," said Denton, "and send back help. You come after."

"To Mollyhay," said I.

This far I reckon we'd hung onto ourselves because it was serious. Now I began to laugh. So did Denton. We laughed and laughed.

"A damn long way
To Mollyhay,"

said I. Then we laughed some more, until the tears ran down our cheeks, and we had to hold our poor weak sides. Pretty soon we fetched up with a gasp.

"A damn long way
To Mollyhay,"

whispered Denton, and then off we went into more shrieks. And when we would sober down a little, one or the other of us would say it again;

"A damn long way
To Mollyhay,"

and then we'd laugh some more. It must have been a sweet sight!

At last I realized that we ought to pull ourselves together, so I snubbed up short, and Denton did the same, and we set to laying plans. But every minute or so one of us would catch on some word, and then

we'd trail off into rhymes and laughter and repetition.

"Keep him going as long as you can," said Denton.

"Yes."

"And be sure to stick to the beach."

That far it was all right and clear-headed. But the word "beach" let us out.

"I'm a peach
Upon the beach,"

sings I, and there we were both off again until one or the other managed to grope his way back to common sense again. And sometimes we crow-hopped solemnly around and around the prostrate Schwartz like a pair of Injins.

But somehow we got our plan laid at last, and slipped the coins into Schwartz's pocket, and said good-by.

"Old socks, good-by,
You bet I'll try,"

yelled Denton, and laughing fit to kill, danced off up the beach, and out into a sort of gray mist that shut off everything beyond a certain distance from me now.

So I kicked Schwartz, he felt in his pocket, threw a gold piece away, and "bought a little more walk."

My entire vision was fifty feet or so across. Beyond that was gray mist. Inside my circle I could see the sand quite plainly and Denton's footprints. If I moved a little to the left, the wash of the waters would lap under the edge of that gray curtain. If I moved to the right, I came to cliffs. The nearer I drew to them, the farther up I could see, but I could never see to the top. It used to amuse me to move this area of consciousness about to see what I could find. Actual physical suffering was beginning to dull, and my head seemed to be getting clearer.

One day, without any apparent reason, I moved at right angles across the beach. Directly before me lay a piece of sugar cane, and one end of it had been chewed.

Do you know what that meant? Animals don't cut sugar cane and bring it to the beach and chew one end. A new strength ran through me, and actually the gray mist thinned and lifted for a moment, until I could make out dimly the line of cliffs and the tumbling sea.

I was not a bit hungry, but I chewed on the sugar cane, and made Schwartz do the same. When we went on I kept close to the cliff, even though the walking was somewhat heavier.

I remember after that its getting dark and then light again, so the night must have passed, but whether we rested or walked I do not know. Probably we did not get very far, though certainly we staggered ahead after sun-up, for I remember my shadow.

About midday, I suppose, I made out a dim trail leading up a break in the cliffs. Plenty of such trails we had seen before. They were generally made by peccaries in search of cast-up fish—I hope they had better luck than we.

But in the middle of this, as though for a sign, lay another piece of chewed sugar cane.

VII.—The Calabash Stew

I had agreed with Denton to stick to the beach, but Schwartz could not last much longer, and I had not the slightest idea how far it might prove to be to Mollyhay. So I turned up the trail.

We climbed a mountain ten thousand feet high. I mean that; and I know, for I've climbed them that high, and I know just how it feels, and how many times you have to rest, and how long it takes, and how much it knocks out of you. Those are the things that count in measuring height, and so I tell you we climbed that far. Actually I suppose the hill was a couple of hundred feet, if not less. But on account of the gray mist I mentioned, I could not see the top, and the illusion was complete.

We reached the summit late in the afternoon, for the sun was square in our eyes. But instead of blinding me, it seemed to clear my sight, so that I saw below me a little mud hut with smoke rising behind it, and a small patch of cultivated ground.

I'll pass over how I felt about it: they haven't made the words——

Well, we stumbled down the trail and into the hut. At first I thought it was empty, but after a minute I saw a very old man crouched in a corner. As I looked at him he raised his bleared eyes to me, his head swinging slowly from side to side as though with a kind of palsy. He could not see me, that was evident, nor hear me, but some instinct not yet decayed turned him toward a new presence in the room. In my wild desire for water I found room to think that here was a man even worse off than myself.

A vessel of water was in the corner. I drank it. It was more than I could hold, but I drank even after I was filled, and the

waste ran from the corners of my mouth. I had forgotten Schwartz. The excess made me a little sick, but I held down what I had swallowed, and I really believe it soaked into my system as it does into the desert earth after a drought.

In a moment or so I took the vessel and filled it and gave it to Schwartz. Then it seemed to me that my responsibility had ended. A sudden great dreamy lassitude came over me. I knew I needed food, but I had no wish for it, and no ambition to search it out. The man in the corner mumbled at me with his toothless gums. I remember wondering if we were all to starve there peacefully together—Schwartz and his remaining gold coins, the man far gone in years, and myself. I did not greatly care.

After a while the light was blotted out. There followed a slight pause. Then I knew that some one had flown to my side, and was kneeling beside me and saying liquid, pitying things in Mexican. I swallowed something hot and strong. In a moment I came back from wherever I was drifting, to look up at a Mexican girl about twenty years old.

She was no great matter in looks, but she seemed like an angel to me then. And she had sense. No questions, no nothing. Just business. The only thing she asked of me was if I understood Spanish.

Then she told me that her brother would be back soon, that they were very poor, that she was sorry she had no meat to offer me, that they were *very* poor, that all they had was *calabash*—a sort of squash. All this time she was hustling things together. Next thing I knew I had a big bowl of calabash stew between my knees.

Now, strangely enough, I had no great interest in that calabash stew. I tasted it, sat and thought awhile, and tasted it again. By and by I had emptied the bowl. It was getting dark. I was very sleepy. A man came in, but I was too drowsy to pay any attention to him. I heard the sound of voices. Then I was picked up bodily and carried to an out-building and laid on a pile of skins. I felt the weight of a blanket thrown over me——

I awoke in the night. Mind you, I had practically had no rest at all for a matter of more than two weeks, yet I woke in a few hours. And, remember, even in eating the calabash stew I had felt no hunger in spite of my long fast. But now I found myself ravenous. You boys do not know what hunger is. It *hurts*. And all the rest of that night I lay awake chewing on the rawhide of a pack-saddle that hung near me.

Next morning the young Mexican and his sister came to us early, bringing more calabash stew. I fell on it like a wild animal, and just wallowed in it, so eager was I to eat. They stood and watched me—and, I suppose Schwartz, too, though I had now lost interest in any one but myself—glancing at each other in pity from time to time.

When I had finished the man told me that they had decided to kill a beef so we could have meat. They were very poor, but God had brought us to them——

I appreciated this afterward. At the time I merely caught at the word "meat." It seemed to me I could have eaten the animal entire, hide, hoofs, and tallow. As a matter of fact, it was mighty lucky they didn't have any meat. If they had, we'd probably have killed ourselves with it. I suppose the calabash was about the best thing for us under the circumstances.

The Mexican went out to hunt up his horse. I called the girl back.

"How far is it to Mollyhay?" I asked her.

"A league," said she.

So we had been near our journey's end after all, and Denton was probably all right.

The Mexican went away horseback. The girl fed us calabash. We waited.

About one o'clock a group of horsemen rode over the hill. When they came near enough I recognized Denton at their head. That man was of tempered steel——

They had followed back along the beach, caught our trail where we had turned off, and so discovered us. Denton had fortunately found kind and intelligent people.

We said good-by to the Mexican girl. I made Schwartz give her one of his gold pieces.

But Denton could not wait for us to say "hullo" even, he was so anxious to get back to town, so we mounted the horses he had brought us, and rode off, very wobbly.

We lived three weeks in Mollyhay. It took us that long to get fed up. The lady I stayed with made a dish of kid meat and stuffed olives——

Why, an hour after filling myself up to the muzzle I'd be hungry again, and scouting round to houses looking for more to eat!

We talked things over a good deal, after we had gained a little strength. I wanted to take a little flyer at Guaymas to see if I could run across this Handy Solomon person, but Denton pointed out that Anderson would be expecting just that, and would

take mighty good care to be scarce. His idea was that we'd do better to get hold of a boat and some water casks, and lug off the treasure we had stumbled over. Denton told us that the idea of going back and scooping all that dinero up with a shovel had kept him going, just as the idea of getting even with Anderson had kept me going. Schwartz said that after he'd carried that heavy gold over the first day, he made up his mind he'd get the spending of it or bust. That's why he hated so to throw it away.

There were lots of fishing boats in the harbour, and we hired one, and a man to run it for next to nothing a week. We laid a course north, and in six days anchored in our bay.

I tell you it looked queer. There were the charred sticks of the fire, and the coffee-pot lying on its side. We took off our hats at poor Billy's grave a minute, and then climbed over the *cholla*-covered hill carrying our picks and shovels, and the canvas sacks to take the treasure away in.

There was no trouble in reaching the sandy flat. But when we got there we found it torn up from one end to the other. A few scattered timbers and three empty chests with the covers pried off alone remained. Handy Solomon had been there before us.

We went back to our boat sick at heart. Nobody said a word. We went aboard and made our Greaser boatman head for Yuma. It took us a week to get there. We were all of us glum, but Denton was the worst of the lot. Even after we'd got back to town and fallen into our old ways of life, he couldn't seem to get over it. He seemed plumb possessed of gloom, and moped around like a chicken with the pip. This surprized me, for I didn't think the loss of money would hit him so hard. It didn't hit any of us very hard in those days.

One evening I took him aside and fed him a drink and expostulated with him.

"Oh, *hell*, Rogers," he burst out, "I don't care about the loot. But, suffering cats, think how that fellow sized us up for a lot of pattern-made fools; and how right he was about it. Why, all he did was to sail out of sight around the next corner. He knew we'd start across crountry; and we did. All we had to do was to lay low, and save our legs. He was *bound* to come back. And we might have nailed him when he landed."

"That's about all there was to it," concluded Colorado Rogers, after a pause, "—except that I've been looking for him ever since, and when I heard you singing that song I naturally thought I'd landed."

"And you never saw him again?" asked Windy Bill.

"Well," chuckled Rogers, "I did about ten year later. It was in Tucson. I was in the back of a store, when the door in front opened and this man came in. He stopped at the little cigar-case by the door. In about one jump I was on his neck. I jerked him over backwards before he knew what had struck him, threw him on his face, got my hands in his back-hair, and began to jump his features against the floor. Then all at once I noted that this man had two arms; so of course he was the wrong fellow. 'Oh, excuse me,' said I, and ran out the back door."

Dirge in Woods — By GEORGE MEREDITH

A WIND sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

Americans All

The Voice of the People as Our Writers Have Recorded It

A Cape Cod Version of Ananias

"Heh! What was it about that couple, Almiry was tellin' about—Antynias and Sapfiry—heh, Captain? What streuck 'em eany way? It wasn't because they went out o' meetin', was it? I think it would be a satisfaction to the company, Captain, if you would relate the circumstances."

The brave and honest captain craned his neck about with several hard gulps.

"Wall, to tell the truth, Bachelder, I ain't quite so well posted with the Old Testament as I be with the New, but," he continued, resolutely, "if it would be any favour to the company—as near as I calkalate, this ere Antynias heered that the Lord was a goin' by, and, as near as I calkalate, he clim' up in a tree to see him pass." The captain writhed fearfully, but did not flinch. "And, as near as I calkalate, he got on to a rotten limb, and it let him down. That is," he remarked, with concluding agony, "as near as I calkalate."

"Heh! yees, much obleeged, I'm sure," said Bachelor Lot. "I, heh! I recall the anecdote now, perfectly, but wheere—wheere was Sapfiry?"

"Wall," the captain gave a gulp that actually brought the tears to his eyes; "as near as I calkalate, Sapfiry was under the limb."

"Certainly," said Bachelor Lot; "certainly! and a veery unfortunate poseetion for Sapfiry it was, too. I weesh you would be so kind as to eenform the company in what part of the Sacred Writ this little anecdote is recorded, Captain, as I for one should very much leike to look it up."

Captain Sartell took a determined step forward. "Look y'here, Bachelder," said he; "I don't want no hard words betwixt you and me, for there never has been. But a man's word is a man's word, and a man's friends had ought to stick by it, and I want you to understand that, on this ere point, I ain't a goin' to have no lookin' up."

"Heh!" Bachelor Lot smiled and nodded his head cheerfully. "I'd be willing to waeger my life, Captain, that if anybody's made a mistake on this point—heh—it ain't you." And with this amicable conclusion, the two stars withdrew.

Sarah P. McLean Greene.

Uncle Remus at the Telephone

"Hello, Remus! Hello-ello-ello-ello-o-o!"

"Is dat you, Mars John?"

"Of course it is, you bandy-legged old villain. I have no time to be standing here. What do you want?"

"How in de name er God you git in dar, Mars John?"

"In where?"

"In dish yer—in dish yer appleratus."

"Oh, you be fiddlestick! What do you want?"

"Mars John, kin you see me—er is she all dark in dar?"

"Are you crazy? Where is your Miss Sally?"

"She in yer, hollun en laughin'. Mars John, how you gwine git out'n dar?"

"Dry up! Good-night!"

"Yer 'tis, Miss Sally," said Uncle Remus, after listening a moment. "Dey's a mighty zoonin' gwine on in dar, en I dunner whe'er Mars John tryin' ter scramble out, er whe'er he des tryin' fer ter make hisse'f comfertuble in dar."

"What did he say, Remus?"

"He up en 'lowed dat one un us wuz a vilyun, but dey wuz such a buzzin' gwine on in dare dat I couldn't 'zactly ketch de rights un it." Joel Chandler Harris.

Genetic Philology in Boston

Oh, here's to dear old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God.

(*Some years ago, a New England family named Kabotsky or Kabovitch changed their name to "Cabot." An indignant owner of that name brought the matter to court, but was handed an adverse decision. The following parody on the famous verse quoted above appeared shortly thereafter*):

In Boston, Massachusetts,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells have no one to speak to,
For the Cabots speak Yiddish, by God!

The New Orleans Creole

"*Je dis*," said St.-Ange, in response, "I thing you is juz right. I believe, me, strong-strong in the improvidence, yes. You know my papa he hown a sugah-plantation, you know. 'Jules, me son,' he say one time to me, 'I goin' to make one baril sugah to fedge the moze high price in New Orleans.' Well, he take his bez baril sugah—I nevah see a so careful man like me papa always to make a so beautiful sugah *et sirop*. 'Jules, go at Father Pierre an' get this lill pitcher fill with holy water, an' tell him sen' his tin bucket, and I will make it fill with *quitte*.' I ged the holy-water; my papa sprinkle it over the baril, an' make one cross on the 'ead of the baril."

"Why, Jools," said Parson Jones, "that didn't do no good."

"Din do no good! Id broughd the so great value! You can strike me dead if thad baril sugah din fedge the more high cost than any other in the city. *Parceque*, the man what buy that baril sugah he make a mistake of one hundred pound"—falling back—"*Mais* certainlee!"

"And you think that was growin' out of the holy-water?" asked the parson.

"*Mais*, what could make it else? Id could not be the *quitte*, because my papa keep the bucket, an' forget to sen' the *quitte* to Father Pierre."

Parson Jones was disappointed.

"Well, now, Jools, you know, I don't think that was right. I reckon you must be a plum Catholic."

M. St.-Ange shrugged. He would not deny his faith.

"I am a *Catholique, mais*"—brightening as he hoped to recommend himself anew—"not a good one." George W. Cable.

The Roots of Western Speech

"The Argonauts . . . took a sardonic delight in stripping all meretricious finery from their speech, they had a sarcastic fashion of eliminating everything but the facts from poetic or imaginative narrative. . . . A man one day was arrested and tried for horse-stealing. After having the evidence, the jury duly retired o consult upon their verdict. . . The crowd outside became impatient. After waiting an hour, the ringleader put his head into the room and asked if the jury had settled upon a verdict. "No," said the foreman. "Well," answered the leader, "take your own time, gentleman; only remember that we're waitin' for this yer room to lay out the corpse in". . . .

The man who objected to join in a bear hunt because "he hadn't lost any bears lately," and the man who replied to the tourist's question "if they grew any corn in that locality?" by saying, "not a d—d bit, in fact scarcely any," offered easy examples of this characteristic anti-climax and exaggeration. Often a flavour of gentle philosophy mingled with it. "In course I'd rather not drive a mule team," said a teamster to me. "In course I'd rather run a bank or be President: but when you've lived as long as I have, stranger, you'll find that in this yer world a man don't always get his 'drathers.'" Often a man's trade or occupation lent a graphic power to his speech. On one occasion an engineer was relating to me the particulars of a fellow workman's death by consumption. "Poor Jim,"

he said, "he got to running slower and slower, until one day—he stopped on his center!" What a picture of the helpless hitch in this weary human machine! Sometimes the expression was borrowed from another's profession. At one time there was a difficulty in a surveyor's camp between the surveyor and a Chinaman. "If I was you," said a sympathizing teamster to the surveyor, "I'd jest take that chap and theodolite him out o' camp." Sometimes the slang was a mere echo of the formulas of some popular excitement or movement. During a camp-meeting in the mountains, a teamster who had been swearing at his cattle was rebuked for his impiety by a young woman who had just returned from the meeting. "Why, Miss," said the astonished teamster, "you don't call that swearing, do you? Why, you ought to hear Bill Jones exhort the impenitent mule!" BRET HARTE.

HOW THE COWBOY TALKS IN MODERN FICTION

"It ain't so much that," explained Cactus, "as it is they're plum locoed about Piggy. They want them whiskers and that nose of his to split the wind at the head of the column."

"There's somethin' mighty seldom about Piggy," declared Bud, musingly. "I never yet see anything on the hoof that he exactly grades up with. He can shore holler a plenty, and he straddles a horse from where you laid the chunk. But he ain't never been smoked yet. You know, Cactus, we ain't had a row since he's been with us. Piggy's all right for scarin' greaser kids and layin' waste a cross-roads store. I reckon he's the finest canned oyster buccaneer and cheese pirate that ever was, but how's his appetite for fightin'? I've know'd some citizens you'd think was starvin' fer trouble get a bad case of dyspepsy the first dose of lead they had to take."

"He talks all spraddled out," said Cactus, "'bout the rookuses he's been in. He claims to have saw the elephant and hearn the owl."

"I know," replied Bud, using the cowpuncher's expressive phrase of scepticism, "but it sounds to me!" O. HENRY.

"CHUCKY" D' TURK OF THE FORMER BOWERY

"He gets his lamps on Mary at Connorses spiel, Billy does; and he's stuck on her in a hully secont. It's no wonder; Mary's a peach. She's d' belle of d' Bend, make no doubt.

"Billy's graft is hangin' round d' Bowery bars, layin' for suckers. An' he used to get in his hooks deep and clever now an' then, an' most times Billy could, if it's a case of crowd, flash quite a bit of dough.

"So when Billy sees Mary at Connorses spiel, like I says, she's such a bute he loses his nut. You needn't give it d' laugh! Say! I sees d' map of a skirt—a goil, I means—on a drop curtain at a swell t'eater onct, an' it says under it she's Cleopatra. D' mark nex' me says, when I taps for a tip, this Cleopatra's from Egypt, an' makes a hit in d' coochee coochee line, wit d' high push of d' old times, see! An' says this gezeybo for a finish: 'This Cleopatra was a wonder for looks. She was d' high-roller tart of her time an' d' beautifulest.'

"Now all I got to say is," continued Chucky, regarding me with a challenging air of decision the while; "all I has to utter is, Mary could make this Cleopatra look like seven cents!" ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

FLAT-TALK

Second Floor—Hm—de fake boggains witt de tsales wot dey putting opp dese days on de pipple, Mrs. Feitlebaum—it should be concocted a law against it!

First Floor—Wot iss?

Second Floor—Hm—wot ain't!!! Was so—I was making opp mine mind lest wick wot I'll gonna buy maybe for de weenter a silskin coat odder maybe a Hoimine wrep odder a moff wot it's coming beck in style. So I pessed by a store wot it stends dere on de weendow wot it's a sale from Wreps.

First Floor—Where did it was?

Second Floor—Wait yat!!! So I went insite so I hesk a tsaleslady, I sad, "Where is it going on here de sale?" So you should see a look from content wot she gave me. Hm—Sotch a hutty high-het eltitude—with a soupeerior hair wot I falt like to ketch a hold from her and shake her out de fulse teet from de doidy faze.

First Floor—GOOT.

Second Floor—So I went queeck to de meneger so I sad, "Is here plizze a sale from wreps?" So he deliberally geeves me a henswer, "No.' So I tut maybe wot I'm soffering from a hoptional illusion. So I came out from de store so it stends dere distinctfully on de weendow a sign

SALON DE WRAPS

So could you imagine sotch a bonch crooks witt jeeps? MILT GROSS.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH JAIL-LADY

One week from the day upon which Mr. Schisser had registered at her caravansary, Mrs. Zubler regretfully beheld preparations for his departure to the halls of justice.

"He's so pleasant that way and the appetite he is!" she confided to Kleffel. "The thought come to me still," her voice lowered in awesome speculation, "he's so long that way, if mebbe he ain't shaped on the insides somepun like what he is out. That would be according, ain't? Fur how else could he make out to put down a pot of scrapple per the day. Mind if he ain't! Yes, it might be a sin fur me, but I could near furgive him fur the mule when I seen how he pleasured ower his wittles." OMA ALMONA DAVIES.

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST

"Missa Gordon, whatta is Chrisinjin Indevil Shoshiety?"

I explain to him as best I can the purpose of the Society for Christian Endeavour."

"We', dissa morning I go down to lailload station. Shee vay many people getta on tlain. Assa conductor, 'Whatta is?' Conductor tole me: 'You can't go. You a *heeffen*. Dissa *Chrisinjin* Indevil Shoshiety.'

"Dissa mek me vay tire'. 'Me'ican peoples fink ole China heeffen. Fink doan' know about Gaw of heffen. Dissa 'Me'icans doan' know whatta is. China peoples believe Olemighty Gaw semma lika you." CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE IN THE KENTUCKY HILLS

Now, I hain't been a-raftin' logs down to the settlemints o' Kaintuck fer nigh on to twenty year fer nothin'. An' I know gallivantin' is diff'ent with us mountain fellers an' you furriners, in the premises, anyways, as them lawyers up to court says; though I reckon hit's purty much the same atter the premises is over. Whar you says "courtin'," now, we says "Talkin' to." Sallie Spurlock over on Fryin' Pan is a talkin' to Jim Howard now. Sallie's sister hain't nuver talked to no man. An' whar you says "makin' a call on a young lady," we says "settin' up with a gal"! An', stranger, we does it. We hain't got more'n one room hardly ever in these mountains, an' we're jes obleeged to set up to do any courtin' at all. JOHN FOX, JR.

THE YANKEE

Mistur Wilbur sez he to me onct, sez he, "Hosee," sez he, "in litterytoor the only good thing is Natur. It's amazin' hard to come at," sez he, "but onct git it an' you've gut everythin'. Wut's the sweetest smell on airth?" sez he. "Noomone hay," sez I, pooty bresk, for he wuz allus hankerin' round in hayin'. "Nawthin' of the kine," sez he. "My leetle Huldy's breath," sez I ag'in. "You're a good lad," sez he, his eyes sort of ripplin' like, for he lost a babe onct nigh about her age,—"You're a good lad; but 't ain't thet nuther," sez he. "Ef you want to know," sez he, "open your winder of a mornin' et ary season, and you'll larn thet the best of perfooms is jest fresh air, *fresh air*," sez he, emphysizin', "athout no mixtur. Thet's wut *I* call natur in writin', and it bathes my lungs and washes 'em sweet when ever I git a whiff on 't," sez he. I offen think o' thet when I set down to write, but the winders air *so* ept to git stuck, an' breakin' a pane costs sunthin'.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Chicago Gaelic

"I had it out with Father Kelly th' other day 'n this very matther. . ."

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He took it all r-right," said Mr. Dooley. "He kind o' grinned, an' says he: 'What ye say is thrue, an' its not thrue,' he says. 'Books is f'r thim that can't injiye thimsilves in anny other way,' he says. 'If ye're in good health, an' ar-re atin' three squares a day, an' not ayether sad or very much in love with ye'er lot, but just lookin' on an not carin' a'—— he said rush——'not carin' a rush, ye don't need books,' he says. 'But if ye're a down-spirited thing an' want to get away an' can't, ye need books. 'Tis betther to be comfortable at home thin to go to th' circus, an' tis betther to go to th' circus thin to r-read anny book. But 'tis betther to r-read a book thin to want to go to th' circus an' not to be able to,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'whin I was growin' up, half th' congregation heard mass with their prayer books tur-rned upside down, an' they were as pious as anny. Th' Apostles' Creed niver was as con-vincin' to me afthe I larned to r-read it as it was whin I cudden't read it, but believed it.'" Finley Peter Dunne.

In the Middle West

Henry squirmed closer to the recumbent figure on the bed. "Me and Kep would like mighty well to know how you-all are goin' to strip the hide offen to that gentleman's back," he observed.

Yancy instantly surmised that the reference was to Slosson.

"I reckon I'll feel obliged to just naturally skin him," he explained.

"Sho, will he let you do that?" they demanded.

"He won't be consulted none. And his hide will come off easy once I get hold of him by the scruff of the neck." Yancy's speech was gentle and his lips smiling, but he meant a fair share of what he said.

"Sho, is that the way you do it?" And round-eyed they gazed down on this fascinating stranger.

"I may have to touch him up with a tickler," continued Yancy, who did not wish to prove disappointing. "I reckon you-all know what a tickler is?"

They nodded.

"What if Mr. Slosson totes a tickler, too?" asked Keppel insinuatingly. This opened an inviting field for conjecture.

"That won't make no manner of difference. Why? Because it's a powerful drawback fo' a man to know he's in the wrong, just as it's a heap in yo' favour to know you're in the right."

"My father's got a tickler; I seen it often," vouchsafed Henry.

"It's a foot long, with a buckhorn handle. Gee whiz!—he keeps it keen; but he never uses it on no humans," said Keppel.

"Of course he don't; he's a high-spirited, right-actin' gentleman. But what do you reckon he'd feel obliged to do if a body stole one of you-all?" inquired Yancy.

"Whoop! He'd carve 'em deep!" cried Keppel. Vaughan Kester.

Judge Mike's Middle-Georgia Court

"But what made you tell him farwell? If you hadn't come out so quick after that, he would have had you again."

"What? Why he told me to be off, and I war off, and as I spozened that I mout never see him no more, I thought I ought to bid him farwell. Well, it doo beat! It did look like I ought to be perlite; but sich it is. Tryin' to brace myself agin onpoliteness, it seem like I were mighty nigh bustin' on tother.

"Well, gentle-men," he continued, after they had somewhat subsided, "I say, gentlemen! Thar's two things in this country that I am agin: and them's schools and cotehouses. When I war standin' thar before him, and he war talkin' about jackasses, and brayin' and all sich, ef my feelins hadn't been all skeerd out o' me, and ef I had of had my

jedgment about me, I should a felt like little Asa Boatright and Sam Pate used to look like they felt when Iserl Meadows told 'em to go to horsin': and I did hope and did cal'clate never to have them feelings endur'n' o' my nat'ral life. Howbesomever, that ain't neither here nor thar now. Gentlemen, I never seed a man before that I was afeerd of. I thought everybody was liable to come to cote; but I comes no more without I'm fotch. It 'pears like, as the old sayin' goes, that he neither likes my name nor my nation. When I sneezed —and I tell you, gentle-men, I couldn't a helped it ef the gallis had been right afore me— when I sneezed, says I to myself—*gone!* But ding my skin, ef I don't believe that's what saved me. I tell you, gentle-men, I'm agin 'em; and now I goes home. So far you well."

So Mr. Thigpen left. RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON ("PHILEMON PERCH").

"WAR'S YURE HOSS?"

Some years since, when the State of Missouri was considered "Far West," there lived on the bank of the river of the same name of the State, a substantial farmer, who, by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerable pretty pile of castings; owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he didn't raise much taters and unyuns, but rite smart of corn. This farmer, hearing that good land was cheaper farther south, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his eldest son with a good horse, and a sufficiency of the needful to defray his travelling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land, at the lowest possible price, and return immediately home. The next day Jeems started for Arkansas, and after an absence of some six weeks, returned home.

"Well, Jeems," said the old man, "how'd you find land in Arkensaw?"

"Tolerable cheap, dad."

"You didn't buy mor'n two hundred acres, did yu, Jeems?"

"No, dad, not *over* tu hundred, I *reckon.*"

"How much money hev yu got left?"

"Nary red, dad; cleaned rite out!"

"Why, I had no idee travellin' was so 'spensive in them parts, Jeems."

"Wal, just you try it wonst, and you'll find out, I reckon."

"Wal, never mind that, let's hear 'bout the land, and—*but war's yure hoss?*"

"Why, yu see, dad, I was a goin' along one day——"

"But *war's yure hoss?*"

"Yu hole on, dad, an' I'll tell yu all 'bout it. Yu see, I was a goin' along one day, an' I met a feller as said he was goin' my way tu——"

"But *war's yure hoss?*"

"Dod darn mi hide, ef yu don't shut up, dad, I'll never git tu the hoss. Wal, as we was both goin' the same way, me an' this feller jined cumpenny, and 'bout noon, we hitched our critters, and set down aside uv a branch, and went tu eatin' a snack. Arter we'd got thru, this feller sez tu me, 'Try a drap uv this 'ere red-eye, stranger?' 'Wal, I don't mind, sez I——'"

"But *war's yure hoss?*"

"Kummin' tu him bime-by, dad. So me an' this feller sot thar, sorter torkin' and drinkin', and then he sez, 'Stranger, play a leetle game uv Seven-up,' a takin' out uv his pocket a greasy, roun'-cornered deck uv *kerds.* 'Don't keer ef I du,' sez I. So we sot up side uv a stump, and kummenced tu bet a quorter up, an' I was a *slayin' him orful*——"

"But *war's yure hoss?*"

"Kummin' tu him, dad. Bime-by, luck changed, an' he got tu winnin', an' pretty sune, I hadn't not nary 'nuther dollar. Then sez he, 'Stranger, I'll gin yu a chance to git even, and play yu one more game.' Wal, we both plaid rite tite that game, I swar', an' we was both six an' six, an'——"

"*War's yure hoss?*"

"Kummin' tu him, dad. We was six an' six, dad, an' 'twas his deal——"

"Will yu tell me *war's yure hoss?*" said the old man, getting *riled.*

"Yes, we was six an' six, an' HE TURNED UP THE JACK!"

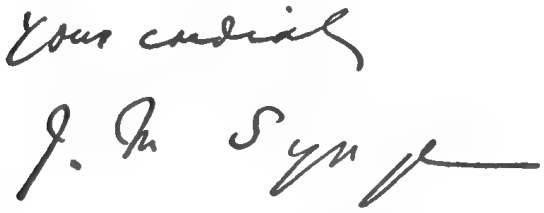
"*War's yure hoss?*"

"The stranger won him, *a-turnin' that jack!*"

Polly Peablossom's Wedding. A MISSOURIAN (1856).

The Playboy of the Western World

By JOHN M. SYNGE



PERSONS

CHRISTOPHER MAHON.
OLD MAHON (*his father, a squatter*).
MICHAEL JAMES FLAHERTY (*called* MICHAEL JAMES, *a publican*).
MARGARET FLAHERTY (*called* PEGEEN MIKE, *his daughter*).
WIDOW QUIN (*a woman of about thirty*).
SHAWN KEOGH (*her cousin, a young farmer*).
PHILLY CULLEN AND JIMMY FARRELL (*small farmers*).
SARA TANSEY, SUSAN BRADY, *and* HONOR BLAKE (*village girls*).
A BELLMAN.
SOME PEASANTS.

The action takes place near a village, on a wild coast of Mayo. The first Act passes on an evening of autumn, the other two Acts on the following day.

ACT I

SCENE.—*Country public-house or shebeen, very rough and untidy. There is a sort of counter on the right with shelves, holding many bottles and jugs, just seen above it. Empty barrels stand near the counter. At back, a little to left of counter, there is a door into the open air, then, more to the left, there is a settle with shelves above it, with more jugs, and a table beneath a window. At the left there is a large open fire-place, with turf fire, and a small door into inner room. Pegeen, a wild-looking but fine girl, of about twenty, is writing at table. She is dressed in the usual peasant dress.*

PEGEEN (*slowly as she writes*)—Six yards of stuff for to make a yellow gown. A pair of lace boots with lengthy heels on them and brassy eyes. A hat is suited for a wedding-day. A fine-tooth comb. To be sent with three barrels of porter in Jimmy Farrell's creel cart on the evening of the coming Fair to Mister Michael James Flaherty. With the best compliments of this season. Margaret Flaherty.

SHAWN KEOGH (*a fat and fair young man comes in as she signs, looks round awkwardly, when he sees she is alone*)—Where's himself?

PEGEEN (*without looking at him*)—He's coming. (*She directs the letter.*) To Mister Sheamus Mulroy, Wine and Spirit Dealer, Castlebar.

SHAWN (*uneasily*)—I didn't see him on the road.

PEGEEN—How would you see him (*licks stamp and puts it on letter*) and it dark night this half hour gone by?

SHAWN (*turning toward the door*)—I stood a while outside wondering would I have a right to pass on or to walk in and see you, Pegeen Mike (*comes to fire*), and I could hear the cows breathing, and sighing in the stillness of the air, and not a step moving any place from this gate to the bridge.

PEGEEN (*putting letter in envelope*)—It's above at the cross-roads he is, meeting Philly Cullen; and a couple more are going along with him to Kate Cassidy's wake.

SHAWN (*looking at her blankly*)—And he's going that length in the dark night?

PEGEEN (*impatiently*)—He is surely, and leaving me lonesome on the scruff of the hill. (*She gets up and puts envelope on dresser, then winds clock.*) Isn't it long the nights are now, Shawn Keogh, to be leaving a poor girl with her own self counting the hours to the dawn of day?

SHAWN (*with awkward humour*)—If it is, when we're wedded in a short while you'll have no call to complain, for I've little will to be walking off to wakes or weddings in the darkness of the night.

PEGEEN (*with rather scornful good humour*)—You're making mighty certain, Shaneen, that I'll wed you now.

SHAWN—Aren't we after making a good bargain, the way we're only waiting these days on Father Reilly's dispensation from the bishops, or the Court of Rome.

PEGEEN (*looking at him teasingly, washing up at dresser*)—It's a wonder, Shaneen, the Holy Father'd be taking notice of the likes of you; for if I was him I wouldn't bother with this place where you'll meet none but Red Linahan, has a squint in his eye, and Patcheen is lame in his heel, or the mad Mulrannies were driven from California and they lost in their wits. We're a queer lot these times to go troubling the Holy Father on his sacred seat.

SHAWN (*scandalized*)—If we are, we're as good this place as another, maybe, and as good these times as we were for ever.

PEGEEN (*with scorn*)—As good, is it? Where now will you meet the like of Daneen Sullivan knocked the eye from a peeler, or Marcus Quin, God rest him, got six months for maiming ewes, and he a great warrant to tell stories of holy Ireland till he'd have the old women shedding down tears about their feet. Where will you find the like of them, I'm saying?

SHAWN (*timidly*)—If you don't, it's a good job, maybe; for (*with peculiar emphasis on the words*) Father Reilly has small conceit to have that kind walking around and talking to the girls.

PEGEEN (*impatiently, throwing water from basin out of the door*)—Stop tormenting me with Father Reilly (*imitating his voice*) when I'm asking only what way I'll pass these twelve hours of dark, and not take my death with the fear. (*Looking out of door.*)

SHAWN (*timidly*)—Would I fetch you the widow Quin, maybe?

PEGEEN—Is it the like of that murderer? You'll not, surely.

SHAWN (*going to her, soothingly*)—Then I'm thinking himself will stop along with you when he sees you taking on, for it'll be a long night-time with great darkness, and I'm after feeling a kind of fellow above in the furzy ditch, groaning wicked like a maddening dog, the way it's good cause you have, maybe, to be fearing now.

PEGEEN (*turning on him sharply*)—What's that? Is it a man you seen?

SHAWN (*retreating*)—I couldn't see him at all; but I heard him groaning out, and breaking his heart. It should have been a young man from his words speaking.

PEGEEN (*going after him*)—And you never went near to see was he hurted or what ailed him at all?

SHAWN—I did not, Pegeen Mike. It was a dark, lonesome place to be hearing the like of him.

PEGEEN—Well, you're a daring fellow, and if they find his corpse stretched above in the dews of dawn, what'll you say then to the peelers, or the Justice of the Peace?

SHAWN (*thunderstruck*)—I wasn't thinking of that. For the love of God, Pegeen Mike, don't let on I was speaking of him. Don't tell your father and the men is coming above; for if they heard that story, they'd have great blabbing this night at the wake.

PEGEEN—I'll maybe tell them, and I'll maybe not.

SHAWN—They are coming at the door. Will you whisht, I'm saying?

PEGEEN—Whisht yourself. (*She goes behind counter.* MICHAEL JAMES, *fat jovial publican, comes in followed by* PHILLY CULLEN, *who is thin and mistrusting, and* JIMMY FARRELL, *who is fat and amorous, about forty-five.*)

MEN (*together*)—God bless you. The blessing of God on this place.

PEGEEN—God bless you kindly.

MICHAEL (*to men who go to the counter*)—Sit down now, and take your rest. (*Crosses to* SHAWN *at the fire.*) And how is it you are, Shawn Keogh? Are you coming over the sands to Kate Cassidy's wake?

SHAWN—I am not, Michael James. I'm going home the short cut to my bed.

PEGEEN (*speaking across the counter*)—He's right too, and have you no shame, Michael James, to be quitting off for the whole night, and leaving myself lonesome in the shop?

MICHAEL (*good-humoredly*)—Isn't it the same whether I go for the whole night or a part only? and I'm thinking it's a queer daughter you are if you'd have me crossing

backward through the Stooks of the Dead Women, with a drop taken.

PEGEEN—If I am a queer daughter, it's a queer father'd be leaving me lonesome these twelve hours of dark, and I piling the turf with the dogs barking, and the calves mooing, and my own teeth rattling with the fear.

JIMMY (*flatteringly*)—What is there to hurt you, and you a fine, hardy girl would knock the head of any two men in the place?

PEGEEN (*working herself up*)—Isn't there the harvest boys with their tongues red for drink, and the ten tinkers is camped in the east glen, and the thousand militia—bad cess to them!—walking idle through the land. There's lots surely to hurt me, and I won't stop alone in it, let himself do what he will.

MICHAEL—If you're that afeard, let Shawn Keogh stop along with you. It's the will of God, I'm thinking, himself should be seeing to you now. (*They all turn on* SHAWN.)

SHAWN (*in horrified confusion*)—I would and welcome, Michael James, but I'm afeard of Father Reilly; and what at all would the Holy Father and the Cardinals of Rome be saying if they heard I did the like of that?

MICHAEL (*with contempt*)—God help you! Can't you sit in by the hearth with the light lit and herself beyond in the room? You'll do that surely, for I've heard tell there's a queer fellow above, going mad or getting his death, maybe, in the gripe of the ditch, so she'd be safer this night with a person here.

SHAWN (*with plaintive despair*)—I'm afeard of Father Reilly, I'm saying. Let you not be tempting me, and we near married itself.

PHILLY (*with cold contempt*)—Lock him in the west room. He'll stay then and have no sin to be telling to the priest.

MICHAEL (*to* SHAWN, *getting between him and the door*)—Go up now.

SHAWN (*at the top of his voice*)—Don't stop me, Michael James. Let me out of the door, I'm saying, for the love of the Almighty God. Let me out (*trying to dodge past him.*) Let me out of it, and may God grant you His indulgence in the hour of need.

MICHAEL (*loudly*)—Stop your noising, and sit down by the hearth. (*Gives him a push and goes to counter laughing.*)

SHAWN (*turning back, wringing his hands*)—Oh, Father Reilly and the saints of God, where will I hide myself to-day? Oh, St. Joseph and St. Patrick and St. Brigid, and St. James, have mercy on me now! (SHAWN *turns round, sees door clear, and makes a rush for it.*)

MICHAEL (*catching him by the coat-tail*)—You'd be going, is it?

SHAWN (*screaming*)—Leave me go, Michael James, leave me go, you old Pagan, leave me go, or I'll get the curse of the priests on you, and of the scarlet-coated bishops of the courts of Rome. (*With a sudden movement he pulls himself out of his coat, and disappears out of the door, leaving his coat in* MICHAEL'S *hands.*)

MICHAEL (*turning round, and holding up coat*)—Well, there's the coat of a Christian man. Oh, there's sainted glory this day in the lonesome west; and by the will of God I've got you a decent man, Pegeen; you'll have no call to be spying after if you've a score of young girls, maybe, weeding in your fields.

PEGEEN (*taking up the defence of her property*)—What right have you to be making game of a poor fellow for minding the priest, when it's your own the fault is, not paying a penny pot-boy to stand along with me and give me courage in the doing of my work? (*She snaps the coat away from him, and goes behind counter with it.*)

MICHAEL (*taken aback*)—Where would I get a pot-boy? Would you have me send the bell-man screaming in the streets of Castlebar?

SHAWN (*opening the door a chink and putting in his head, in a small voice*)—Michael James!

MICHAEL (*imitating him*)—What ails you?

SHAWN—The queer dying fellow's beyond looking over the ditch. He's come up, I'm thinking, stealing your hens. (*Looks over his shoulder.*) God help me, he's following me now (*he runs into room*), and if he's heard what I said, he'll be having my life, and I going home lonesome in the darkness of the night. (*For a perceptible moment they watch the door with curiosity. Some one coughs outside. Then* CHRISTY MAHON, *a slight young man, comes in very tired and frightened and dirty.*)

CHRISTY (*in a small voice*)—God save all here!

MEN—God save you kindly

CHRISTY (*going to the counter*)—I'd trouble you for a glass of porter, woman of the house. (*He puts down coin.*)

PEGEEN (*serving him*)—You're one of the tinkers, young fellow, is beyond camped in the glen?

CHRISTY—I am not; but I'm destroyed walking.

MICHAEL (*patronizingly*)—Let you come up then to the fire. You're looking famished with the cold.

CHRISTY—God reward you. (*He takes up his glass and goes a little way across to the left, then stops and looks about him.*) Is it often the polis do be coming into this place, master of the house?

MICHAEL—If you'd come in better hours, you'd have seen "Licensed for the sale of Beer and Spirits, to be consumed on the premises," written in white letters above the door, and what would the polis want spying on me, and not a decent house within four miles, the way every living Christian is a bona fide, saving one widow alone?

CHRISTY (*with relief*)—It's a safe house, so. (*He goes over to the fire, sighing and moaning. Then he sits down, putting his glass beside him and begins gnawing a turnip, too miserable to feel the others staring at him with curiosity.*)

MICHAEL (*going after him*)—Is it yourself is fearing the polis? You're wanting, maybe?

CHRISTY—There's many wanting.

MICHAEL—Many surely, with the broken harvest and the ended wars. (*He picks up some stockings, etc., that are near the fire, and carries them away furtively.*) It should be larceny, I'm thinking?

CHRISTY (*dolefully*)—I had it in my mind it was a diffcrent word and a bigger.

PEGEEN—There's a queer lad. Were you never slapped in school, young fellow, that you don't know the name of your deed?

CHRISTY (*bashfully*)—I'm slow at learning, a middling scholar only.

MICHAEL—If you're a dunce itself, you'd have a right to know that larceny's robbing and stealing, Is it for the like of that you're wanting?

CHRISTY (*with a flash of family pride*)—And I the son of a strong farmer (*with a sudden qualm*), God rest his soul, could have bought up the whole of your old house a while since, from the butt of his tail-pocket, and not have missed the weight of it gone.

MICHAEL (*impressed*)—If it's not stealing, it's maybe something big.

CHRISTY (*flattered*)—Aye; it's maybe something big.

JIMMY—He's a wicked-looking young fellow. Maybe he followed after a young woman on a lonesome night.

CHRISTY (*shocked*)—Oh, the saints forbid, mister; I was all times a decent lad.

PHILLY (*turning on* JIMMY)—You're a silly man, Jimmy Farrell. He said his father was a farmer a while since, and there's himself now in a poor state. Maybe the land was grabbed from him, and he did what any decent man would do.

MICHAEL (*to* CHRISTY, *mysteriously*)—Was it bailiffs?

CHRISTY—The divil a one.

MICHAEL—Agents?

CHRISTY—The divil a one.

MICHAEL—Landlords?

CHRISTY (*peevishly*)—Ah, not at all, I'm saying. You'd see the like of them stories on any little paper of a Munster town. But I'm not calling to mind any person, gentle, simple, judge or jury, did the like of me. (*They all draw nearer with delighted curiosity.*)

PHILLY—Well, that lad's a puzzle-the-world.

JIMMY—He'd beat Dan Davies' circus, or the holy missioners making sermons on the villainy of man. Try him again, Philly.

PHILLY—Did you strike golden guineas out of solder, young fellow, or shilling coins itself?

CHRISTY—I did not, mister, nor sixpence nor a farthing coin.

JIMMY—Did you marry three wives maybe? I'm told there's a sprinkling have done that among the holy Luthers of the preaching north.

CHRISTY (*shyly*)—I never married with one, let alone with a couple or three.

PHILLY—Maybe he went fighting for the Boers, the like of the man beyond, was judged to be hanged, quartered and drawn. Were you off east, young fellow, fighting bloody wars for Kruger and the freedom of the Boers?

CHRISTY—I never left my own parish till Tuesday was a week.

PEGEEN (*coming from counter*)—He's done nothing, so. (*To* CHRISTY.) If you didn't commit murder or a bad, nasty thing, or false coining, or robbery, or butchery, or the like of them, there isn't anything that would be worth your troubling for to run from now. You did nothing at all.

CHRISTY (*his feelings hurt*)—That's an unkindly thing to be saying to a poor orphaned traveler, has a prison behind him, and hanging before, and hell's gap gaping below.

PEGEEN (*with a sign to the men to be quiet*)—You're only saying it. You did nothing at all. A soft lad the like of you wouldn't slit the windpipe of a screeching sow.

CHRISTY (*offended*)—You're not speaking the truth.

PEGEEN (*in mock rage*)—Not speaking

the truth, is it? Would you have me knock the head of you with the butt of the broom?

CHRISTY (*twisting round on her with a sharp cry of horror*)—Don't strike me. I killed my poor father, Tuesday was a week, for doing the like of that.

PEGEEN (*with blank amazement*)—Is it killed your father?

CHRISTY (*subsiding*)—With the help of God I did surely, and that the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul.

PHILLY (*retreating with* JIMMY)—There's a daring fellow.

JIMMY—Oh, glory be to God!

MICHAEL (*with great respect*)—That was a hanging crime, mister honey. You should have had good reason for doing the like of that.

CHRISTY (*in a very reasonable tone*)—He was a dirty man, God forgive him, and he getting old and crusty, the way I couldn't put up with him at all.

PEGEEN—And you shot him dead?

CHRISTY (*shaking his head*)—I never used weapons. I've no license, and I'm a law-fearing man.

MICHAEL—It was with a hilted knife maybe? I'm told, in the big world it's bloody knives they use.

CHRISTY (*loudly, scandalized*)—Do you take me for a slaughter-boy?

PEGEEN—You never hanged him, the way Jimmy Farrell hanged his dog from the license, and had it screeching and wriggling three hours at the butt of a string, and himself swearing it was a dead dog, and the peelers swearing it had life?

CHRISTY—I did not then. I just riz the loy and let fall the edge of it on the ridge of his skull, and he went down at my feet like an empty sack, and never let a grunt or groan from him at all.

MICHAEL (*making a sign to* PEGEEN *to fill* CHRISTY'S *glass*)—And what way weren't you hanged, mister? Did you bury him then?

CHRISTY (*considering*)—Aye. I buried him then. Wasn't I digging spuds in the field?

MICHAEL—And the peelers never followed after you the eleven days that you're out?

CHRISTY (*shaking his head*)—Never a one of them, and I walking forward facing hog, dog, or divil on the highway of the road.

PHILLY (*nodding wisely*)—It's only with a common week-day kind of a murderer them lads would be trusting their carcase, and that man should be a great terror when his temper's roused.

MICHAEL—He should then. (*To* CHRISTY.) And where was it, mister honey, that you did the deed?

CHRISTY (*looking at him with suspicion*)—Oh, a distant place, master of the house, a windy corner of high, distant hills.

PHILLY (*nodding with approval*)—He's a close man, and he's right, surely.

PEGEEN—That'd be a lad with the sense of Solomon to have for a pot-boy, Michael James, if it's the truth you're seeking one at all.

PHILLY—The peelers is fearing him, and if you'd that lad in the house there isn't one of them would come smelling around if the dogs itself were lapping poteen from the dung-pit of the yard.

JIMMY—Bravery's a treasure in a lonesome place, and a lad would kill his father, I'm thinking, would face a foxy divil with a pitchpike on the flags of hell.

PEGEEN—It's the truth they're saying, and if I'd that lad in the house, I wouldn't be fearing the loosed kharki cut-throats, or the walking dead.

CHRISTY (*swelling with surprize and triumph*)—Well, glory be to God!

MICHAEL (*with deference*)—Would you think well to stop here and be pot-boy, mister honey, if we gave you good wages, and didn't destroy you with the weight of work?

SHAWN (*coming forward uneasily*)—That'd be a queer kind to bring into a decent quiet household with the like of Pegeen Mike.

PEGEEN (*very sharply*)—Will you whisht? Who's speaking to you?

SHAWN (*retreating*)—A bloody-handed murderer the like of . . .

PEGEEN (*snapping at him*)—Whisht, I am saying; we'll take no fooling from your like at all. (*To* CHRISTY, *with a honeyed voice.*) And you, young fellow, you'd have a right to stop, I'm thinking, for we'd do our all and utmost to content your needs.

CHRISTY (*overcome with wonder*)—And I'd be safe in this place from the searching law?

MICHAEL—You would, surely. If they're not fearing you, itself, the peelers in this place is decent droughty poor fellows, wouldn't touch a cur dog and not give warning in the dead of night.

PEGEEN (*very kindly and persuasively*)—Let you stop a short while anyhow. Aren't you destroyed walking with your feet in bleeding blisters, and whole skin needing washing like a Wicklow sheep?

CHRISTY (*looking round with satisfaction*)—It's a nice room, and if it's not hum-

bugging me you are, I'm thinking that I'll surely stay.

JIMMY (*jumps up*)—Now, by the grace of God, herself will be safe this night, with a man killed his father holding danger from the door, and let you come on, Michael James, or they'll have the best stuff drunk at the wake.

MICHAEL (*going to the door with men*)—And begging your pardon, mister, what name will we call you, for we'd like to know?

CHRISTY—Christopher Mahon.

MICHAEL—Well, God bless you, Christy, and a good rest till we meet again when the sun'll be rising to the noon of day.

CHRISTY—God bless you all.

MEN—God bless you. (*They go out except* SHAWN, *who lingers at door.*)

SHAWN (*to* PEGEEN)—Are you wanting me to stop along with you and keep you from harm?

PEGEEN (*gruffly*)—Didn't you say you were fearing Father Reilly?

SHAWN—There'd be no harm staying now, I'm thinking, and himself in it too.

PEGEEN—You wouldn't stay when there was need for you, and let you step off nimble this time when there's none.

SHAWN—Didn't I say it was Father Reilly. . . .

PEGEEN—Go on, then, to Father Reilly (*in a jeering tone*), and let him put you in the holy brotherhoods, and leave that lad to me.

SHAWN—If I meet the Widow Quin . . .

PEGEEN—Go on, I'm saying, and don't be waking this place with your noise. (*She hustles him out and bolts the door.*) That lad would wear the spirits from the saints of peace. (*Bustles about, then takes off her apron and pins it up in the window as a blind.* CHRISTY *watching her timidly. Then she comes to him and speaks with bland good-humour.*) Let you stretch out now by the fire, young fellow. You should be destroyed traveling.

CHRISTY (*shyly again, drawing off his boots*)—I'm tired, surely, walking wild eleven days, and waking fearful in the night. (*He holds up one of his feet, feeling his blisters, and looking at them with compassion.*)

PEGEEN (*standing beside him, watching him with delight*)—You should have had great people in your family, I'm thinking, with the little, small feet you have, and you with a kind of a quality name, the like of what you'd find on the great powers and potentates of France and Spain.

CHRISTY (*with pride*)—We were great surely, with wide and windy acres of rich Munster land.

PEGEEN—Wasn't I telling you, and you a fine, handsome young fellow with a noble brow?

CHRISTY (*with a flash of delighted surprize*)—Is it me?

PEGEEN—Aye. Did you never hear that from the young girls where you come from in the west or south?

CHRISTY (*with venom*)—I did not then. Oh, they're bloody liars in the naked parish where I grew a man.

PEGEEN—If they are itself, you've heard it these days, I'm thinking, and you walking the world telling out your story to young girls or old.

CHRISTY—I've told my story no place till this night, Pegeen Mike, and it's foolish I was here, maybe, to be talking free, but you're decent people, I'm thinking, and yourself a kindly woman. the way I wasn't fearing you at all.

PEGEEN (*filling a sack with straw*)—You've said the like of that, maybe, in every cot and cabin where you've met a young girl on your way.

CHRISTY (*going over to her, gradually raising his voice*)—I've said it nowhere till this night, I'm telling you, for I've seen none the like of you the eleven long days I am walking the world, looking over a low ditch or a high ditch on my north or my south, into stony scattered fields, or scribes or bog, where you'd see young, limber girls, and fine prancing women making laughter with the men.

PEGEEN—If you weren't destroyed traveling, you'd have as much talk and streeleen, I'm thinking, as Owen Roe O'Sullivan or the poets of the Dingle Bay, and I've heard all times it's the poets are your like, fine fiery fellows with great rages when their temper's roused.

CHRISTY (*drawing a little nearer to her*)—You've a power of rings, God bless you, and would there be any offense if I was asking are you single now?

PEGEEN—What would I want wedding so young?

CHRISTY (*with relief*)—We're alike so.

PEGEEN (*she puts sack on settle and beats it up*)—I never killed my father. I'd be afeard to do that, except I was the like of yourself with blind rages rearing me within, for I'm thinking you should have had great tussling when the end was come.

CHRISTY (*expanding with delight at the first confidential talk he has ever had with a woman*)—We had not then. It was a

hard woman was come over the hill, and if he was always a crusty kind when he'd a hard woman setting him on, not the divil himself or his four fathers could put up with him at all.

PEGEEN (*with curiosity*)—And isn't it a great wonder that one wasn't fearing you?

CHRISTY (*very confidentially*)—Up to the day I killed my father, there wasn't a person in Ireland knew the kind I was, and I there drinking, waking, eating, sleeping, a quiet, simple poor fellow with no man giving me heed.

PEGEEN (*getting a quilt out of the cupboard and putting it on the sack*)—It was the girls were giving you heed maybe, and I'm thinking it's most conceit you'd have to be gaming with their like.

CHRISTY (*shaking his head, with simplicity*)—Not the girls itself, and I won't tell you a lie. There wasn't anyone heeding me in that place saving only the dumb beasts of the field. (*He sits down at fire.*)

PEGEEN (*with disappointment*)—And I thinking you should have been living the like of a king of Norway or the Eastern world. (*She comes and sits beside him after placing bread and mug of milk on the table.*)

CHRISTY (*laughing piteously*)—The like of a king, is it? And I after toiling, moiling, digging, dodging from the dawn till dusk with never a sight of joy or sport saving only when I'd be abroad in the dark night poaching rabbits on hills, for I was a devil to poach, God forgive me, (*very naïvely*) and I near got six months for going with a dung fork and stabbing a fish.

PEGEEN—And it's that you'd call sport, is it, to be abroad in the darkness with yourself alone?

CHRISTY—I did, God help me, and there I'd be as happy as the sunshine of St. Martin's Day, watching the light passing the north or the patches of fog, till I'd hear a rabbit starting to screech and I'd go running in the furze. Then when I'd my full share I'd come walking down where you'd see the ducks and geese stretched sleeping on the highway of the road, and before I'd pass the dunghill, I'd hear himself snoring out, a loud lonesome snore he'd be making all times, the while he was sleeping, and he a man 'd be raging all times, the while he was waking, like a gaudy officer you'd hear cursing and damning and swearing oaths.

PEGEEN—Providence and Mercy, spare us all!

CHRISTY—It's that you'd say surely if you seen him and he after drinking for weeks, rising up in the red dawn, or before it maybe, and going out into the yard as naked as an ash tree in the moon of May, and shying clods against the visage of the stars till he'd put the fear of death into the banbhs and the screeching sows.

PEGEEN—I'd be well-nigh afeard of that lad myself, I'm thinking. And there was no one in it but the two of you alone?

CHRISTY—The divil a one, though he'd sons and daughters walking all great states and territories of the world, and not a one of them, to this day, but would say their seven curses on him, and they rousing up to let a cough or sneeze, maybe, in the deadness of the night.

PEGEEN (*nodding her head*)—Well, you should have been a queer lot. I never cursed my father the like of that, though I'm twenty and more years of age.

CHRISTY—Then you'd have cursed mine, I'm telling you, and he a man never gave peace to any, saving when he'd get two months or three, or be locked in the asylums for battering peelers or assaulting men (*with depression*) the way it was a bitter life he led me till I did up a Tuesday and halve his skull.

PEGEEN (*putting her hand on his shoulder*)—Well, you'll have peace in this place, Christy Mahon, and none to trouble you, and it's near time a fine lad like you should have your good share of the earth.

CHRISTY—It's time surely, and I a seemly fellow with great strength in me and bravery of . . . (*Someone knocks.*)

CHRISTY (*clinging to* PEGEEN)—Oh, glory! it's late for knocking, and this last while I'm in terror of the peelers, and the walking dead. (*Knocking again.*)

PEGEEN—Who's there?

VOICE (*outside*)—Me.

PEGEEN—Who's me?

VOICE—The Widow Quin.

PEGEEN (*jumping up and giving him the bread and milk*)—Go on now with your supper, and let on to be sleepy, for if she found you were such a warrant to talk she'd be stringing gabble till the dawn of day. (*He takes bread and sits shyly with his back to the door.*)

PEGEEN (*opening door, with temper*)—What ails you, or what is it you're wanting at this hour of the night?

WIDOW QUIN (*coming in a step and peering at* CHRISTY)—I'm after meeting Shawn Keogh and Father Reilly below, who told me of your curiosity man, and they fearing by this time he was maybe roaring, romping on your hands with drink.

PEGEEN (*pointing to* CHRISTY)—Look, now, is he roaring, and he stretched away drowsy with his supper and his mug of milk. Walk down and tell that to Father Reilly and to Shaneen Keogh.

WIDOW QUIN (*coming forward*)—I'll not see them again, for I've their word to lead that lad forward for to lodge with me.

PEGEEN (*in blank amazement*)—This night, is it?

WIDOW QUIN (*going over*)—This night. "It isn't fitting," says the priesteen, "to have his likeness lodging with an orphaned girl." (*To* CHRISTY.) God save you, mister!

CHRISTY (*shyly*)—God save you kindly.

WIDOW QUIN (*looking at him with half-amazed curiosity*)—Well, aren't you a little smiling fellow? It should have been great and bitter torments did rouse your spirits to a deed of blood.

CHRISTY (*doubtfully*)—It should, maybe.

WIDOW QUIN—It's more than "maybe" I'm saying, and it'd soften my heart to see you sitting so simple with your cup and cake, and you fitter to be saying your catechism than slaying your da.

PEGEEN (*at counter, washing glasses*)—There's talking when any'd see he's fit to be holding his head high with the wonders of the world. Walk on from this, for I'll not have him tormented and he destroyed traveling since Tuesday was a week.

WIDOW QUIN (*peaceably*)—We'll be walking surely when his supper's done, and you'll find we're great company, young fellow, when it's of the like of you and me you'd hear the penny poets singing in an August Fair.

CHRISTY (*innocently*)—Did you kill your father?

PEGEEN (*contemptuously*)—She did not. She hit himself with a worn pick, and the rusted poison did corrode his blood the way he never overed it, and died after. That was a sneaky kind of murder did win small glory with the boys itself. (*She crosses to* CHRISTY'S *left.*)

WIDOW QUIN (*with good-humour*)—If it didn't, maybe all knows a widow woman has buried her children and destroyed her man is a wiser comrade for a young lad than a girl, the like of you, who'd go helter-skeltering after any man would let you a wink upon the road.

PEGEEN (*breaking out into wild rage*)—And you'll say that, Widow Quin, and you gasping with the rage you had racing the hill beyond to look on his face.

WIDOW QUIN (*laughing derisively*)—Me, is it? Well, Father Reilly has cuteness to divide you now. (*She pulls* CHRISTY *up.*) There's great temptation in a man did slay his da, and we'd best be going, young fellow; so rise up and come with me.

PEGEEN (*seizing his arm*)—He'll not stir. He's pot-boy in this place, and I'll not have him stolen off and kidnabbed while himself's abroad.

WIDOW QUIN—It'd be a crazy pot-boy'd lodge him in the shebeen where he works by day, so you'd have a right to come on, young fellow, till you see my little houseen, a perch off on the rising hill.

PEGEEN—Wait till morning, Christy Mahon. Wait till you lay eyes on her leaky thatch is growing more pasture for her buck goat than her square of fields, and she without a tramp itself to keep in order her place at all.

WIDOW QUIN—When you see me contriving in my little gardens, Christy Mahon, you'll swear the Lord God formed me to be living lone, and that there isn't my match in Mayo for thatching, or mowing, or shearing a sheep.

PEGEEN (*with noisy scorn*)—It's true the Lord God formed you to contrive indeed. Doesn't the world know you reared a black lamb at your own breast, so that the Lord Bishop of Connaught felt the elements of a Christian, and he eating it after in a kidney stew? Doesn't the world know you've been seen shaving the foxy skipper from France for a threepenny bit and a sop of grass tobacco would wring the liver from a mountain goat you'd meet leaping the hills?

WIDOW QUIN (*with amusement*)—Do you hear her now, young fellow? Do you hear the way she'll be rating at your own self when a week is by?

PEGEEN (*to* CHRISTY)—Don't heed her. Tell her to go into her pigsty and not plague us here.

WIDOW QUIN—I'm going; but he'll come with me.

PEGEEN (*shaking him*)—Are you dumb, young fellow?

CHRISTY (*timidly, to* WIDOW QUIN)—God increase you; but I'm pot-boy in this place, and it's here I'd liefer stay.

PEGEEN (*triumphantly*)—Now you have heard him, and go on from this.

WIDOW QUIN (*looking round the room*)—It's lonesome this hour crossing the hill, and if he won't come along with me, I'd have a right maybe to stop this night with yourselves. Let me stretch out on the settle, Pegeen Mike; and himself can lie by the hearth.

PEGEEN (*short and fiercely*)—Faith, I won't. Quit off, or I will send you now.

WIDOW QUIN (*gathering her shawl up*)—Well, it's a terror to be aged a score. (*To* CHRISTY.) God bless you now, young fellow, and let you be wary, or there's right torment will await you here if you go romancing with her like, and she waiting only, as they bade me say, on a sheepskin parchment to be wed with Shawn Keogh or Killakeen.

CHRISTY (*going to* PEGEEN *as she bolts the door*)—What's that she's after saying?

PEGEEN—Lies and blather, you've no call to mind. Well, isn't Shawn Keogh an impudent fellow to send up spying on me? Wait till I lay hands on him. Let him wait, I'm saying.

CHRISTY—And you're not wedding him at all?

PEGEEN—I wouldn't wed him if a bishop came walking for to join us here.

CHRISTY—That God in glory may be thanked for that.

PEGEEN—There's your bed now. I've put a quilt upon you I'm after quilting a while since with my own two hands, and you'd best stretch out now for your sleep, and may God give you a good rest till I call you in the morning when the cocks will crow.

CHRISTY (*as she goes to inner room*)—May God and Mary and St. Patrick bless you and reward you, for your kindly talk. (*She shuts the door behind her. He settles his bed slowly, feeling the quilt with immense satisfaction.*) Well, it's a clean bed and soft with it, and it's great luck and company I've won me in the end of time—two fine women fighting for the likes of me—till I'm thinking this night wasn't I a foolish fellow not to kill my father in the years gone by.

ACT II

SCENE, *as before. Brilliant morning light.* CHRISTY, *looking bright and cheerful, is cleaning a girl's boots.*

CHRISTY (*to himself, counting jugs on dresser*)—Half a hundred beyond. Ten there. A score that's above. Eighty jugs. Six cups and a broken one. Two plates. A power of glasses. Bottles, a schoolmaster'd be hard set to count, and enough in them, I'm thinking, to drunken all the wealth and wisdom of the County Clare. (*He puts down the boot carefully.*) There's her boots now, nice and decent for her evening use, and isn't it grand brushes she has? (*He puts them down and goes by degrees to the looking-glass.*) Well, this'd be a fine place to be my whole life talking out with swearing Christians, in place of my old dogs and cat, and I stalking around, smoking my pipe and drinking my fill, and never a day's work but drawing a cork an odd time, or wiping a glass, or rinsing out a shiny tumbler for a decent man. (*He takes the looking-glass from the wall and puts it on the back of chair; then sits down in front of it and begins washing his face.*) Didn't I know rightly I was handsome, though it was the divil's own mirror we had beyond, would twist a squint across an angel's brow; and I'll be growing fine from this day, the way I'll have a soft lovely skin on me and won't be the like of the clumsy young fellows do be ploughing all times in the earth and dung. (*He starts.*) Is she coming again? (*He looks out.*) Stranger girls. God help me, where'll I hide myself away and my long neck naked to the world? (*He looks out.*) I'd best go to the room maybe till I'm dressed again. (*He gathers up his coat and the looking-glass, and runs into the inner room. The door is pushed open, and* SUSAN BRADY *looks in, and knocks on door.*)

SUSAN—There's nobody in it. (*Knocks again.*)

NELLY (*pushing her in and following her with* HONOR BLAKE *and* SARA TANSEY)—It'd be early for them both to be out walking the hill.

SUSAN—I'm thinking Shawn Keogh was making game of us and there's no such man in it at all.

HONOR (*pointing to straw and quilt*)—Look at that. He's been sleeping there in the night. Well, it'll be a hard case if he's gone off now, the way we'll never set our eyes on a man killed his father, and we after rising early and destroying ourselves running fast on the hill.

NELLIE—Are you thinking them's his boots?

SARA (*taking them up*)—If they are, there should be his father's track on them. Did you never read in the papers the way murdered men do bleed and drip?

SUSAN—Is that blood there, Sara Tansey?

SARA (*smelling it*)—That's bog water, I'm thinking, but it's his own they are surely, for I never seen the like of them for whity mud, and red mud, and turf on them, and the fine sands of the sea. That man's been walking, I'm telling you. (*She goes down right, putting on one of his boots.*)

SUSAN (*going to window*)—Maybe he's

stolen off to Belmullet with the boots of Michael James, and you'd have a right so to follow after him, Sara Tansey, and you the one yoked the ass cart and drove ten miles to set your eyes on the man bit the yellow lady's nostril on the northern shore. (*She looks out.*)

SARA (*running to window with one boot on*)—Don't be talking, and we fooled to-day. (*Putting on other boot.*) There's a pair do fit me well, and I'll be keeping them for walking to the priest, when you'd be ashamed this place, going up winter and summer with nothing worth while to confess at all.

HONOR (*who has been listening at the door*)—Whisht! there's someone inside the room. (*She pushes door a chink open.*) It's a man. (SARA *kicks off boots and puts them where they were. They all stand in a line looking through chink.*)

SARA—I'll call him. Mister! Mister! (*He puts in his head.*) Is Pegeen within?

CHRISTY (*coming in as meek as a mouse, with the looking-glass held behind his back*)—She's above on the cnuceen, seeking the nanny goats, the way she'd have a sup of goat's milk for to colour my tea.

SARA—And asking your pardon, is it you's the man killed his father?

Christy (*sidling toward the nail where the glass was hanging*)—I am, God help me!

SARA (*taking eggs she has brought*)—Then my thousand welcomes to you, and I've run up with a brace of duck's eggs for your food to-day. Pegeen's ducks is no use, but these are the real rich sort. Hold out your hand and you'll see it's no lie I'm telling you.

CHRISTY (*coming forward shyly, and holding out his left hand*)—They're a great and weighty size.

SUSAN—And I run up with a pat of butter, for it'd be a poor thing to have you eating your spuds dry, and you after running a great way since you did destroy your da.

CHRISTY—Thank you kindly.

HONOR—And I brought you a little cut of cake, for you should have a thin stomach on you, and you that length walking the world.

NELLY—And I brought you a little laying pullet—boiled and all she is—was crushed at the fall of night by the curate's car. Feel the fat of that breast, Mister.

CHRISTY—It's bursting, surely. (*He feels it with the back of his hand, in which he holds the presents.*)

SARA—Will you pinch it? Is your right hand too sacred for to use at all? (*She slips round behind him.*) It's a glass he has. Well, I never seen to this day a man with a looking-glass held to his back. Them that kills their fathers is a vain lot surely. (*Girls giggle.*)

CHRISTY (*smiling innocently and piling presents on glass*)—I'm very thankful to you all to-day . . .

WIDOW QUIN (*coming in quickly, at door*)—Sara Tansey, Susan Brady, Honor Blake! What in glory has you here at this hour of day?

GIRLS (*giggling*)—That's the man killed his father.

WIDOW QUIN (*coming to them*)—I know well it's the man; and I'm after putting him down in the sports below for racing, leaping, pitching, and the Lord knows what.

SARA (*exuberantly*)—That's right, Widow Quin. I'll bet my dowry that he'll lick the world.

WIDOW QUIN—If you will, you'd have a right to have him fresh and nourished in place of nursing a feast. (*Taking presents.*) Are you fasting or fed, young fellow?

CHRISTY—Fasting, if you please.

WIDOW QUIN (*loudly*)—Well, you're the lot. Stir up now and give him his breakfast. (*To* CHRISTY.) Come here to me (*she puts him on bench beside her while the girls make tea and get his breakfast*) and let you tell us your story before Pegeen will come, in place of grinning your ears off like the moon of May.

CHRISTY (*beginning to be pleased*)—It's a long story; you'd be destroyed listening.

WIDOW QUIN—Don't be letting on to be shy, a fine, gamey, treacherous lad the like of you. Was it in your house beyond you cracked his skull?

CHRISTY (*shy but flattered*)—It was not. We were digging spuds in his cold, sloping, stony, divil's patch of a field.

WIDOW QUIN—And you went asking money of him, or making talk of getting a wife would drive him from his farm?

CHRISTY—I did not, then; but there I was, digging and digging, and "You squinting idiot," says he, "let you walk down now and tell the priest you'll wed the Widow Casey in a score of days."

WIDOW QUIN—And what kind was she?

CHRISTY (*with horror*)—A walking terror from beyond the hills, and she two score and five years, and two hundredweights and five pounds in the weighing scales, with a limping leg on her, and a blinded eye, and she a woman of noted misbehaviour with the old and young.

GIRLS (*clustering round him, serving him*)—Glory be.

WIDOW QUIN—And what did he want driving you to wed with her? (*She takes a bit of the chicken.*)

CHRISTY (*eating with growing satisfaction*)—He was letting on I was wanting a protector from the harshness of the world, and he without a thought the whole while but how he'd have her hut to live in and her gold to drink.

WIDOW QUIN—There's maybe worse than a dry hearth and a widow woman and your glass at night. So you hit him then?

CHRISTY (*getting almost excited*)—I did not. "I won't wed her," says I, "when all know she did suckle me for six weeks when I came into the world, and she a hag this day with a tongue on her has the crows and seabirds scattered, the way they wouldn't cast a shadow on her garden with the dread of her curse."

WIDOW QUIN (*teasingly*)—That one should be right company.

SARA (*eagerly*)—Don't mind her. Did you kill him then?

CHRISTY—"She's too good for the like of you," says he, "and go on now or I'll flatten you out like a crawling beast has passed under a dray." "You will not if I can help it," says I. "Go on," says he, "or I'll have the divil making garters of your limbs to-night." "You will not if I can help it," says I. (*He sits up, brandishing his mug.*)

SARA—You were right surely.

CHRISTY (*impressively*)—With that the sun came out between the cloud and the hill, and it shining green in my face. "God have mercy on your soul," says he, lifting a scythe; "or on your own," says I, raising the loy.

SUSAN—That's a grand story.

HONOR—He tells it lovely.

CHRISTY (*flattered and confident, waving bone*)—He gave a drive with the scythe, and I gave a lep to the east. Then I turned around with my back to the north, and I hit a blow on the ridge of his skull, laid him stretched out, and he split to the knob of his gullet. (*Her raises the chicken bone to his Adam's apple.*)

GIRLS (*together*)—Well, you're a marvel! Oh, God bless you! You're the lad surely!

SUSAN—I'm thinking the Lord God sent him this road to make a second husband to the Widow Quin, and she with a great yearning to be wedded, though all dread her here. Lift him on her knee, Sara Tansey.

WIDOW QUIN—Don't tease him.

SARA (*going over to dresser and counter very quickly, and getting two glasses and porter*)—You're heroes surely, and let you drink a supeen with your arms linked like the outlandish lovers in the sailor's song. (*She links their arms and gives them the glasses.*) There now. Drink a health to the wonders of the western world, the pirates, preachers, poteen-makers, with the jobbing jockies; parching peelers, and the juries fill their stomachs selling judgments of the English law. (*Brandishing the bottle.*)

WIDOW QUIN—That's a right toast, Sara Tansey. Now Christy. (*They drink with their arms linked, he drinking with his left hand, she with her right. As they are drinking,* PEGEEN MIKE *comes in with a milk can and stands aghast. They all spring away from* CHRISTY. *He goes down left.* WIDOW QUIN *remains seated.*)

PEGEEN (*angrily, to* SARA)—What is it you're wanting?

SARA (*twisting her apron*)—An ounce of tobacco.

PEGEEN—Have you tuppence?

SARA—I've forgotten my purse.

PEGEEN—Then you'd best be getting it and not fooling us here. (*To the* WIDOW QUIN, *with more elaborate scorn.*) And what is it you're wanting, Widow Quin?

WIDOW QUIN (*insolently*)—A penn'orth of starch.

PEGEEN (*breaking out*)—And you without a white shirt or a shirt in your whole family since the drying of the flood. I've no starch for the like of you, and let you walk on now to Killamuck.

WIDOW QUIN (*turning to* CHRISTY, *as she goes out with the girls*)—Well, you're mighty huffy this day, Pegeen Mike, and, you young fellow, let you not forget the sports and racing when the noon is by. (*They go out.*)

PEGEEN (*imperiously*)—Fling out that rubbish and put them cups away. (CHRISTY *tidies away in great haste.*) Shove in the bench by the wall. (*He does so.*) And hang that glass on the nail. What disturbed it at all?

CHRISTY (*very meekly*)—I was making myself decent only, and this a fine country for young lovely girls.

PEGEEN (*sharply*)—Whisht your talking of girls. (*Goes to counter—right.*)

CHRISTY—Wouldn't any wish to be decent in a place . . .

PEGEEN—Whisht I'm saying.

CHRISTY (*looks at her face for a moment with great misgivings, then as a last effort takes up a loy, and goes towards her, with*

feigned assurance)—It was with a loy the like of that I killed my father.

PEGEEN (*still sharply*)—You've told me that story six times since the dawn of day.

CHRISTY (*reproachfully*)—It's a queer thing you wouldn't care to be hearing it and them girls after walking four miles to be listening to me now.

PEGEEN (*turning around, astonished*)—Four miles.

CHRISTY (*apologetically*)—Didn't himself say there were only four bona fides living in the place?

PEGEEN—It's bona fides by the road they are, but that lot came over the river lepping the stones. It's not three perches when you go like that, and I was down this morning looking on the papers the post-boy does have in his bag. (*With meaning and emphasis.*) For there was great news this day, Christopher Mahon. (*She goes into room left.*)

CHRISTY (*suspiciously*)—Is it news of my murder?

PEGEEN (*inside*)—Murder, indeed.

CHRISTY (*loudly*)—A murdered da?

PEGEEN (*coming in again and crossing right*)—There was not, but a story filled half a page of the hanging of a man. Ah, that should be a fearful end, young fellow, and it worst of all for a man who destroyed his da, for the like of him would get small mercies, and when it's dead he is, they'd put him in a narrow grave, with cheap sacking wrapping him round, and pour down quicklime on his head, the way you'd see a woman pouring any frish-frash from a cup.

CHRISTY (*very miserably*)—Oh, God help me. Are you thinking I'm safe? You were saying at the fall of night, I was shut of jeopardy and I here with yourselves.

PEGEEN (*severely*)—You'll be shut of jeopardy no place if you go talking with a pack of wild girls the like of them do be walking abroad with the peelers, talking whispers at the fall of night.

CHRISTY (*with terror*)—And you're thinking they'd tell?

PEGEEN (*with mock sympathy*)—Who knows, God help you.

CHRISTY (*loudly*)—What joy would they have to bring hanging to the likes of me?

PEGEEN—It's queer joys they have, and who knows the thing they'd do, if it'd make the green stones cry itself to think of you swaying and swiggling at the butt of a rope, and you with a fine, stout neck, God bless you! the way you'd be a half an hour, in great anguish, getting your death.

CHRISTY (*getting his boots and putting them on*)—If there's that terror of them, it'd be best, maybe, I went on wandering like Esau or Cain and Abel on the sides of Neifin or the Erris plain.

PEGEEN (*beginning to play with him*)—It would, maybe, for I've heard the Circuit Judges this place is a heartless crew.

CHRISTY (*bitterly*)—It's more than Judges this place is a heartless crew. (*Looking up at her.*) And isn't it a poor thing to be starting again and I a lonesome fellow will be looking out on women and girls the way the needy fallen spirits do be looking on the Lord?

PEGEEN—What call have you to be that lonesome when there's poor girls walking Mayo in their thousands now?

CHRISTY (*grimly*)—It's well you know what call I have. It's well you know it's a lonesome thing to be passing small towns with the lights shining sideways when the night is down, or going in strange places with a dog noising before you and a dog noising behind, or drawn to the cities where you'd hear a voice kissing and talking deep love in every shadow of the ditch, and you passing on with an empty, hungry stomach failing from your heart.

PEGEEN—I'm thinking you're an odd man, Christy Mahon. The oddest walking fellow I ever set my eyes on to this hour to-day.

CHRISTY—What would any be but odd men and they living lonesome in the world?

PEGEEN—I'm not odd, and I'm my whole life with my father only.

CHRISTY (*with infinite admiration*)—How would a lovely handsome woman the like of you be lonesome when all men should be thronging around to hear the sweetness of your voice, and the little infant children should be pestering your steps I'm thinking, and you walking the roads.

PEGEEN—I'm hard set to know what way a coaxing fellow the like of yourself should be lonesome, either.

CHRISTY—Coaxing?

PEGEEN—Would you have me think a man never talked with the girls would have the words you've spoken to-day? It's only letting on you are to be lonesome, the way you'd get around me now.

CHRISTY—I wish to God I was letting on; but I was lonesome all times, and born lonesome, I'm thinking, as the moon of dawn. (*Going to door.*)

PEGEEN (*puzzled by his talk*)—Well it's a story I'm not understanding at all why you'd be worse than another, Christy

Mahon, and you a fine lad with the great savagery to destroy your da.

CHRISTY—It's little I'm understanding myself, saving only that my heart's scalded this day, and I going off stretching out the earth between us, the way I'll not be waking near you another dawn of the year till the two of us do arise to hope or judgment with the saints of God, and now I'd best be going with my wattle in my hand, for hanging is a poor thing (*turning to go*), and it's little welcome only is left me in this house to-day.

PEGEEN (*sharply*)—Christy! (*He turns round.*) Come here to me. (*He goes towards her.*) Lay down that switch and throw some sods on the fire. You're pot-boy in this place, and I'll not have you mitch off from us now.

CHRISTY—You were saying I'd be hanged if I stay.

PEGEEN (*quite kindly at last*)—I'm after going down and reading the fearful crimes of Ireland for two weeks or three, and there wasn't a word of your murder. (*Getting up and going over to the counter.*) They've likely not found the body. You're safe so with ourselves.

CHRISTY (*astonished, slowly*)—It's making game of me you were (*following her with fearful joy*), and I can stay so, working at your side, and I not lonesome from this mortal day.

PEGEEN—What's to hinder you from staying, except the widow woman or the young girls would inveigle you off?

CHRISTY (*with rapture*)—And I'll have your words from this day filling my ears, and that look is come upon you meeting my two eyes, and I watching you loafing around in the warm sun, or rinsing your ankles when the night is come.

PEGEEN (*kindly, but a little embarrassed*)—I'm thinking you'll be a loyal young lad to have working around, and if you vexed me a while since with your leaguing with the girls, I wouldn't give a thraneen for a lad hadn't a mighty spirit in him and a gamey heart. (SHAWN KEOGH *runs in carrying a cleeve on his back, followed by the* WIDOW QUIN.)

SHAWN (*to* PEGEEN)—I was passing below, and I seen your mountainy sheep eating cabbages in Jimmy's field. Run up or they'll be bursting surely.

PEGEEN—Oh, God mend them! (*She puts a shawl over her head and runs out.*)

CHRISTY (*looking from one to the other. Still in high spirits*)—I'd best go to her aid, maybe. I'm handy with ewes.

WIDOW QUIN (*closing the door*)—She can do that much, and there is Shaneen has long speeches for to tell you now. (*She sits down with an amused smile.*)

SHAWN (*taking something from his pocket and offering it to* CHRISTY)—Do you see that, mister?

CHRISTY (*looking at it*)—The half of a ticket to the Western States!

SHAWN (*trembling with anxiety*)—I'll give it to you and my new hat (*pulling it out of hamper*); and my breeches with the double seat (*pulling it off*); and my new coat is woven from the blackest shearings for three miles around (*giving him the coat*); I'll give you the whole of them, and my blessing, and the blessing of Father Reilly itself, maybe, if you'll quit from this and leave us in the peace we had till last night at the fall of dark.

CHRISTY (*with a new arrogance*)—And for what is it you're wanting to get shut of me?

SHAWN (*looking to the* WIDOW *for help*)—I'm a poor scholar with middling faculties to coin a lie, so I'll tell you the truth, Christy Mahon. I'm wedding with Pegeen beyond, and I don't think well of having a clever fearless man the like of you dwelling in her house.

CHRISTY (*almost pugnaciously*)—And you'd be using bribery for to banish me?

SHAWN (*in an imploring voice*)—Let you not take it badly, mister honey, isn't beyond the best place for you where you'll have golden chains and shiny coats and you riding upon hunters with the ladies of the land? (*He makes an eager sign to the* WIDOW QUIN *to come to help him.*)

WIDOW QUIN (*coming over*)—It's true for him, and you'd best quit off and not have that poor girl setting her mind on you, for there's Shaneen thinks she wouldn't suit you, though all is saying that she'll wed you now. (CHRISTY *beams with delight.*)

SHAWN (*in terrified earnest*)—She wouldn't suit you, and she with the divil's own temper the way you'd be strangling one another in a score of days. (*He makes the movement of strangling with his hands.*) It's the like of me only that she's fit for, a quiet simple fellow wouldn't raise a hand upon her if she scratched itself.

WIDOW QUIN (*putting* SHAWN'S *hat on* CHRISTY)—Fit them clothes on you anyhow, young fellow, and he'd maybe loan them to you for the sports. (*Pushing him towards inner door.*) Fit them on and you can give your answer when you have them tried.

CHRISTY (*beaming, delighted with the*

clothes)—I will then. I'd like herself to see me in them tweeds and hat. (*He goes into room and shuts the door.*)

SHAWN (*in great anxiety*)—He'd like herself to see them. He'll not leave us, Widow Quin. He's a score of divils in him the way it's well night certain he will wed Pegeen.

WIDOW QUIN (*jceringly*)—It's true all girls are fond of courage and do hate the like of you.

SHAWN (*walking about in desperation*)—Oh, Widow Quin, what'll I be doing now? I'd inform again him, but he'd burst from Kilmainham and he'd be sure and certain to destroy me. If I wasn't so God-fearing, I'd near have courage to come behind him and run a pike into his side. Oh, it's a hard case to be an orphan and not to have your father that you're used to, and you'd easy kill and make yourself a hero in the sight of all. (*Coming up to her.*) Oh, Widow Quin, will you find me some contrivance when I've promised you a ewe?

WIDOW QUIN—A ewe's a small thing, but what would you give me if I did wed him and did save you so?

SHAWN (*with astonishment*)—You?

WIDOW QUIN—Aye. Would you give me the red cow you have and the mountainy ram, and the right of way across your rye path, and a load of dung at Michaelmas, a turbary upon the western hill?

SHAWN (*radiant with hope*)—I would surely, and I'd give you the wedding-ring I have, and the loan of a new suit, the way you'd have him decent on the wedding-day. I'd give you two kids for your dinner, and a gallon of poteen, and I'd call the piper on the long car to your wedding from Crossmolina or from Ballina. I'd give you . . .

WIDOW QUIN—That'll do so, and let you whisht, for he's coming now again. (CHRISTY *comes in very natty in the new clothes.* WIDOW QUIN *goes to him admiringly.*)

WIDOW QUIN—If you seen yourself now, I'm thinking you'd be too proud to speak to us at all, and it'd be a pity surely to have your like sailing from Mayo to the Western World.

CHRISTY (*as proud as a peacock*)—I'm not going. If this is a poor place, I'll make myself contented to be lodging here. (WIDOW QUIN *makes a sign to* SHAWN *to leave them.*)

SHAWN—Well, I'm going measuring the race-course while the tide is low, so I'll leave you the garments and my blessing for the sports to-day. God bless you! (*He wriggles out.*)

WIDOW QUIN (*admiring* CHRISTY)—Well, you're mighty spruce, young fellow. Sit down now while you're quiet till you talk with me.

CHRISTY (*swaggering*)—I'm going abroad on the hillside for to seek Pegeen.

WIDOW QUIN—You'll have time and plenty for to seek Pegeen, and you heard me saying at the fall of night the two of us should be great company.

CHRISTY—From this out I'll have no want of company when all sorts is bringing me their food and clothing (*he swaggers to the door, tightening his belt*), the way they'd set their eyes upon a gallant orphan cleft his father with one blow to the breeches belt. (*He opens door, then staggers back.*) Saints of glory! Holy angels from the throne of light!

WIDOW QUIN (*going over*)—What ails you?

CHRISTY—It's the walking spirit of my murdered da.

WIDOW QUIN (*looking out*)—Is it that tramper?

CHRISTY (*wildly*)—Where'll I hide my poor body from that ghost of hell? (*The door is pushed open, and old* MAHON *appears on threshold.* CHRISTY *darts in behind door.*)

WIDOW QUIN (*in great amusement*)—God save you, my poor man.

MAHON (*gruffly*)—Did you see a young lad passing this way in the early morning or the fall of night?

WIDOW QUIN—You're a queer kind to walk in not saluting at all.

MAHON—Did you see the young lad?

WIDOW QUIN (*stiffly*)—What kind was he?

MAHON—An ugly young streeler with a murderous gob on him, and a little switch in his hand. I met a tramper seen him coming this way at the fall of night.

WIDOW QUIN—There's harvest hundreds do be passing these days for the Sligo boat. For what is it you're wanting him, my poor man?

MAHON—I want to destroy him for breaking the head on me with the clout of a loy. (*He takes off a big hat, and shows his head in a mass of bandages and plaster, with some pride.*) It was he did that, and amn't I a great wonder to think I've traced him ten days with that rent in my crown?

WIDOW QUIN (*taking his head in both hands and examining it with extreme delight*)—That was a great blow. And who hit you? A robber, maybe?

MAHON—It was my own son hit me, and he the divil a robber, or anything else, but a dirty, stuttering lout.

WIDOW (*letting go his skull and wiping*

her hands in her apron)—You'd best be wary of a mortified scalp, I think they call it, lepping around with that wound in the splendour of the sun. It was a bad blow, surely, and you should have vexed him fearful to make him strike that gash in his da.

MAHON—Is it me?

WIDOW QUIN (*amusing herself*)—Aye. And isn't it a great shame when the old and hardened do torment the young?

MAHON (*raging*)—Torment him, is it? And I after holding out with the patience of a martyred saint till there's nothing but destruction on, and I'm driven out in my old age with none to aid me.

WIDOW QUIN (*greatly amused*)—It's a sacred wonder the way that wickedness will spoil a man.

MAHON—My wickedness, is it? Amn't I after saying it is himself has me destroyed, and he a liar on walls, a talker of folly, a man you'd see stretched the half of the day in the brown ferns with his belly to the sun.

WIDOW QUIN—Not working at all?

MAHON—The divil a work, or if he did itself, you'd see him raising up a haystack like the stalk of a rush, or driving our last cow till he broke her leg at the hip, and when he wasn't at that he'd be fooling over little birds he had—finches and felts—or making mugs at his own self in the bit of a glass we had hung on the wall.

WIDOW QUIN (*looking at* CHRISTY)—What way was he so foolish? It was running wild after the girls may be?

MAHON (*with a shout of derision*)—Running wild, is it? If he seen a red petticoat coming swinging over the hill, he'd be off to hide in the sticks, and you'd see him shooting out his sheep's eyes between the little twigs and the leaves, and his two ears rising like a hare looking out through a gap. Girls, indeed!

WIDOW QUIN—It was drink, maybe?

MAHON—And he a poor fellow would get drunk on the smell of a pint. He'd a queer rotten stomach, I'm telling you, and when I gave him three pulls from my pipe a while since, he was taken with contortions till I had to send him in the ass cart to the females' nurse.

WIDOW QUIN (*clasping her hands*)—Well, I never till this day heard tell of a man the like of that!

MAHON—I'd take a mighty oath you didn't surely, and wasn't he the laughing joke of every female woman where four baronies meet, the way the girls would stop their weeding if they seen him coming the road to let a roar at him, and call him the looney of Mahon's.

WIDOW QUIN—I'd give the world and all to see the like of him. What kind was he?

MAHON—A small low fellow.

WIDOW QUIN—And dark?

MAHON—Dark and dirty.

WIDOW QUIN (*considering*)—I'm thinking I seen him.

MAHON (*eagerly*)—An ugly young blackguard.

WIDOW QUIN—A hideous, fearful villain, and the spit of you.

MAHON—What way is he fled?

WIDOW QUIN—Gone over the hills to catch a coasting steamer to the north or south.

MAHON—Could I pull up on him now?

WIDOW QUIN—If you'll cross the sands below where the tide is out, you'll be in it as soon as himself, for he had to go round ten miles by the top of the bay. (*She points to the door.*) Strike down by the head beyond and then follow on the roadway to the north and east. (MAHON *goes abruptly.*)

WIDOW QUIN (*shouting after him*)—Let you give him a good vengeance when you come up with him, but don't put yourself in the power of the law, for it'd be a poor thing to see a judge in his black cap reading out his sentence on a civil warrior the like of you. (*She swings the door to and looks at* CHRISTY, *who is cowering in terror, for a moment, then she bursts into a laugh.*)

WIDOW QUIN—Well, you're the walking Playboy of the Western World, and that's the poor man you had divided to his breeches belt.

CHRISTY (*looking out: then, to her*)—What'll Pegeen say when she hears that story? What'll she be saying to me now?

WIDOW QUIN—She'll knock the head of you, I'm thinking, and drive you from the door. God help her to be taking you for a wonder, and you a little schemer making up the story you destroyed your da.

CHRISTY (*turning to the door, nearly speechless with rage, half to himself*)—To be letting on he was dead, and coming back to his life, and following after me like an old weazel tracing a rat, and coming in here laying desolation between my own self and the fine women of Ireland, and he a kind of carcase that you'd fling upon the sea. . . .

WIDOW QUIN (*more soberly*)—There's talking for a man's one only son.

CHRISTY (*breaking out*)—His one son, is it? May I meet him with one tooth and

it aching, and one eye to be seeing seven and seventy divils in the twists of the road, and one old timber leg on him to limp into the scalding grave. (*Looking out.*) There he is now crossing the strands, and that the Lord God would send a high wave to wash him from the world.

WIDOW QUIN (*scandalized*)—Have you no shame? (*Putting her hand on his shoulder and turning him round.*) What ails you? Near crying, is it?

CHRISTY (*in despair and grief*)—Amn't I after seeing the love-light of the star of knowledge shining from her brow, and hearing words would put you thinking on the holy Brigid speaking to the infant saints, and now she'll be turning again, and speaking hard words to me, like an old woman with a spavindy ass she'd have, urging on a hill.

WIDOW QUIN—There's poetry talk for a girl you'd see itching and scratching, and she with a stale stink of poteen on her from selling in the shop.

CHRISTY (*impatiently*)—It's her like is fitted to be handling merchandise in the heavens above, and what'll I be doing now, I ask you, and I a kind of wonder was jilted by the heavens when a day was by. (*There is a distant noise of girls' voices.* WIDOW QUIN *looks from window and comes to him, hurriedly.*)

WIDOW QUIN—You'll be doing like myself, I'm thinking, when I did destroy my man, for I'm above many's the day, odd times in great spirits, abroad in the sunshine, darning a stocking or stitching a shift; and odd times again looking out on the schooners, hookers, trawlers is sailing the sea, and I thinking on the gallant hairy fellows are drifting beyond, and myself long years living alone.

CHRISTY (*interested*)—You're like me, so.

WIDOW QUIN—I am your like, and it's for that I'm taking a fancy to you, and I with my little houseen above where there'd be myself to tend you, and none to ask were you a murderer or what at all.

CHRISTY—And what would I be doing if I left Pegeen?

WIDOW QUIN—I've nice jobs you could be doing, gathering shells to make a whitewash for our hut within, building up a little goose-house, or stretching a new skin on an old curragh I have, and if my hut is far from all sides, it's there you'll meet the wisest old men, I tell you, at the corner of my wheel, and it's there yourself and me will have great times whispering and hugging. . . .

VOICES (*outside, calling far away*)—Christy! Christy Mahon! Christy!

CHRISTY—Is it Pegeen Mike?

WIDOW QUIN—It's the young girls, I'm thinking, coming to bring you to the sports below, and what is it you'll have me to tell them now?

CHRISTY—Aid me for to win Pegeen. It's herself only that I'm seeking now. (WIDOW QUIN *gets up and goes to window.*) Aid me for to win her, and I'll be asking God to stretch a hand to you in the hour of death, and lead you short cuts through the Meadows of Ease, and up the floor of Heaven to the Footstool of the Virgin's Son.

WIDOW QUIN—There's praying.

VOICES (*nearer*)—Christy! Christy Mahon!

CHRISTY (*with agitation*)—They're coming. Will you swear to aid and save me, for the love of Christ?

WIDOW QUIN (*looks at him for a moment*)—If I aid you, will you swear to give me a right of way I want, and a mountainy ram, and a load of dung at Michaelmas, the time that you'll be master here?

CHRISTY—I will, by the elements and stars of night.

WIDOW QUIN—Then we'll not say a word of the old fellow, the way Pegeen won't know your story till the end of time.

CHRISTY—And if he chances to return again?

WIDOW QUIN—We'll swear he's a maniac and not your da. I could take an oath I seen him raving on the sands to-day. (GIRLS *run in.*)

SUSAN—Come on to the sports below. Pegeen says you're to come.

SARA TANSEY—The lepping's beginning, and we've a jockey's suit to fit upon you for the mule race on the sands below.

HONOR—Come on, will you?

CHRISTY—I will then, if Pegeen's beyond.

SARA—She's in the boreen making game of Shaneen Keogh.

CHRISTY—Then I'll be going to her now. (*He runs out, followed by the girls.*)

WIDOW QUIN—Well, if the worst comes in the end of all, it'll be great game to see there's none to pity him but a widow woman, the like of me, has buried her children and destroyed her man. (*She goes out.*)

ACT III

SCENE, *as before. Later in the day.* JIMMY *comes in, slightly drunk.*

JIMMY (*calls*)—Pegeen! (*Crosses to inner door.*) Pegeen Mike! (*Comes back again into the room.*) Pegeen! (PHILLY *comes in*

in the same state. To PHILLY.) Did you see herself?

PHILLY—I did not; but I sent Shawn Keogh with the ass cart for to bear him home. (*Trying cupboards, which are locked.*) Well, isn't he a nasty man to get into such staggers at a morning wake? and isn't herself the divil's daughter for locking, and she so fussy after that young gaffer, you might take your death with drought and none to heed you?

JIMMY—It's little wonder she'd be fussy, and he after bringing bankrupt ruin on the roulette man, and the trick-o'-the-loop man, and breaking the nose of the cockshot man, and winning all in the sports below, racing, lepping, dancing, and the Lord knows what! He's right luck, I'm telling you.

PHILLY—If he has, he'll be rightly hoobled yet, and he not able to say ten words without making a brag of the way he killed his father, and the great blow he hit with the loy.

JIMMY—A man can't hang by his own informing, and his father should be rotten by now. (OLD MAHON *passes window slowly.*)

PHILLY—Supposing a man's digging spuds in that field with a long spade, and supposing he flings up the two halves of that skull, what'll be said then in the papers and the courts of law?

JIMMY—They'd say it was an old Dane, maybe, was drowned in the flood (OLD MAHON *comes in and sits down near door listening.*) Did you never hear tell of the skulls they have in the city of Dublin, ranged out like blue jugs in a cabin of Connaught?

PHILLY—And you believe that?

JIMMY (*pugnaciously*)—Didn't a lad see them and he after coming from harvesting in the Liverpool boat? "They have them there," says he, "making a show of the great people there was one time walking the world. White skulls and black skulls and yellow skulls, and some with full teeth, and some haven't only but one."

PHILLY—It was no lie, maybe, for when I was a young lad there was a graveyard beyond the house with the remnants of a man who had thighs as long as your arm. He was a horrid man, I'm telling you, and there was many a fine Sunday I'd put him together for fun, and he with shiny bones, you wouldn't meet the like of these days in the cities of the world.

MAHON (*getting up*)—You wouldn't, is it? Lay your eyes on that skull, and tell me where and when there was another the like of it, is splintered only from the blow of a loy.

PHILLY—Glory be to God! And who hit you at all?

MAHON (*triumphantly*)—It was my own son hit me. Would you believe that?

JIMMY—Well, there's wonders hidden in the heart of man!

PHILLY (*suspiciously*)—And what way was it done?

MAHON (*wandering about the room*)—I'm after walking hundreds and long scores of miles, winning clean beds and the fill of my belly four times in the day, and I doing nothing but telling stories of that naked truth. (*He comes to them a little aggressively.*) Give me a supeen and I'll tell you now. (WIDOW QUIN *comes in and stands aghast behind him. He is facing* JIMMY *and* PHILLY, *who are on the left.*)

JIMMY—Ask herself beyond. She's the stuff hidden in her shawl.

WIDOW QUIN (*coming to* MAHON *quickly*)—You here, is it? You didn't go far at all?

MAHON—I seen the coasting steamer passing, and I got a drought upon me and a cramping leg, so I said, "The divil go along with him," and turned again. (*Looking under her shawl.*) And let you give me a supeen, for I'm destroyed travelling since Tuesday was a week.

WIDOW QUIN (*getting a glass, in a cajoling tone*)—Sit down then by the fire and take your ease for a space. You've a right to be destroyed indeed, with your walking, and fighting, and facing the sun (*giving him poteen from a stone jar she has brought in.*) There now is a drink for you, and may it be to your happiness and length of life.

MAHON (*taking glass greedily and sitting down by fire*)—God increase you!

WIDOW QUIN (*taking men to the right stealthily*)—Do you know what? That man's raving from his wound to-day, for I met him while since telling a rambling tale of a tinker had him destroyed. Then he heard of Christy's deed, and he up and says it was his son had cracked his skull. O isn't madness a fright, for he'll go killing someone yet, and he thinking it's the man has struck him so?

JIMMY (*entirely convinced*)—It's a fright, surely. I knew a party was kicked in the head by a red mare, and he went killing horses a great while, till he eat the insides of a clock and died after.

PHILLY (*with suspicion*)—Did he see Christy?

WIDOW QUIN—He didn't. (*With a warning gesture.*) Let you not be putting him

in mind of him, or you'll be likely summoned if there's murder done. (*Looking round at* MAHON.) Whisht! He's listening. Wait now till you hear me taking him easy and unravelling all. (*She goes to* MAHON.) And what way are you feeling, mister? Are you in contentment now?

MAHON (*slightly emotional from his drink*)—I'm poorly only, for it's a hard story the way I'm left to-day, when it was I did tend him from his hour of birth, and he a dunce never reached his second book, the way he'd come from school, many's the day, with his legs lamed under him, and he blackened with his beatings like a tinker's ass. It's a hard story, I'm saying, the way some do have their next and nighest raising up a hand of murder on them, and some is lonesome getting their death with lamentation in the dead of night.

WIDOW QUIN (*not knowing what to say*)—To hear you talking so quiet, who'd know you were the same fellow we seen pass to-day?

MAHON—I'm the same surely. The wrack and ruin of three score years; and it's a terror to live that length, I tell you, and to have your sons going to the dogs against you, and you wore out scolding them, and skelping them, and God knows what.

PHILLY (*to* JIMMY)—He's not raving. (*To* WIDOW QUIN.) Will you ask him what kind was his son?

WIDOW QUIN (*to* MAHON, *with a peculiar look*)—Was your son that hit you a lad of one year and a score maybe, a great hand at racing and lepping and licking the world?

MAHON (*turning on her with a roar of rage*)—Didn't you hear me say he was the fool of men, the way from this out he'll know the orphan's lot with old and young making game of him and they swearing, raging, kicking at him like a mangy cur. (*A great burst of cheering outside, some way off.*)

MAHON (*putting his hands to his ears*)—What in the name of God do they want, roaring below?

WIDOW QUIN (*with the shade of a smile*)—They're cheering a young lad, the champion Playboy of the Western World. (*More cheering.*)

MAHON (*going to window*)—It'd split my heart to hear them, and I with pulses in my brain-pan for a week gone by. Is it racing they are?

JIMMY (*looking from door*)—It is then. They are mounting him for the mule race will be run upon the sands. That's the playboy on the winkered mule.

MAHON (*puzzled*)—That lad, is it? If you said it was a fool he was, I'd have laid a mighty oath he was the likeness of my wandering son (*uneasily, putting his hand to his head.*) Faith, I'm thinking I'll go walking toi to view the race.

WIDOW QUIN (*stopping him, sharply*)—You will not. You'd best take the road to Belmullet, and not be dilly-dallying in this place where there isn't a spot you could sleep.

PHILLY (*coming forward*)—Don't mind her. Mount there on the bench and you'll have a view of the whole. They're hurrying before the tide will rise, and it'd be near over if you went down the pathway through the crags below.

MAHON (*mounts on bench,* WIDOW QUIN *beside him*)—That's a right view again the edge of the sea. They're coming now from the point. He's leading. Who is he at all?

WIDOW QUIN—He's the champion of the world, I tell you, and there isn't a hap'orth isn't falling lucky to his hands to-day.

PHILLY (*looking out, interested in the race*)—Look at that. They're pressing him now.

JIMMY—He'll win it yet.

PHILLY—Take your time, Jimmy Farrell. It's too soon to say.

WIDOW QUIN (*shouting*)—Watch him taking the gate. There's riding.

JIMMY (*cheering*)—More power to the young lad!

MAHON—He's passing the third.

JIMMY—He'll lick them yet!

WIDOW QUIN—He'd lick them if he was running races with a score itself.

MAHON—Look at the mule he has, kicking the stars.

WIDOW QUIN—There was a lep! (*catching hold of* MAHON *in her excitement.*) He's fallen! He's mounted again! Faith, he's passing them all!

JIMMY—Look at him skelping her!

PHILLY—And the mountain girls hoosh-ing him on!

JIMMY—It's the last turn! The post's cleared for them now!

MAHON—Look at the narrow place. He'll be into the bogs! (*With a yell.*) Good rider! He's through it again!

JIMMY—He neck and neck!

MAHON—Good boy to him! Flames, but he's in! (*Great cheering, in which all join.*)

MAHON (*with hesitation*)—What's that? They're raising him up. They're coming this way. (*With a roar of rage and astonishment.*) It's Christy! by the stars of God! I'd know his way of spitting and he astride the moon. (*He jumps down and makes for*

the door, but WIDOW QUIN *catches him and pulls him back.*)

WIDOW QUIN—Stay quiet, will you. That's not your son. (*To* JIMMY.) Stop him, or you'll get a month for the abetting of man-slaughter and be fined as well.

JIMMY—I'll hold him.

MAHON (*struggling*)—Let me out! Let me out, the lot of you! till I have my vengeance on his head to-day.

WIDOW QUIN (*shaking him, vehemently*)—That's not your son. That's a man is going to make a marriage with the daughter of this house, a place with fine trade, with a license, and with poteen too.

MAHON (*amazed*)—That man marrying a decent and a moneyed girl! Is it mad yous are? Is it in a crazy-house for females that I'm landed now?

WIDOW QUIN—It's mad yourself is with the blow upon your head. That lad is the wonder of the Western World.

MAHON—I seen it's my son.

WIDOW QUIN—You seen that you're mad. (*Cheering outside.*) Do you hear them cheering him in the zig-zags of the road? Aren't you after saying that your son's a fool, and how would they be cheering a true idiot born?

MAHON (*getting distressed*)—It's maybe out of reason that that man's himself. (*Cheering again.*) There's none surely will go cheering him. Oh, I'm raving with a madness that would fright the world! (*He sits down with his hand to his head.*) There was one time I seen ten scarlet divils letting on they'd cork my spirit in a gallon can; and one time I seen rats as big as badgers sucking the life blood from the butt of my lug; but I never till this day confused that dribbling idiot with a likely man. I'm destroyed surely.

WIDOW QUIN—And who'd wonder when it's your brain-pan that is gaping now?

MAHON—Then the blight of the sacred drought upon myself and him, for I never went mad to this day, and I not three weeks with the Limerick girls drinking myself silly, and parlatic from the dusk to dawn. (*To* WIDOW QUIN, *suddenly.*) Is my visage astray?

WIDOW QUIN—It is then. You're a sniggering maniac, a child could see.

MAHON (*getting up more cheerfully*)—Then I'd best be going to the union beyond, and there'll be a welcome before me, I tell you (*with great pride*), and I a terrible and fearful case, the way that there I was one time, screeching in a straightened waistcoat, with seven doctors writing out my sayings in a printed book. Would you believe that?

WIDOW QUIN—If you're a wonder itself, you'd best be hasty, for them lads caught a maniac one time and pelted the poor creature till he ran out, raving and foaming, and was drowned in the sea.

MAHON (*with philosophy*)—It's true mankind is the divil when your head's astray. Let me out now and I'll slip down the boreen, and not see them so.

WIDOW QUIN (*showing him out*)—That's it. Run to the right, and not a one will see. (*He runs off.*)

PHILLY (*wisely*)—You're at some gaming, Widow Quin; but I'll walk after him and give him his dinner and a time to rest, and I'll see then if he's raving or as sane as you.

WIDOW QUIN (*annoyed*)—If you go near that lad, let you be wary of your head, I'm saying. Didn't you hear him telling he was crazed at times?

PHILLY—I heard him telling a power; and I'm thinking we'll have right sport, before night will fall. (*He goes out.*)

JIMMY—Well, Philly's a conceited and foolish man. How could that madman have his senses and his brain-pan slit? I'll go after them and see him turn on Philly now. (*He goes;* WIDOW QUIN *hides poteen behind counter. Then hubbub outside.*)

VOICES—There you are! Good jumper! Grand lepper! Darlint boy! He's the racer! Bear him on, will you! (CHRISTY *comes in, in Jockey's dress, with* PEGEEN, MIKE, SARA, *and other girls, and men.*)

PEGEEN (*to crowd*)—Go on now and don't destroy him and he drenching with sweat. Go along, I'm saying, and have your tug-of-warring till he's dried his skin.

CROWD—Here's his prizes! A bagpipes! A fiddle was played by a poet in the years gone by! A flat and three-thorned blackthorn would lick the scholars out of Dublin town!

CHRISTY (*taking prizes from the men*)—Thank you kindly, the lot of you. But you'd say it was little only I did this day if you'd seen me a while since striking my one single blow.

TOWN CRIER (*outside, ringing a bell*)—Take notice, last event of this day! Tug-of-warring on the green below! Come on, the lot of you! Great achievements for all Mayo men!

PEGEEN—Go on, and leave him for to rest and dry. Go on, I tell you, for he'll do no more. (*She hustles crowd out;* WIDOW QUIN *following them.*)

MEN (*going*)—Come on then. Good luck for the while!

PEGEEN (*radiantly, wiping his face with her shawl*)—Well, you're the lad, and you'll have great times from this out when you could win that wealth of prizes, and you sweating in the heat of noon!

CHRISTY (*looking at her with delight*)—I'll have great times if I win the crowning prize I'm seeking now, and that's your promise that you'll wed me in a fortnight, when our banns is called.

PEGEEN (*backing away from him*)—You've right daring to go ask me that, when all knows you'll be starting to some girl in your own townland, when your father's rotten in four months, or five.

CHRISTY (*indignantly*) — Starting from you, is it? (*He follows her.*) I will not then, and when the airs is warming in four months, or five, it's then yourself and me should be pacing Neifin in the dews of night, the times sweet smells do be rising, and you'd see a little shiny new moon, maybe, sinking on the hills.

PEGEEN (*looking at him playfully*)—And it's that kind of a poacher's love you'd make, Christy Mahon, on the sides of Neifin, when the night is down?

CHRISTY—It's little you'll think if my love's a poacher's, or an earl's itself, when you'll feel my two hands stretched around you, and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips, till I'd feel kind of pity for the Lord God in all ages sitting lonesome in his golden chair.

PEGEEN—That'll be right fun, Christy Mahon, and any girl would walk her heart out before she'd meet a young man was your like for eloquence, or talk, at all.

CHRISTY (*encouraged*)—Let you wait, to hear me talking, till we're astray in Erris, when Good Friday's by, drinking a sup from a well, and making mighty kisses with our wetted mouths, or gaming in a gap or sunshine, with yourself stretched back unto your necklace, in the flowers of the earth.

PEGEEN (*in a lower voice, moved by his tone*)—I'd be nice, so is it?

CHRISTY (*with rapture*)—If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl.

PEGEEN (*with real tenderness*)—And what is it I have, Christy Mahon, to make me fitting entertainment for the like of you, that has such poet's talking, and such bravery of heart?

CHRISTY (*in a low voice*)—Isn't there the light of seven heavens in your heart alone, the way you'll be an angel's lamp to me from this out, and I abroad in the darkness, spearing salmons in the Owen, or the Carrowmore?

PEGEEN—If I was your wife, I'd be along with you those nights, Christy Mahon, the way you'd see I was a great hand at coaxing bailiffs, or coining funny nick-names for the stars of night.

CHRISTY—You, is it? Taking your death in the hailstones, or in the fogs of dawn.

PEGEEN—Yourself and me would shelter easy in a narrow bush (*with a qualm of dread*), but we're only talking, maybe, for this would be a poor, thatched place to hold a fine lad is the like of you.

CHRISTY (*putting his arm round her*)—If I wasn't a good Christian, it's on my naked knees I'd be saying my prayers and paters to every jackstraw you have roofing your head, and every stony pebble is paving the laneway to your door.

PEGEEN (*radiantly*)—If that's the truth, I'll be burning candles from this out to the miracles of God that have brought you from the South to-day, and I, with my gowns bought ready, the way that I can wed you, and not wait at all.

CHRISTY—It's miracles, and that's the truth. Me there toiling a long while, and walking a long while not knowing at all I was drawing all times nearer to this holy day.

PEGEEN—And myself, a girl, was tempted often to go sailing the seas till I'd marry a Jew-man, with ten kegs of gold, and I not knowing at all there was the like of you drawing nearer, like the stars of God.

CHRISTY—And to think I'm long years hearing women talking that talk, to all bloody fools, and this the first time I've heard the like of your voice talking sweetly for my own delight.

PEGEEN—And to think it's me is talking sweetly, Christy Mahon, and I the fright of seven townlands for my biting tongue. Well, the heart's a wonder; and, I'm thinking there won't be our like in Mayo, for gallant lovers, from this hour, to-day. (*Drunken singing is heard outside.*) There's my father coming from the wake, and when he's had his sleep we'll tell him, for he's peaceful then. (*They separate.*)

MICHAEL (*singing outside*)—

The jailor and the turnkey
They quickly ran us down,

And brought us back as prisoners
Once more to Cavan town.
(*He comes in supported by* SHAWN.)
There we lay bewailing
All in prison bound.
(*He sees* CHRISTY. *Goes and shakes him drunkenly by the hand, while* PEGEEN *and* SHAWN *talk on the left.*)

MICHAEL (*to* CHRISTY)—The blessing of God and the holy angels on your head, young fellow. I hear tell you're after winning all in the sports below; and wasn't it a shame I didn't bear you along with me to Kate Cassidy's wake, a fine, stout lad, the like of you, for you'd never see the match of it for flows of drink, the way when we sunk her bones at noonday in her narrow grave, there were five men, aye, and six men, stretched out retching speechless on the holy stones.

CHRISTY (*uneasily, watching* PEGEEN)—Is that the truth?

MICHAEL—It is then, and aren't you a louty schemer to go burying your poor father unbeknownst when you'd a right to throw him on the crupper of a Kerry mule and drive him westwards, like holy Joseph in the days gone by, the way we could have given him a decent burial, and not have him rotting beyond, and not a Christian drinking a smart drop to the glory of his soul?

CHRISTY (*gruffly*)—It's well enough he's lying, for the likes of him.

MICHAEL (*slapping him on the back*)—Well, aren't you a hardened slayer! It'll be a poor thing for the household man where you go sniffing for a female wife; and (*pointing to* SHAWN) look beyond at that shy and decent Christian I have chosen for my daughter's hand, and I after getting the gilded dispensation this day for to wed them now.

CHRISTY—And you'll be wedding them this day, is it?

MICHAEL (*drawing himself up*)—Aye. Are you thinking, if I'm drunk itself, I'd leave my daughter living single with a little frisky rascal is the like of you?

PEGEEN (*breaking away from* SHAWN)—Is it the truth the dispensation's come?

MICHAEL (*triumphantly*)—Father Reilly's after reading it in gallous Latin, and "It's come in the nick of time," says he; "so I'll wed them in a hurry, dreading that young gaffer who'd capsize the stars."

PEGEEN (*fiercely*)—He's missed his nick of time, for it's that lad, Christy Mahon, that I'm wedding now.

MICHAEL (*loudly with horror*)—You'd be making him a son to me, and he wet and crusted with his father's blood?

PEGEEN—Aye. Wouldn't it be a bitter thing for a girl to go marrying the like of Shaneen, and he a middling kind of a scarecrow, with no savagery or fine words in him at all?

MICHAEL (*gasping and sinking on a chair*)—Oh, aren't you a heathen daughter to go shaking the fat of my heart, and I swamped and drownded with the weight of drink? Would you have them turning on me the way that I'd be roaring to the dawn of day with the wind upon my heart? Have you not a word to aid me, Shaneen? Are you not jealous at all?

SHAWN (*in great misery*)—I'd be afeard to be jealous of a man did slay his da.

PEGEEN—Well, it'd be a poor thing to go marrying your like. I'm seeing there's a world of peril for an orphan girl, and isn't it a great blessing I didn't wed you, before himself came walking from the West or South?

SHAWN—It's a queer story you'd go picking a dirty tramp up from the highways of the world.

PEGEEN (*playfully*)—And you think you're a likely beau to go straying along with, the shiny Sundays of the opening year, when it's sooner on a bullock's liver you'd put a poor girl thinking than on the lily or the rose?

SHAWN—And have you no mind of my weight of passion, and the holy dispensation, and the drift of heifers I am giving, and the golden ring?

PEGEEN—I'm thinking you're too fine for the like of me, Shawn Keogh of Killakeen, and let you go off till you'd find a radiant lady with droves of bullocks on the plains of Meath, and herself bedizened in the diamond jeweleries of Pharaoh's ma. That'd be your match, Shaneen. So God save you now! (*She retreats behind* CHRISTY.)

SHAWN—Won't you hear me telling you . . . ?

CHRISTY (*with ferocity*)—Take yourself from this, young fellow, or I'll maybe add a murder to my deeds to-day.

MICHAEL (*springing up with a shriek*)—Murder is it? Is it mad yous are? Would you go making murder in this place, and it piled with poteen for our drink to-night? Go on to the foreshore if it's fighting you want, where the rising tide will wash all traces from the memory of man. (*Pushing* SHAWN *towards* CHRISTY.)

SHAWN (*shaking himself free, and getting behind* MICHAEL)—I'll not fight him, Michael James. I'd liefer live a bachelor, simmering in passions to the end of time

than face a lepping savage the like of him has descended from the Lord knows where. Strike him yourself, Michael James, or you'll lose my drift of heifers and my blue bull from Sneem.

MICHAEL—Is it me fight him, when it's father-slaying he's bred to now? (*Pushing* SHAWN.) Go on, you fool, and fight him now.

SHAWN (*coming forward a little*)—Will I strike him with my hand?

MICHAEL—Take the loy is on your western side.

SHAWN—I'd be afeard of the gallows if I struck him with that.

CHRISTY (*taking up the loy*)—Then I'll make you face the gallows or quit off from this. (SHAWN *flies out of the door.*)

CHRISTY—Well, fine weather be after him (*going to* MICHAEL *coaxingly*), and I'm thinking you wouldn't wish to have that quaking blackguard in your house at all. Let you give us your blessing and hear her swear her faith to me, for I'm mounted on the springtide of the stars of luck, the way it'll be good for any to have me in the house.

PEGEEN (*at the other side of* MICHAEL)—Bless us now, for I swear to God I'll wed him, and I'll not renege.

MICHAEL (*standing up in the center, holding on to both of them*)—It's the will of God, I'm thinking, that all should win an easy or a cruel end, and it's the will of God that all should rear up lengthy families for the nurture of the earth. What's a single man, I ask you, eating a bit in one house and drinking a sup in another, and he with no place of his own, like an old braying jackass strayed upon the rocks. (*To* CHRISTY.) It's many would be in dread to bring your like into their house for to end them, maybe, with a sudden end; but I'm a decent man of Ireland, and I liefer face the grave untimely and I seeing a score of grandsons growing up little gallant swearers by the name of God, than go peopling my bedside with puny weeds the like of what you'd breed, I'm thinking, out of Shaneen Keogh. (*He joins their hands.*) A daring fellow is the jewel of the world, and a man did split his father's middle with a single clout, should have the bravery of ten, so may God and Mary and St. Patrick bless you, and increase you from this mortal day.

CHRISTY AND PEGEEN—Amen, O Lord! (*Hubbub outside. Old* MAHON *rushes in, followed by all the crowd, and* WIDOW QUIN. *He makes a rush at* CHRISTY, *knocks him down, and begins to beat him.*)

PEGEEN (*dragging back his arm*)—Stop that, will you. Who are you at all?

MAHON—His father, God forgive me!

PEGEEN (*drawing back*)—Is it rose from the dead?

MAHON—Do you think I look so easy quenched with the tap of a loy? (*Beats* CHRISTY *again.*)

PEGEEN (*glaring at* CHRISTY)—And it's lies you told, letting on you had him slitted, and you nothing at all.

CHRISTY (*catching* MAHON'S *stick*)—He's not my father. He's a raving maniac would scare the world. (*Pointing to* WIDOW QUIN.) Herself knows it is true.

CROWD—You're fooling, Pegeen! The Widow Quin seen him this day, and you likely knew! You're a liar!

CHRISTY (*dumbfounded*)—It's himself was a liar, lying stretched out with an open head on him, letting on he was dead.

MAHON—Weren't you off racing the hills before I got my breath with the start I had seeing you turn on me at all?

PEGEEN—And to think of the coaxing glory we had given him, and he after doing nothing but hitting a soft blow and chasing northward in a sweat of fear. Quit off from this.

CHRISTY (*piteously*)—You've seen my doings this day, and let you save me from the old man; for why would you be in such a scorch of haste to spur me to destruction now?

PEGEEN—It's there your treachery is spurring me, till I'm hard set to think you're the one I'm after lacing in my heart-strings half-an-hour gone by. (*To* MAHON.) Take him on from this, for I think bad the world should see me raging for a Munster liar, and the fool of men.

MAHON—Rise up now to retribution, and come on with me.

CROWD (*jeeringly*)—There's the playboy! There's the lad thought he'd rule the roost in Mayo. Slate him now, mister.

CHRISTY (*getting up in shy terror*)—What is it drives you to torment me here, when I'd asked the thunders of the might of God to blast me if I ever did hurt to any saving only that one single blow.

MAHON (*loudly*)—If you didn't you're a poor good-for-nothing, and isn't it by the like of you the sins of the whole world are committed?

CHRISTY (*raising his hands*)—In the name of the Almighty God. . . .

MAHON—Leave troubling the Lord God. Would you have him sending down droughts and fevers, and the old hen and the cholera morbus?

CHRISTY (*to* WIDOW QUIN)—Will you come between us and protect me now?

WIDOW QUIN—I've tried a lot, God help me, and my share is done.

CHRISTY (*looking round in desperation*)—And I must go back into my torment, is it, or run off like a vagabond straying through the Unions with the dusts of August making mudstains in the gullet of my throat, or the winds of March blowing on me till I'd take an oath I felt them making whistles of my ribs within?

SARA—Ask Pegeen to aid you. Her like does often change.

CHRISTY—I will not, then, for there's torment in the splendour of her like, and she a girl any moon of midnight would take pride to meet, facing southwards on the heaths of Keel. But what did I want crawling forward to scorch my understanding at her flaming brow?

PEGEEN (*to* MAHON, *vehemently, fearing she will break into tears*)—Take him on from this or I'll set the young lads to destroy him here.

MAHON (*going to him, shaking his stick*)—Come on, now, if you wouldn't have the company to see you skelped.

PEGEEN (*half laughing, through her tears*)—That's it, now the world will see him pandied, and he an ugly liar was playing off the hero, and the fright of men.

CHRISTY (*to* MAHON, *very sharply*)—Leave me go!

CROWD—That's it. Now, Christy. If them two set fighting, it will lick the world.

MAHON (*making a grab at* CHRISTY)—Come here to me.

CHRISTY (*more threateningly*)—Leave me go, I'm saying.

MAHON—I will maybe, when your legs is limping, and your back is blue.

CROWD—Keep it up, the two of you. I'll back the old one. Now the playboy.

CHRISTY (*in low and intense voice*)—Shut your yelling, for if you're after making a mighty man of me this day by the power of a lie, you're setting me now to think if it's a poor thing to be lonesome, it's worse maybe to go mixing with the fools of earth. (MAHON *makes a movement towards him.*)

CHRISTY (*almost shouting*)—Keep off . . . lest I do show a blow unto the lot of you would set the guardian angels winking in the clouds above. (*He swings round with a sudden rapid movement and picks up a loy.*)

CROWD (*half frightened, half amused*)—He's going mad! Mind yourselves! Run from the idiot!

CHRISTY—If I am an idiot, I'm after hearing my voice this day saying words would raise the topknot on a poet in a merchant's town. I've won your racing, and your lepping, and . . .

MAHON—Shut your gullet and come on with me.

CHRISTY—I'm going, but I'll stretch you first. (*He runs at old* MAHON *with the loy, chases him out of the door, followed by* CROWD *and* WIDOW QUIN. *There is a great noise outside, then a yell, and dead silence for a moment.* CHRISTY *comes in, half dazed and goes to fire.*)

WIDOW QUIN (*coming in, hurriedly, and going to him*)—They're turning again you. Come on, or you'll be hanged, indeed.

CHRISTY—I'm thinking, from this out, Pegeen'll be giving me praises the same as in hours gone by.

WIDOW QUIN (*impatiently*)—Come by the back-door. I'd think bad to have you stifled on the gallows tree.

CHRISTY (*indignantly*)—I will not, then. What good'd be my life-time, if I left Pegeen?

WIDOW QUIN—Come on, and you'll be no worse than you were last night; and you with a double murder this time to be telling to the girls.

CHRISTY—I'll not leave Pegeen Mike.

WIDOW QUIN (*impatiently*)—Isn't there the match of her in every parish public, from Binghamstown unto the plain of Meath? Come on, I tell you, and I'll find you finer sweethearts at each waning moon.

CHRISTY—It's Pegeen I'm seeking only, and what'd I care if you brought me a drift of chosen females, standing in their shifts itself, maybe, from this place to the Eastern World?

SARA (*runs in, pulling off one of her petticoats*)—They're going to hang him. (*Holding out petticoat and shawl.*) Fit these upon him, and let him run off to the east.

WIDOW QUIN—He's raving now; but we'll fit them on him, and I'll take him, in the ferry, to the Achill boat.

CHRISTY (*struggling feebly*)—Leave me go, will you? when I'm thinking of my luck to-day, for she will wed me surely, and I a proven hero in the end of all. (*They try to fasten petticoat round him.*)

WIDOW QUIN—Take his left hand, and we'll pull him now. Come on, young fellow.

CHRISTY (*suddenly starting up*)—You'll be taking me from her? You're jealous, is it, of her wedding me? Go on from this.

(*He snatches up a stool, and threatens them with it.*)

WIDOW QUIN (*going*)—It's in the madhouse they should put him, not in jail, at all. We'll go by the back-door, to call the doctor, and we'll save him so. (*She goes out, with* SARA, *through inner room. Men crowd in the doorway.* CHRISTY *sits down again by the fire.*)

MICHAEL (*in a terrified whisper*)—Is the old lad killed surely?

PHILLY—I'm after feeling the last gasps quitting his heart. (*They peer in at* CHRISTY.)

MICHAEL (*with a rope*)—Look at the way he is. Twist a hangman's knot on it, and slip it over his head, while he's not minding at all.

PHILLY—Let you take it, Shaneen. You're the soberest of all that's here.

SHAWN—Is it me to go near him, and he the wickedest and worst with me? Let you take it, Pegeen Mike.

PEGEEN—Come on, so. (*She goes forward with the others, and they drop the double hitch over his head.*)

CHRISTY—What ails you?

SHAWN (*triumphantly, as they pull the rope tight on his arms*)—Come on to the peelers, till they stretch you now.

CHRISTY—Me!

MICHAEL—If we took pity on you, the Lord God would, maybe, bring us ruin from the law to-day, so you'd best come easy, for hanging is an easy and a speedy end.

CHRISTY—I'll not stir. (*To* PEGEEN.) And what is it you'll say to me, and I after doing it this time in the face of all?

PEGEEN—I'll say, a strange man is a marvel, with his mighty talk; but what's a squabble in your back-yard, and the blow of a loy, have taught me that there's a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed. (*To* MEN.) Take him on from this, or the lot of us will be likely put on trial for his deed to-day.

CHRISTY (*with horror in his voice*)—And it's yourself will send me off, to have a horny-fingered hangman hitching his bloody slip-knots at the butt of my ear.

MEN (*pulling rope*)—Come on, will you? (*He is pulled down on the floor.*)

CHRISTY (*twisting his legs round the table*)—Cut the rope, Pegeen, and I'll quit the lot of you, and live from this out, like the madmen of Keel, eating muck and green weeds, on the faces of the cliffs.

PEGEEN—And leave us to hang, is it, for a saucy liar, the like of you? (*To* MEN.) Take him on, out from this.

SHAWN—Pull a twist on his neck, and squeeze him so.

PHILLY—Twist yourself. Sure he cannot hurt you, if you keep your distance from his teeth alone.

SHAWN—I'm afeard of him. (*To* PEGEEN.) Lift a lighted sod, will you, and scorch his leg.

PEGEEN (*blowing the fire, with a bellows*)—Leave go now, young fellow, or I'll scorch your shins.

CHRISTY—You're blowing for to torture me. (*His voice rising and growing stronger.*) That's your kind, is it? Then let the lot of you be wary, for, if I've to face the gallows I'll have a gay march down, I tell you, and shed the blood of some of you before I die.

SHAWN (*in terror*)—Keep a good hold, Philly. Be wary, for the love of God. For I'm thinking he would liefest wreak his pains on me.

CHRISTY (*almost gaily*)—If I do lay my hands on you, it's the way you'll be at the fall of night, hanging as a scarecrow for the fowls of hell. Ah, you'll have a gallous jaunt, I'm saying, coaching out through Limbo with my father's ghost.

SHAWN (*to* PEGEEN)—Make haste, will you? Oh, isn't he a holy terror, and isn't it true for Father Reilly, that all drink's a curse that has the lot of you so shaky and uncertain now?

CHRISTY—If I can wring a neck among you, I'll have a royal judgment looking on the trembling jury in the courts of law. And won't there be crying out in Mayo the day I'm stretched upon the rope with ladies in their silks and satins snivelling in their lacy kerchiefs, and they rhyming songs and ballads on the terror of my fate? (*He squirms round on the floor and bites* SHAWN'S *leg.*)

SHAWN (*shrieking*)—My leg's bit on me. He's the like of a mad dog, I'm thinking, the way that I will surely die.

CHRISTY (*delighted with himself*)—You will then, the way you can shake out hell's flags of welcome for my coming in two weeks or three, for I'm thinking Satan hasn't many have killed their da in Kerry, and in Mayo too. (OLD MAHON *comes in behind on all fours and looks on unnoticed.*)

MEN (*to* PEGEEN)—Bring the sod, will you?

PEGEEN (*coming over*)—God help him so. (*Burns his leg.*)

CHRISTY (*kicking and screaming*)—O, glory be to God! (*He kicks loose from the table, and they all drag him toward the door.*)

JIMMY (*seeing old* MAHON)—Will you look

what's come in? (*They all drop* CHRISTY *and run left.*)

CHRISTY (*scrambling on his knees face to face with old* MAHON)—Are you coming to be killed a third time, or what ails you now?

MAHON—For what is it they have you tied?

CHRISTY—They're taking me to the peelers to have me hanged for slaying you.

MICHAEL (*apologetically*)—It is the will of God that all should guard their little cabins from the treachery of law, and what would my daughter be doing if I was ruined or was hanged itself?

MAHON (*grimly, loosening* CHRISTY)—It's little I care if you put a bag on her back, and went picking cockles till the hour of death; but my son and myself will be going our own way, and we'll have great times from this out telling stories of the villainy of Mayo, and the fools is here. (*To* CHRISTY, *who is freed.*) Come on, now.

CHRISTY—Go with you, is it? I will then, like a gallant captain with his heathen slave. Go on, now, and I'll see you from this day stewing my oatmeal and washing my spuds, for I'm master of all fights from now. (*Pushing* MAHON.) Go on, I'm saying.

MAHON—Is it me?

CHRISTY—Not a word out of you. Go on from this.

MAHON (*walking out and looking back at* CHRISTY *over his shoulder*)—Glory be to God! (*With a broad smile.*) I am crazy again! (*Goes.*)

CHRISTY—Ten thousand blessings upon all that's here, for you've turned me a likely gaffer in the end of all, the way I'll go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the judgment day. (*He goes out.*)

MICHAEL—By the will of God, we'll have peace now for our drinks. Will you draw the porter, Pegeen?

SHAWN (*going up to her*)—It's a miracle Father Reilly can wed us in the end of all, and we'll have none to trouble us when his vicious bite is healed.

PEGEEN (*hitting him a box on the ear*)—Quit my sight. (*Putting her shawl over her head and breaking out into wild lamentations.*) Oh my grief, I've lost him surely. I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World.

CURTAIN

The "White Collar Job" 3,300 Years Ago

An Egyptian Papyrus of about the XIXth Dynasty

[*Apparently the lure of the bright lights came from the country in those days: it was the fellâh, the farm labourer, who danced; and this old writer of papyri is trying to urge upon the young man the dignity and advantages of a scribe's life as compared with dancing—plus driving hippopotamuses out of the corn, and being drowned in the canal for non-payment of taxes!*]

It is told to me that thou hast cast aside learning and givest thyself to dancing; thou turnest thy face to the work in the fields, and castest the divine words behind thee.

Behold, thou rememberest not the condition of the fellâh, when his harvest fails. The worms carry off half the corn, and the hippopotamus devours the rest; mice abound in the fields, and locusts arrive; the cattle devour, the sparrows steal.

How miserable is the lot of the fellâh! What remains on the threshing floor, robbers carry off. The bronze tools are worn out, the oxen die from the toil of threshing and plowing. Then there moors at the river-bank the Scribe who is to collect the king's dues; the attendants bear staves, the negroes carry palm-sticks.

They say, "Give corn!" But there is none.

Then they beat the fellâh till he falls to the earth; they bind him and cast him into the canal, throwing him headlong. His wife is bound before him, his children are tossed off; his neighbours let them go, and flee to look after their own corn.

But the Scribe is the overseer of all labour. He reckons to himself the produce in winter, and there is none that appoints him his tale of produce.

Behold, now thou knowest!

The Sun-Dog Trail

By JACK LONDON

SITKA CHARLEY smoked his pipe and gazed thoughtfully at the *Police Gazette* illustration on the wall. For half an hour he had been steadily regarding it, and for half an hour I had been slyly watching him. Something was going on in that mind of his, and, whatever it was, I knew it was well worth knowing. He had lived life, and seen things, and performed that prodigy of prodigies, namely, the turning of his back upon his own people, and, in so far as it was possible for an Indian, becoming a white man even in his mental processes. As he phrased it himself, he had come into the warm, sat among us, by our fires, and become one of us. He had never learned to read nor write, but his vocabulary was remarkable, and more remarkable still was the completeness with which he had assumed the white man's point of view, the white man's attitude toward things.

We had struck this deserted cabin after a hard day on trail. The dogs had been fed, the supper dishes washed, the beds made, and we were now enjoying that most delicious hour that comes each day, and but once each day, on the Alaskan trail, the hour when nothing intervenes between the tired body and bed save the smoking of the evening pipe. Some former denizen of the cabin had decorated its walls with illustrations torn from magazines and newspapers, and it was these illustrations that had held Sitka Charley's attention from the moment of our arrival two hours before. He had studied them intently, ranging from one to another and back again, and I could see that there was uncertainty in his mind, and bepuzzlement.

"Well?" I finally broke the silence.

He took the pipe from his mouth and said simply, "I do not understand."

He smoked on again, and again removed the pipe, using it to point at the *Police Gazette* illustration.

"That picture—what does it mean? I do not understand."

I looked at the picture. A man, with a preposterously wicked face, his right hand pressed dramatically to his heart, was falling backward to the floor. Confronting him, with a face that was a composite of destroying angel and Adonis, was a man holding a smoking revolver.

"One man is killing the other man," I said, aware of a distinct bepuzzlement of my own and of failure to explain.

"Why?" asked Sitka Charley.

"I do not know," I confessed.

"That picture is all end," he said. "It has no beginning."

"It is life," I said.

"Life has beginning," he objected.

I was silenced for the moment, while his eyes wandered on to an adjoining decoration, a photographic reproduction of somebody's "Leda and the Swan."

"That picture," he said, "has no beginning. It has no end. I do not understand pictures."

"Look at that picture," I commanded, pointing to a third decoration. "It means something. Tell me what it means to you."

He studied it for several minutes.

"The little girl is sick," he said finally. "That is the doctor looking at her. They have been up all night—see, the oil is low in the lamp, the first morning light is coming in at the window. It is a great sickness; maybe she will die, that is why the doctor looks so hard. That is the mother. It is a great sickness, because the mother's head is on the table and she is crying."

"How do you know she is crying?" I interrupted. "You cannot see her face. Perhaps she is asleep."

Sitka Charley looked at me in swift surprize, then back at the picture. It was evident that he had not reasoned the impression.

"Perhaps she is asleep," he repeated. He studied it closely. "No, she is not asleep. The shoulders show that she is not asleep. I have seen the shoulders of a woman who cried. The mother is crying. It is a very great sickness."

"And now you understand the picture," I cried.

He shook his head, and asked, "The little girl—does it die?"

It was my turn for silence.

"Does it die?" he reiterated. "You are a painterman. Maybe you know."

"No, I do not know," I confessed.

"It is not life," he delivered himself dogmatically. "In life little girl die or get well. Something happen in life. In picture nothing happen. No, I do not understand pictures."

His disappointment was patent. It was his desire to understand all things that white men understand, and here, in this matter, he failed. I felt, also, that there was challenge in his attitude. He was bent upon compelling me to show him the wisdom of pictures. Besides, he had remarkable powers of visualization. I had long since learned this. He visualized everything. He saw life in pictures, felt life in pictures, generalized life in pictures; and yet he did not understand pictures when seen through other men's eyes and expressed by those men with colour and line upon canvas.

"Pictures are bits of life," I said. "We paint life as we see it. For instance, Charley, you are coming along the trail. It is night. You see a cabin. The window is lighted. You look through the window for one second, or for two seconds, you see something, and you go on your way. You saw maybe a man writing a letter. You saw something without beginning or end. Nothing happened. Yet it was a bit of life you saw. You remember it afterward. It is like a picture in your memory. The window is the frame of the picture."

I could see that he was interested, and I knew that as I spoke he had looked through the window and seen the man writing the letter.

"There is a picture you have painted that I understand," he said. "It is a true picture. It has much meaning. It is in your cabin at Dawson. It is a faro table. There are men playing. It is a large game. The limit is off."

"How do you know the limit is off?" I broke in excitedly, for here was where my work could be tried out on an unbiased judge who knew life only, and not art, and who was a sheer master of reality. Also, I was very proud of that particular piece of work. I had named it "The Last Turn," and I believed it to be one of the best things I had ever done.

"There are no chips on the table," Sitka Charley explained. "The men are playing with markers. That means the roof is the limit. One man play yellow markers—maybe one yellow marker worth one thousand dollars, maybe two thousand dollars. One man play red markers. Maybe they are worth five hundred dollars, maybe one thousand dollars. It is a very big game. Everybody play very high, up to the roof. How do I know? You make the dealer with blood little bit warm in face." (I was delighted.) "The lookout, you make him lean forward in his chair. Why he lean forward? Why his face very much quiet? Why his eyes very much bright? Why dealer warm with blood a little bit in the face? Why all men very quiet?—the man with yellow markers? the man with white markers? the man with red markers? Why nobody talk? Because very much money. Because last turn."

"How do you know it is the last turn?" I asked.

"The king is coppered, the seven is played open," he answered. "Nobody bet on other cards. Other cards all gone. Everybody one mind. Everybody play king to lose, seven to win. Maybe bank lose twenty thousand dollars, maybe bank win. Yes, that picture I understand."

"Yet you do not know the end!" I cried triumphantly. "It is the last turn, but the cards are not yet turned. In the picture they will never be turned. Nobody will ever know who wins nor who loses."

"And the men will sit there and never talk," he said, wonder and awe growing in his face. "And the lookout will lean forward, and the blood will be warm in the face of the dealer. It is a strange thing. Always will they sit there, always; and the cards will never be turned."

"It is a picture," I said. "It is life. You have seen things like it yourself."

He looked at me and pondered, then said, very slowly: "No, as you say, there is no end to it. Nobody will ever know the end. Yet is it a true thing. I have seen it. It is life."

For a long time he smoked on in silence, weighing the pictorial wisdom of the white man and verifying it by the facts of life. He nodded his head several times, and grunted once or twice. Then he knocked the ashes from his pipe, carefully refilled it, and, after a thoughtful pause, lighted it again.

"Then have I, too, seen many pictures of life," he began; "pictures not painted, but seen with the eyes. I have looked at them like through the window at the man writing

the letter. I have seen many pieces of life, without beginning, without end, without understanding."

With a sudden change of position he turned his eyes full upon me and regarded me thoughtfully.

"Look you," he said; "you are a painter-man. How would you paint this which I saw, a picture without beginning, the ending of which I do not understand, a piece of life with the northern lights for a candle and Alaska for a frame."

"It is a large canvas," I murmured.

But he ignored me, for the picture he had in mind was before his eyes and he was seeing it.

"There are many names for this picture," he said. "But in the picture there are many sun-dogs, and it comes into my mind to call it 'The Sun-Dog Trail.' It was a long time ago, seven years ago, the fall of '97, when I saw the woman first time. At Lake Linderman I had one canoe, very good Peterborough canoe. I came over Chilcoot Pass with two thousand letters for Dawson. I was letter carrier. Everybody rush to Klondike at that time. Many people on trail. Many people chop down trees and make boats. Last water, snow in the air, snow on the ground, ice on the lake, on the river ice in the eddies. Every day more snow, more ice. Maybe one day, maybe three days, maybe six days, any day maybe freeze-up come, then no more water, all ice, everybody walk, Dawson six hundred miles, long time walk. Boat go very quick. Everybody want to go boat. Everybody say, 'Charley, two hundred dollars you take me in canoe,' 'Charley, three hundred dollars,' 'Charley, four hundred dollars.' I say no, all the time I say no. I am letter carrier.

"In the morning I get to Lake Linderman. I walk all night and am much tired. I cook breakfast, I eat, then I sleep on the beach three hours. I wake up. It is ten o'clock. Snow is falling. There is wind, much wind that blows fair. Also, there is a woman who sits in the snow alongside. She is white woman, she is young, very pretty, maybe she is twenty years old, maybe twenty-five years old. She look at me. I look at her. She is very tired. She is no dance-woman. I see that right away. She is good woman, and she is very tired.

"'You are Sitka Charley,' she says. I get up quick and roll blankets so snow does not get inside. 'I go to Dawson,' she says. 'I go in your canoe—how much?'

"I do not want anybody in my canoe. I do not like to say no. So I say, 'One thousand dollars.' Just for fun I say it, so woman cannot come with me, much better than say no. She look at me very hard, then she says, 'When you start?' I say right away. Then she says all right, she will give me one thousand dollars.

"What can I say? I do not want the woman, yet have I given my word that for one thousand dollars she can come. I am surprized. Maybe she make fun, too, so I say, 'Let me see thousand dollars.' And that woman, that young woman, all alone on the trail, there in the snow, she take out one thousand dollars, in greenbacks, and she put them in my hand. I look at money, I look at her. What can I say? I say, 'No, my canoe very small. There is no room for outfit.' She laugh. She says, 'I am great traveler. This is my outfit. She kick one small pack in the snow. It is two fur robes, canvas outside, some woman's clothes inside. I pick it up. Maybe thirty-five pounds. I am surprized. She take it away from me. She says, 'Come, let us start.' She carries pack into canoe. What can I say? I put my blankets into canoe. We start.

"And that is the way I saw the woman first time. The wind was fair. I put up small sail. The canoe went very fast, it flew like a bird over the high waves. The woman was much afraid. 'What for you come Klondike much afraid?' I ask. She laugh at me, a hard laugh, but she is still much afraid. Also is she very tired. I run canoe through rapids to Lake Bennett. Water very bad, and woman cry out because she is afraid. We go down Lake Bennett, snow, ice, wind like a gale, but woman is very tired and go to sleep.

"That night we make camp at Windy Arm. Woman sit by fire and eat supper. I look at her. She is pretty. She fix hair. There is much hair, and it is brown, also sometimes it is like gold in the firelight, when she turn her head, so, and flashes come from it like golden fire. The eyes are large and brown, sometimes warm like a candle behind a curtain, sometimes very hard and bright like broken ice when sun shines upon it. When she smile—how can I say?—when she smile I know white man like to kiss her, just like that, when she smile. She never do hard work. Her hands are soft, like baby's hand. She is soft all over, like baby. She is not thin, but round like baby; her arm, her leg, her muscles, all soft and round like baby. Her waist is small, and when she stand up, when she walk, or move

her head or arm, it is—I do not know the word—but it is nice to look at, like—maybe I say she is built on lines like the lines of a good canoe, just like that, and when she move she is like the movement of the good canoe sliding through still water or leaping through water when it is white and fast and angry. It is very good to see.

"Why does she come into Klondike, all alone, with plenty of money? I do not know. Next day I ask her. She laugh and says: 'Sitka Charley, that is none of your business. I give you one thousand dollars take me to Dawson. That only is your business.' Next day after that I ask her what is her name. She laugh, then she says, 'Mary Jones, that is my name.' I do not know her name, but I know all the time that Mary Jones is not her name.

"It is very cold in canoe, and because of cold sometimes she not feel good. Sometimes she feel good and she sing. Her voice is like a silver bell, and I feel good all over like when I go into church at Holy Cross Mission, and when she sing I feel strong and paddle like hell. Then she laugh and says, 'You think we get to Dawson before freeze-up, Charley?' Sometimes she sit in canoe and is thinking far away, her eyes like that, all empty. She does not see Sitka Charley, nor the ice, nor the snow. She is far away. Very often she is like that, thinking far away. Sometimes, when she is thinking far away, her face is not good to see. It looks like a face that is angry, like the face of one man when he want to kill another man.

"Last day to Dawson very bad. Shore-ice in all the eddies, mush-ice in the stream. I cannot paddle. The canoe freeze to ice. I cannot get to shore. There is much danger. All the time we go down Yukon in the ice. That night there is much noise of ice. Then ice stop, canoe stop, everything stop. 'Let us go to shore,' the woman says. I say no, better wait. By and by, everything start down-stream again. There is much snow. I cannot see. At eleven o'clock at night, everything stop. At one o'clock everything start again. At three o'clock everything stop. Canoe is smashed like eggshell, but is on top of ice and cannot sink. I hear dogs howling. We wait. We sleep. By and by morning come. There is no more snow. It is the freeze-up, and there is Dawson. Canoe smash and stop right at Dawson. Sitka Charley has come in with two thousand letters on very last water.

"The woman rent a cabin on the hill, and for one week I see her no more. Then, one day, she come to me. 'Charley,' she says, 'how do you like to work for me? You drive dogs, make camp, travel with me.' I say that I make too much money carrying letters. She says, 'Charley, I will pay you more money.' I tell her that pick-and-shovel man get fifteen dollars a day in the mines. She says, 'That is four hundred and fifty dollars a month.' And I say, 'Sitka Charley is no pick-and-shovel man.' Then she says, 'I understand, Charley. I will give you seven hundred and fifty dollars each month.' It is a good price, and I go to work for her. I buy for her dogs and sled. We travel up Klondike, up Bonanza and Eldorado, over to Indian River, to Sulphur Creek, to Dominion, back across divide to Gold Bottom and to Too Much Gold, and back to Dawson. All the time she look for something, I do not know what. I am puzzled. 'What thing you look for?' I ask. She laugh. 'You look for gold?' I ask. She laugh. Then she says, 'That is none of your business, Charley.' And after that I never ask any more.

"She has a small revolver which she carries in her belt. Sometimes, on trail, she makes practise with revolver. I laugh. 'What for you laugh, Charley?' she ask. 'What for you play with that?' I say. 'It is no good. It is too small. It is for a child, a little plaything.' When we get back to Dawson she ask me to buy good revolver for her. I buy a Colt's 44. It is very heavy, but she carry it in her belt all the time.

"At Dawson comes the man. Which way he come I do not know. Only do I know he is *che-cha-quo*—what you call tenderfoot. His hands are soft, just like hers. He never do hard work. He is soft all over. At first I think maybe he is her husband. But he is too young. Also, they make two beds at night. He is maybe twenty years old. His eyes blue, his hair yellow, he has a little mustache which is yellow. His name is John Jones. Maybe he is her brother. I do not know. I ask questions no more. Only I think his name not John Jones. Other people call him Mr. Girvan. I do not think that is his name. I do not think her name is Miss Girvan, which other people call her. I think nobody know their names.

"One night I am asleep at Dawson. He wake me up. He says, 'Get the dogs ready; we start.' No more do I ask questions, so I get the dogs ready and we start. We go down the Yukon. It is night-time, it is November, and it is very cold—sixty-five below. She is soft. He is soft. The cold bites. They get tired. They cry under their breaths to themselves. By and by I

say better we stop and make camp. But they say that they will go on. Three times I say better to make camp and rest, but each time they say they will go on. After that I say nothing. All the time, day after day, is it that way. They are very soft. They get stiff and sore. They do not understand moccasins, and their feet hurt very much. They limp, they stagger like drunken people, they cry under their breaths; and all the time they say, 'On! on! We will go on!'

"They are like crazy people. All the time do they go on, and on. Why do they go on? I do not know. Only do they go on. What are they after? I do not know. They are not after gold. There is no stampede. Besides, they spend plenty of money. But I ask questions no more. I, too, go on and on, because I am strong on the trail and because I am greatly paid.

"We make Circle City. That for which they look is not there. I think now that we will rest, and rest the dogs. But we do not rest, not for one day do we rest. 'Come,' says the woman to the man, 'let us go on.' And we go on. We leave the Yukon. We cross the divide to the west and swing down into the Tanana Country. There are new diggings there. But that for which they look is not there, and we take the back trail to Circle City.

"It is a hard journey. December is most gone. The days are short. It is very cold. One morning it is seventy below zero. 'Better that we do not travel to-day,' I say, 'else will the frost be unwarmed in the breathing and bite all the edges of our lungs. After that we will have bad cough, and maybe next spring will come pneumonia.' But they are *che-cha-quo*. They do not understand the trail. They are like dead people, they are so tired, but they say, 'Let us go on.' We go on. The frost bites their lungs, and they get the dry cough. They cough till the tears run down their cheeks. When bacon is frying they must run away from the fire and cough half an hour in the snow. They freeze their cheeks a little bit, so that the skin turns black and is very sore. Also, the man freezes his thumb till the end is like to come off, and he must wear a large thumb on his mitten to keep it warm. And sometimes, when the frost bites hard and the thumb is very cold, he must take off the mitten and put the hand between his legs next to the skin so that the thumb may get warm again.

"We limp into Circle City, and even I, Sitka Charley, am tired. It is Christmas Eve. I dance, drink, make a good time, for to-morrow is Christmas Day and we will rest. But no. It is five o'clock in the morning—Christmas morning. I am two hours asleep. The man stand by my bed. 'Come, Charley,' he says, 'harness the dogs. We start.'

"Have I not said that I ask questions no more? They pay me seven hundred and fifty dollars each month. They are my masters. I am their man. If they say, 'Charley, come, let us start for hell,' I will harness the dogs, and snap the whip, and start for hell. So I harness the dogs, and we start down the Yukon. Where do we go? They do not say. Only do they say, 'On! on! We will go on!'

"They are very weary. They have traveled many hundreds of miles, and they do not understand the way of the trail. Besides, their cough is very bad—the dry cough that makes strong men swear and weak men cry. But they go on. Every day they go on. Never do they rest the dogs. Always do they buy new dogs. At every camp, at every post, at every Indian village, do they cut out the tired dogs and put in fresh dogs. They have much money, money without end, and like water they spend it. They are crazy? Sometimes I think so, for there is a devil in them that drives them on and on, always on. What is it that they try to find? It is not gold. Never do they dig in the ground. I think a long time. Then I think it is a man they try to find. But what man? Never do we see the man. Yet are they like wolves on the trail of the kill. But they are funny wolves, soft wolves, baby wolves who do not understand the way of the trail. They cry aloud in their sleep at night. In their sleep they moan and groan with the pain of their weariness. And in the day, as they stagger along the trail, they cry under their breaths. They are funny wolves.

"We pass Fort Yukon. We pass Fort Hamilton. We pass Minook. January has come and nearly gone. The days are very short. At nine o'clock comes daylight. At three o'clock comes night. And it is cold. And even I, Sitka Charley, am tired. Will we go on forever this way without end? I do not know. But always do I look along the trail for that which they try to find. There are few people on the trail. Sometimes we travel one hundred miles and never see a sign of life. It is very quiet. There is no sound. Sometimes it snows, and we are like wandering ghosts. Sometimes it is clear, and at midday the sun looks at us for

a moment over the hills to the south. The northern lights flame in the sky, and the sun-dogs dance, and the air is filled with frost-dust.

"I am Sitka Charley, a strong man. I was born on the trail, and all my days have I lived on the trail. And yet have these two baby wolves made me very tired. I am lean, like a starved cat, and I am glad of my bed at night, and in the morning am I greatly weary. Yet ever are we hitting the trail in the dark before daylight, and still on the trail does the dark after nightfall find us. These two baby wolves! If I am lean like a starved cat, they are lean like cats that have never eaten and have died. Their eyes are sunk deep in their heads, bright sometimes as with fever, dim and cloudy sometimes like the eyes of the dead. Their cheeks are hollow like caves in a cliff. Also are their checks black and raw from many freezings. Sometimes it is the woman in the morning who says, 'I cannot get up. I cannot move. Let me die.' And it is the man who stands beside her and says, 'Come, let us go on.' And they go on. And sometimes it is the man who cannot get up, and the woman says, 'Come, let us go on.' But the one thing they do, and always do, is to go on. Always do they go on.

"Sometimes, at the trading posts, the man and woman get letters. I do not know what is in the letters. But it is the scent that they follow, these letters themselves are the scent. One time an Indian gives them a letter. I talk with him privately. He says it is a man with one eye who gives him the letter, a man who travels fast down the Yukon. That is all. But I know that the baby wolves are after the man with the one eye.

"It is February, and we have traveled fifteen hundred miles. We are getting near Bering Sea, and there are storms and blizzards. The going is hard. We come to Anvig. I do not know, but I think sure they get a letter at Anvig, for they are much excited, and they say, 'Come, hurry, let us go on.' But I say we must buy grub, and they say we must travel light and fast. Also, they say that we can get grub at Charley McKeon's cabin. Then do I know that they take the big cut-off, for it is there that Charley McKeon lives where the Black Rock stands by the trail.

"Before we start, I talk, maybe two minutes with the priest at Anvig. Yes, there is a man with one eye who has gone by and who travels fast. And I know that for which they look is the man with the one eye. We leave Anvig with little grub, and travel light and fast. There are three fresh dogs bought in Anvig, and we travel very fast. The man and woman are like mad. We start earlier in the morning, we travel later at night. I look sometimes to see them die, these two baby wolves, but they will not die. They go on and on. When the dry cough take hold of them hard, they hold their hands against their stomach and double up in the snow, and cough, and cough and cough. They cannot walk, they cannot talk. Maybe for ten minutes they cough, maybe for half an hour, and then they straighten up, the tears from the coughing frozen on their faces, and the words they say are, 'Come, let us go on.'

"Even I, Sitka Charley, am greatly weary, and I think seven hundred and fifty dollars is a cheap price for the labour I do. We take the big cut-off, and the trail is fresh. The baby wolves have their noses down to the trail, and they say, 'Hurry!' All the time do they say, 'Hurry! Faster! Faster!' It is hard on the dogs. We have not much food and we cannot give them enough to eat, and they grow weak. Also, they must work hard. The woman has true sorrow for them, and often, because of them, the tears are in her eyes. But the devil in her that drives her on will not let her stop and rest the dogs.

"And then we come upon the man with the one eye. He is in the snow by the trail, and his leg is broken. Because of the leg he has made a poor camp, and has been lying on his blankets for three days and keeping a fire going. When we find him he is swearing. He swears like hell. Never have I heard a man swear like that man. I am glad. Now that they have found that for which they look, we will have rest. But the woman says, 'Let us start. Hurry!'

"I am surprized. But the man with the one eye says, 'Never mind me. Give me your grub. You will get more grub at McKeon's cabin to-morrow. Send McKeon back for me. But do you go on.' Here is another wolf, an old wolf, and he, too, thinks but the one thought, to go on. So we give him our grub, which is not much, and we chop wood for his fire, and we take his strongest dogs and go on. We left the man with one eye there in the snow, and he died there in the snow, for McKeon never went back for him. And who that man was, and why he came to be there, I do not know. But I think he was greatly paid by the man and the woman, like me, to do their work for them.

"That day and that night we had nothing to eat, and all next day we traveled fast, and we were weak with hunger. Then we came to the Black Rock, which rose five hundred feet above the trail. It was at the end of the day. Darkness was coming, and we could not find the cabin of McKeon. We slept hungry, and in the morning looked for the cabin. It was not there, which was a strange thing, for everybody knew that McKeon lived in a cabin at Black Rock. We were near to the coast, where the wind blows hard and there is much snow. Everywhere there were small hills of snow where the wind had piled it up. I have a thought, and I dig in one and another of the hills of snow. Soon I find the walls of the cabin, and I dig down to the door. I go inside. McKeon is dead. Maybe two or three weeks he is dead. A sickness had come upon him so that he could not leave the cabin. The wind and the snow had covered the cabin. He had eaten his grub and died. I looked for his cache, but there was no grub in it.

"'Let us go on,' said the woman. Her eyes were hungry, and her hand was upon her heart, as with the hurt of something inside. She bent back and forth like a tree in the wind as she stood there. 'Yes, let us go on,' said the man. His voice was hollow, like the *klonk* of an old raven, and he was hunger-mad. His eyes were like live coals of fire, and as his body rocked to and fro, so rocked his soul inside. And I, too, said, 'Let us go on.' For that one thought, laid upon me like a lash for every mile of fifteen hundred miles, had burned itself into my soul, and I think that I, too, was mad. Besides, we could only go on, for there was no grub. And we went on, giving no thought to the man with the one eye in the snow.

"There is little travel on the big cut-off. Sometimes two or three months and nobody goes by. The snow had covered the trail, and there was no sign that men had ever come or gone that way. All day the wind blew and the snow fell, and all day we traveled, while our stomachs gnawed their desire and our bodies grew weaker with every step they took. Then the woman began to fall. Then the man. I did not fall, but my feet were heavy and I caught my toes and stumbled many times.

"That night is the end of February. I kill three ptarmigan with the woman's revolver, and we are made somewhat strong again. But the dogs have nothing to eat. They try to eat their harness, which is of leather and walrus-hide, and I must fight them off with a club and hang all the harness in a tree. And all night they howl and fight around that tree. But we do not mind. We sleep like dead people, and in the morning get up like dead people out of their graves and go on along the trail.

"That morning is the 1st of March, and on that morning I see the first sign of that after which the baby wolves are in search. It is clear weather, and cold. The sun stay longer in the sky, and there are sun-dogs flashing on either side, and the air is bright with frost-dust. The snow falls no more upon the trail, and I see the fresh sign of dogs and sled. There is one man with that outfit, and I see in the snow that he is not strong. He, too, has not enough to eat. The young wolves see the fresh sign, too, and they are much excited. 'Hurry!' they say. All the time they say, 'Hurry! Faster, Charley, faster!'

"We make hurry very slow. All the time the man and the woman fall down. When they try to ride on sled the dogs are too weak, and the dogs fall down. Besides, it is so cold that if they ride on the sled they will freeze. It is very easy for a hungry man to freeze. When the woman fall down, the man help her up. Sometimes the woman help the man up. By and by both fall down and cannot get up, and I must help them up all the time, else they will not get up and will die there in the snow. This is very hard work, for I am greatly weary, and as well I must drive the dogs, and the man and woman are very heavy with no strength in their bodies. So, by and by, I, too, fall down in the snow, and there is no one to help me up. I must get up by myself. And always do I get up by myself, and help them up, and make the dogs go on.

"That night I get one ptarmigan, and we are very hungry. And that night the man says to me, 'What time start to-morrow, Charley?' It is like the voice of a ghost. I say, 'All the time you make start at five o'clock.' 'To-morrow,' he says, 'we will start at three o'clock.' I laugh in great bitterness, and I say, 'You are dead man.' And he says, 'To-morrow we will start at three o'clock.'

"And we start at three o'clock, for I am their man, and that which they say is to be done, I do. It is clear and cold, and there is no wind. When daylight comes we can see a long way off. And it is very quiet. We can hear no sound but the beat of our hearts, and in the silence that is a very loud sound. We are like sleep-walkers, and we walk

in dreams until we fall down; and then we know we must get up, and we see the trail once more and hear the beating of our hearts. Sometimes, when I am walking in dreams this way, I have strange thoughts. Why does Sitka Charley live? I ask myself. Why does Sitka Charley work hard, and go hungry, and have all this pain? For seven hundred and fifty dollars a month, I make the answer, and I know it is a foolish answer. Also is it a true answer. And after that never again do I care for money. For that day a large wisdom came to me. There was a great light, and I saw clear, and I knew that it was not for money that a man must live, but for a happiness that no man can give, or buy, or sell, and that is beyond all value of all money in the world.

"In the morning we come upon the last-night camp of the man who is before us. It is a poor camp, the kind a man makes who is hungry and without strength. On the snow there are pieces of blanket and of canvas, and I know what has happened. His dogs have eaten their harness, and he has made new harness out of his blankets. The man and woman stare hard at what is to be seen, and as I look at them my back feels the chill as of a cold wind against the skin. Their eyes are toil-mad and hunger-mad, and burn like fire deep in their heads. Their faces are like the faces of people who have died of hunger, and their cheeks are black with the dead flesh of many freezings. 'Let us go on,' says the man. But the woman coughs and falls in the snow. It is the dry cough where the frost has bitten the lungs. For a long time she coughs, then like a woman crawling out of her grave she crawls to her feet. The tears are ice upon her cheeks, and her breath makes a noise as it comes and goes, and she says, 'Let us go on.'

"We go on. And we walk in dreams through the silence. And every time we walk is a dream and we are without pain; and every time we fall down is an awakening, and we see the snow and the mountains and the fresh trail of the man who is before us, and we know all our pain again. We come to where we can see a long way over the snow, and that for which they look is before them. A mile away there are black spots upon the snow. The black spots move. My eyes are dim, and I must stiffen my soul to see. And I see one man with dogs and a sled. The baby wolves see, too. They can no longer talk, but they whisper, 'On on. Let us hurry!'

"And they fall down, but they go on. The man who is before us, his blanket harness breaks often, and he must stop and mend it. Our harness is good, for I have hung it in trees each night. At eleven o'clock the man is half a mile away. At one o'clock he is a quarter of a mile away. He is very weak. We see him fall down many times in the snow. One of his dogs can no longer travel, and he cuts it out of the harness. But he does not kill it. I kill it with the axe as I go by, as I kill one of my dogs which loses its legs and can travel no more.

"Now we are three hundred yards away. We go very slow. Maybe in two, three hours we go one mile. We do not walk. All the time we fall down. We stand up and stagger two steps, maybe three steps, then we fall down again. And all the time I must help up the man and woman. Sometimes they rise to their knees and fall forward, maybe four or five times before they can get to their feet again and stagger two or three steps and fall. But always do they fall forward. Standing or kneeling, always do they fall forward, gaining on the trail each time by the length of their bodies.

"Sometimes they crawl on hands and knees like animals that live in the forest. We go like snails, like snails that are dying we go so slow. And yet we go faster than the man who is before us. For he, too, falls all the time, and there is no Sitka Charley to lift him up. Now he is two hundred yards away. After a long time he is one hundred yards away.

"It is a funny sight. I want to laugh out loud, Ha! ha! just like that, it is so funny. It is a race of dead men and dead dogs. It is like in a dream when you have a nightmare and run away very fast for your life and go very slow. The man who is with me is mad. The woman is mad. I am mad. All the world is mad, and I want to laugh, it is so funny.

"The stranger-man who is before us leaves his dogs behind and goes on alone across the snow. After a long time we come to the dogs. They lie helpless in the snow, their harness of blanket and canvas on them, the sled behind them, and as we pass them they whine to us and cry like babies that are hungry.

"Then we, too, leave our dogs and go on alone across the snow. The man and the woman are nearly gone, and they moan and groan and sob, but they go on. I, too, go on. I have but one thought. It is to come up to the stranger-man. Then it is that I shall rest, and not until then shall I rest,

and it seems that I must lie down and sleep for a thousand years, I am so tired.

"The stranger-man is fifty yards away, all alone in the white snow. He falls and crawls, staggers, and falls and crawls again. He is like an animal that is sore wounded and trying to run from the hunter. By and by he crawls on hands and knees. He no longer stands up. And the man and woman no longer stand up. They, too, crawl after him on hands and knees. But I stand up. Sometimes I fall, but always do I stand up again.

"It is a strange thing to see. All about is the snow and the silence, and through it crawl the man and the woman, and the stranger-man who goes before. On either side the sun are sun-dogs, so that there are three suns in the sky. The frost-dust is like the dust of diamonds, and all the air is filled with it. Now the woman coughs, and lies still in the snow until the fit has passed, when she crawls on again. Now the man looks ahead, and he is blear-eyed as with old age and must rub his eyes so that he can see the stranger-man. And now the stranger man looks back over his shoulder. And Sitka Charley, standing upright, maybe falls down and stands upright again.

"After a long time the stranger-man crawls no more. He stands slowly upon his feet and rocks back and forth. Also does he take off one mitten and wait with revolver in his hand, rocking back and forth as he waits. His face is skin and bones and frozen black. It is a hungry face. The eyes are deep-sunk in his head, and the lips are snarling. The man and woman, too, get upon their feet and they go toward him very slowly. And all about is the snow and the silence. And in the sky are three suns, and all the air is flashing with the dust of diamonds.

"And thus it was that I, Sitka Charley, saw the baby wolves make their kill. No word is spoken. Only does the stranger-man snarl with his hungry face. Also does he rock to and fro, his shoulders drooping, his knees bent, and his legs wide apart so that he does not fall down. The man and the woman stop maybe fifty feet away. Their legs, too, are wide apart so that they do not fall down, and their bodies rock to and fro. The stranger-man is very weak. His arm shakes, so that when he shoots at the man his bullet strikes in the snow. The man cannot take off his mitten. The stranger-man shoots at him again, and this time the bullet goes by in the air. Then the man takes the mitten in his teeth and pulls it off. But his hand is frozen and he cannot hold the revolver, and it falls in the snow. I look at the woman. Her mitten is off, and the big Colt's revolver is in her hand. Three times she shoot, quick, just like that. The hungry face of the stranger-man is still snarling as he falls forward into the snow.

"They do not look at the dead man. 'Let us go on,' they say. And we go on. But now that they have found that for which they look, they are like dead. The last strength has gone out of them. They can stand no more upon their feet. They will not crawl, but desire only to close their eyes and sleep. I see not far away a place for camp. I kick them. I have my dog-whip, and I give them the lash of it. They cry aloud, but they must crawl. And they do crawl to the place for camp. I build fire so that they will not freeze. Then I go back for sled. Also, I kill the dogs of the stranger-man so that we may have food and not die. I put the man and woman in blankets and they sleep. Sometimes I wake them and give them little bit of food. They are not awake, but they take the food. The woman sleep one day and a half. Then she wake up and go to sleep again. The man sleep two days and wake up and go to sleep again. After that we go down to the coast at St. Michaels. And when the ice goes out of Bering Sea, the man and woman go away on a steamship. But first they pay me my seven hundred and fifty dollars a month. Also, they make me a present of one thousand dollars. And that was the year that Sitka Charley gave much money to the Mission at Holy Cross."

"But why did they kill the man?" I asked.

Sitka Charley delayed reply until he had lighted his pipe. He glanced at the *Police Gazette* illustration and nodded his head at it familiarly. Then he said, speaking slowly and ponderingly:

"I have thought much. I do not know. It is something that happened. It is a picture I remember. It is like looking in at the window and seeing the man writing a letter. They came into my life and they went out of my life, and the picture is as I have said, without beginning, the end without understanding."

"You have painted many pictures in the telling," I said.

"Ay," he nodded his head. "But they were without beginning and without end."

"The last picture of all had an end," I said.

"Ay," he answered. "But what end?"

"It was a piece of life," I said.

"Ay," he answered. "It was a piece of life."

Beauty's Sister

By OWEN JOHNSON

His hair it is a faded white,
His eye a watery blue;
He has no buttons on his coat,
No shoe-strings in his shoe.

"BEAUTY" SAWTELLE, or Chesterton V. Sawtelle, as it was pronounced when each Monday the master of the form read the bi-weekly absences from bath, sat adjusting his skate on the edge of the pond, with a look of ponderous responsibility on the freckled face, crowned by a sheaf of tow hair, like the wisp of a Japanese doll. Presently he drew from his pocket a dance-card, glanced over it for the twentieth time, and replaced it with a sigh.

"Cracky!" he said, in despair. "Sixteen regulars and eight extras; sixteen and eight, twenty-four. Gee!"

Beauty's heart was heavy, and his hope faint, for the sinister finger of the Prom had cast its shadow over the lighthearted democracy of boyhood. Into this free republic, where no thoughts of the outside society should penetrate, the demoralizing swish of coming petticoats had suddenly intruded its ominous significance of a world without, where such tyrannies as money and birth stand ready to divide the unsuspecting hosts.

Now Beauty's woes were manifold: he was only a second former, and the Prom was the property of the lords of the school, the majestic fourth formers, who lived in the Upper House, and governed themselves according to the catalogue and a benevolent tempering of the exact theory of independence.

A few rash under-formers with pretty sisters were admitted on sufferance, and robbed of their partners if the chance arose. Beauty, scrubby boy of fourteen, with a like aversion to girls and stiff collars in his ugly little body, had been horrified to learn that his sister, at the invitation of Rogers, the housemaster, was coming to the Prom. On his shoulders devolved the herculean task of filling a card from the upper class, only a handful of whom he knew, at a moment when the cards had been circulated for weeks. So he stood dejectedly, calculating how to fill the twenty-four spaces that were so blank and interminable. Twenty-four dances to fill, and the Prom only two weeks off!

In the middle of the pond boys were darting and swaying in a furious game of hockey. Beauty lingered, biding his opportunity, searching the crowd for a familiar face, until presently Wash Simmons, emerging from the mêlée, darted to his side, grinding his skates and coming to a halt for breath, with a swift: "Hello, Venus! How's the Dickinson these days?"

Beauty, murmuring an inaudible reply, stood turning and twisting, desperately seeking to frame a demand.

"What's the secret sorrow, Beauty?" continued Wash, with a glance of surprize.

"I say, Wash," said Beauty, plunging—"I say, have you got any dances left?"

"I? Oh, Lord, no!" said the pitcher of the school nine, with a quick glance. "Gone long ago."

He drew the strap tight, dug his hands into his gloves again, and with a nod flashed back into the crowd. Beauty, gulping down something that rose in his throat, started aimlessly to skirt the edge

of the pond. He had understood the look that Wash had given him in that swift moment.

In this abstracted mood, he suddenly came against something angular and small that accompanied him to the ice with a resounding whack.

"Clumsy beast!" said a sharp voice.

From his embarrassed position, Beauty recognized the Red Dog.

"Excuse me, Red Dog," he said hastily; "I didn't see you."

"Why, it's Beauty," said the Red Dog, rubbing himself. "Blast you! all the same."

"I say, Red Dog," said Beauty, "have you any dances left?"

"All gone, Beauty," answered Red Dog, stooping suddenly to recover his skate.

"Nothing left?"

"Nope—filled the last extra to-day," said Red Dog, with the shining face of prevarication. Then he added, "Why, Venus, are *you* going to the Prom?"

"No," said Sawtelle; "it's my sister."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'd like to oblige you, but you see how it is," said Red Dog, lamely.

"I see."

"Ta, ta, Beauty! So long!"

Sawtelle shut his lips, struck a valiant blow at an imaginary puck, and began to whistle.

'Tis a jolly life we lead
Care and sorrow we defy—

After piping forth this inspiring chorus with vigorous notes, the will gave way. He began another:

To Lawrenceville my father sent me,
Where for college I should prepare;
And so I settled down,
In this queer, forsaken town,
About five miles away from anywhere.

The bellows gave out. Overcome by the mournfulness of the last verse, he dropped wearily on the bank, continuing doggedly:

About five miles from anywhere, my boys,
Where old Lawrenceville evermore shall stand;
For has she not stood,
Since the time of the flood—

Whether the accuracy of the last statement or the forced rhyme displeased him, he broke off, heaved a sigh, and said viciously: "They lied, both of 'em."

"Well, how's the boy?" said a familiar voice.

Beauty came out of the vale of bitterness to perceive at his side the great form of Turkey Reiter, preparing to adjust his skates.

"Oh, Turkey," said Beauty, clutching at the straw, "I've been looking everywhere——"

"What's the matter?"

"Turkey, I'm in an awful hole."

"Out with it."

"I say, Turkey," said Sawtelle, stumbling and blushing—"I say, you know, my sister's coming to the Prom, and I thought if you'd like—that is, I wanted to know if—you wouldn't take her dance-card and get it filled for me." Then he added abjectly: "I'm awfully sorry."

Turkey looked thoughtful. This was a commission he did not relish. Beauty looked particularly unattractive that afternoon, in a red tobogganing toque that swore at his faded white hair, and the orange freckles that stared out from every point of vantage.

"Why, Beauty," he began hesitatingly, "the way it is, you see, my card's already filled, and I'm afraid, honestly, that's about the case with all the others."

"She's an awfully nice girl," said Sawtelle, looking down in a desperate endeavour to control his voice.

"Nice girl," thought Turkey, "ahem! Yes; must be a good-looker, too, something on Venus's particular line of beauty."

He glanced at his companion, and mentally pictured a lanky girl, with sandy hair, a little upstart nose, and a mass of orange freckles. But between Turkey and Sawtelle relations had been peculiar. There had been many moments in the last year at the Dickinson when the ordinary luxuries of life would have been difficult had it not been for the superior financial standing of Chesterton V. Sawtelle. The account had been a long one, and there was a slight haziness in Turkey's mind as to the exact status of the balance. Also, Turkey was genuinely grateful, with that sense of gratitude which is described as a lively looking forward to favours to come.

"Oh, well, young un," he said with rough good humour, "give us the card. I'll do what I can. But, mind you, I can't take any myself. My card's full, and it wouldn't do for me to cut dances."

Jumping up, he started to escape the effusive thanks of the overjoyed Sawtelle, but suddenly wheeled and came skating back.

"Hello, Beauty!" he called out, "I say, what's your sister's name?"

"Sally—that is, Sarah," came the timid answer.

"Heavens!" said Turkey to himself as

he flashed over the ice. "That settles it. Sally—Sally! A nice pickle I'm in! Wonder if she sports spectacles and old-fashioned frocks. A nice pickle—I'll be the laughing-stock of the whole school. Guess I won't have much trouble recognizing Beauty's sister. Whew! That comes from having a kind heart!"

With these and similar pleasant reflections he threaded his way among the crowd of skaters until at length he perceived Hickey skimming over the ice, stealing the puck from a bunch of scrambling players, until, his progress checked, and the puck vanishing into a distant mêlée, he came to a stop for breath. Turkey, profiting by the occasion, descended on his victim.

"Whoa there, Hickey!"

"Whoa it is!"

"How's your dance-card?"

"A dazzling galaxy of beauty, a symposium of grace, a feast of——"

"Got anything left? I have a wonder for you if you have."

"Sure; twelfth regular and sixth extra—but the duchess will be awfully cut up."

"Twelfth and sixth," said Turkey, with a nod; "that's a go."

"Who's the heart-smasher?" asked Hickey, with an eye on the approaching puck.

"A wonder, Hickey; a screamer. There'll be nothing to it. Ta, ta! Much obliged."

"What's her name?"

"Sawtelle—some distant relative of the Beauty's, I believe. I'm filling out her card. Obliged for the dance. Ta, ta!"

"Hold up!" said Hickey, quickly. "Hold up! Jiminy! I almost forgot—why, I do believe I went and promised those two to Hasbrouck. Isn't that a shame! Sorry. To think of my forgetting that! Try to give you some other. Confound it! I have no luck." With the most mournful look in the world he waved his hand and sped ostentatiously toward the bunch of players.

"Hickey's on to me," thought Turkey as he watched him disengage himself from the crowd and skate off with Sawtelle; "no hope in that quarter."

Finally, after an hour's persistent work, during which he pleaded and argued, commanded and threatened, he succeeded in filling exactly six of the necessary twenty-four dances. Indeed, he would have had no difficulty in completing the card if he could have passed over that fatal name. But each time, just as he was congratulating himself on another conquest, his victim would ask, "By the way, what name shall I put down?"

"Oh—er—Miss Sawtelle," he would answer nonchalantly; "a distant relative of the Beauty—though nothing like him—ha! ha!"

Then each would suddenly remember that the dances in question were already half-promised,—a sort of an understanding; but of course he would have to look it up,—but of course, if he found they were free, why, then of course, he wanted, above all things in the world, to dance with Miss Sawtelle.

"Well, anyhow," said Turkey to himself, recapitulating, "I've got six, provided they don't all back out. Let me see. I can make the Kid take three—that's nine—and Snookers will have to take three—that's twelve,—and, hang it! Butcher and Egghead have got to take two each—that would make sixteen. The other eight I can fill up with some harmless freaks: some will snap at anything."

That night at the supper-table Turkey had to face the music.

"You're a nice one, you are," said Hickey, starting in immediately, "you arch deceiver. You are a fine friend; I have my opinion of you. 'Handsome girl,' 'a wonder,' 'fine talker,' 'a screamer'—that's the sort of game you try on your friends, is it? Who is she? Oh—ah, yes, a *distant* relative of the Beauty."

"What's up now?" said the Kid, editor of the "Lawrence," and partner of Turkey's secrets, joys, and debts.

"Hasn't he tried to deceive you yet?" continued Hickey, with an accusing look at Turkey. "No? That's a wonder! What do you think of a fellow who tries to pass off on his friends such a girl as the Beauty's sister?"

"No!" said Butcher Stevens.

"What!" exclaimed Macnooder, laying down his knife with a thud.

"Beauty's sister," said the Egghead, gaping with astonishment.

"Well, why not?" said Turkey, defiantly.

"Listen to that!" continued Hickey. "The brazenness of it!"

The four graduates of the Dickinson, after a moment of stupefied examination of Hickey and Reiter, suddenly burst into roars of laughter that produced a craning of necks and a storm of inquiries from the adjoining tables.

When the hilarity had been somewhat checked, Hickey returned to the persecution of the blushing Turkey.

"Bet you three to one she's a mass of freckles," he said. "Bet you even she wears glasses; bet you one to three she's cross-eyed; bet you four to one she won't open her mouth."

"Hang you, Hickey!" said Turkey, flushing, "I won't have her talked about so."

"Did you take any dances?" said the Kid to Hickey.

"Me?" exclaimed the latter, in great dudgeon. "Me! Well, I guess not! I wouldn't touch any of that tribe with a ten-foot pole."

"Look here, you fellows have got to shut up," said Turkey, forced at last into a virtuous attitude by the exigency of the situation. "I promised the Beauty I'd fill his sister's card for him, and I'm going to do it. The girl can't help her looks. You talk like a lot of cads. What you fellows ought to do is to join in and give her a treat. The girl is probably from the backwoods, and this ought to be made the time of her life."

"Turkey," said the malicious Hickey, "how many dances have you eagerly appropriated?"

Turkey stopped point-blank, greeted by derisive jeers.

"Oho!"

"That's it, is it?"

"Fake!"

"Humbug!"

"Not at all," said Turkey, indignantly. "What do you think I am?"

"Pass over your list and let's see the company you're going to introduce her to," said Hickey, stretching out his hand for the dance-card. "Ah, I must congratulate you, my boy; your selection is magnificent; the young lady will be charmed." He flipped the card disdainfully to the Egghead, saying, "A bunch of freaks!"

"Hang it all!" said the Egghead, "that's too hard on any girl. A fine opinion she'll have of Lawrenceville fellows! We can't stand for that."

"Look here," said the Kid, suddenly. "Turkey is at fault, and has got to be punished. Here's what we'll do, though: let's each take a dance on condition that Turkey takes her out to supper."

"Oh, I say!" protested Turkey, who had other plans.

The others acclaimed the plan gleefully, rejoicing in his discomfiture, until Turkey, driven to a corner, was forced to capitulate.

That evening on the esplanade he called Snookers to him, and resting his hand affectionately on the little fellow's shoulder said; "Old man, do you want to do me a favour?"

"Sure."

"I'm filling up a girl's card for the Prom, and I want you to help me out."

"Certainly; give me a couple, if the girl's the real thing."

"Much obliged. I'll put your name down."

"Second and fifth. Say, who is she?"

"Oh, some relative of Sawtelle's—you remember you used to go with him a good deal in the Dickinson. It's his sister."

"Whew!" said Snookers, with a long-drawn whistle. "Say, give me three more, will you?"

"Hardly," answered Turkey, with a laugh; "but I'll spare you another.

"I didn't think it quite fair to the girl," he explained later, "to give her too big a dose of Snookers. Queer, though, how eager the little brute was!"

The last week dragged interminably in multiplied preparations for the great event. In the evenings the war of strings resounded across the campus from the "gym," where the Banjo and Mandolin clubs strove desperately to perfect themselves for the concert. The Dramatic Club, in sudden fear, crowded the day with rehearsals, while from the window of Room 65, Upper, the voice of Biddy Hampton, soloist of the Glee Club, was heard chanting "The Pride of the House is Papa's Baby" behind doors stout enough to resist the assaults of his neighbours.

Oil-stoves and flatirons immediately came into demand, cushions were rolled back from window-seats, and trousers that were limp and discouraged, grew smooth and well-creased under the pressure of the hot iron. Turkey and Doc Macnooder, who from their long experience in the Dickinson had become expert tailors, advertised on the bulletin board:

REITER AND MACNOODER
BON TON TAILORS
Trousers neatly pressed, at fifteen cents per pair; all payments strictly cash—*in advance.*

Each night the dining-room of the Upper was cleared, and the extraordinary spectacle was seen of boys of all sizes in sweaters and jerseys, clasping each other desperately around the waist, spinning and bumping their way about the reeling room to the chorus of:

"Get off my feet!"

"Reverse, you lubber!"

"Now, *one*, two, three——"

"A fine lady you are!"

"Do you expect me to carry you around the room?"

"Darn you, fatty!"

"Hold tight!"

"Let 'er rip now!"

From the end of the room the cynics and misogynists, roosting on the piled-up tables and chairs, croaked forth their contempt:

"Oh, you fussers!"

"You lady-killers!"

"Dance, my darling, dance!"

"Squeeze her tight, Bill!"

"That's the way!"

"Look at Skinny!"

"Keep a-hoppin', Skinny!"

"Look at him spin!"

"For heaven's sake, someone stop Skinny!"

Of evenings certain of the boys would wander in pairs to the edge of the woods and confide to each other the secret attachments and dark, forlorn hopes that were wasting them away. Turkey and the Kid, who were going as stags, opened their hearts to each other and spoke of the girl, the one distant girl, whose image not all the fair faces that would come could for a moment dim.

"Kid," said Turkey, in solemn conclusion, speaking from the experience of eighteen years, "I am going to make that little girl—my wife."

"Turkey, old man, God bless you!" answered the confidant, with nice regard for old precedents. Then he added, a little choked, "Turkey, I, too—I——"

"I understand, Kid," said Turkey, gravely clapping his shoulder; "I've known it all along."

"Dear old boy!"

They walked in silence.

"What's her name?" asked Turkey, slowly.

"Lucille. And hers?"

"Marie Louise."

Another silence.

"Kid, is it all right?"

The romanticist considered a moment, and then shook his head.

"No, Turk."

"Dear old boy, you'll win out."

"I must. And you, does she care?"

A heavy sigh was the answer. They walked back arm in arm, each fully believing in the other's sorrow, and almost convinced of his own. At the esplanade of the Upper they stopped and listened to the thumping of the piano and the systematic beat from the dancers.

"I wish it were all over," said Turkey, gloomily. "This can mean nothing to me."

"Nor to me," said the Kid, staring at the melancholy moon.

On the fateful day the school arose, so to speak, as one boy, shaved, and put on a clean collar. Every boot was blacked, every pair of trousers creased to a cutting edge. The array of neckties that suddenly appeared in gigantic puffs or fluttering wings was like the turn of autumn in a single night.

Chapel and the first two recitations over, the esplanade of the Upper was crowded with fourth formers, circulating critically in the dandified throng, chattering excitedly of the coming event. Perish the memory of the fashion there displayed! It seemed magnificent then: let that be the epitaph.

The bell called, and the group slowly departed to the last recitation. From each house a stream of boys came pouring out and made their lagging way around the campus toward Memorial. Slower and slower rang the bell, and faster came the unwilling slaves—those in front with dignity; those behind with despatch, and so on down the line to the last scattered stragglers, who came racing over the lawns. The last peal sounded, the last laggard tore up Memorial steps, and vanished within. A moment later the gong in the hall clanged, and the next recitation was on. The circle, a moment before alive with figures, was quiet and deserted. A group of seven or eight lounging on the esplanade were chatting indolently, tossing a ball back and forth with the occupant of a third-story window.

At this moment Turkey emerged from the doorway in shining russets, a Gladstone collar, a tie of robin's-egg-blue, and a suit of red and green plaids, such as the innocent curiosity of a boy on his first allowance goes to with the thirst of possession.

"Hurrah for Turkey!" cried the Kid. "He looks like a regular fashion-plate."

In an instant he was surrounded, punched, examined, and complimented.

"Well, fellows, it's time to give ourselves them finishing touches," said the Egghead, with a glance of envy. "Turkey is trying to steal a march on us. The girls are coming."

"Hello!" cried the Kid, suddenly. "Who's this?"

All turned. From behind Foundation House came a carriage. It drove on briskly

until nearly opposite the group on the steps, when the driver reined in, and some one within looked out dubiously.

"Turkey, you're in luck," said the Gutter Pup. "You're the only one with the rouge on. Go down gracefully and see what the lady wants."

So down went Turkey to his duty. They watched him approach the carriage and speak to some one inside. Then he closed the door and spoke to the driver, evidently pointing out his destination, for the cab continued around the circle.

Then Turkey made a jump for the esplanade, and, deaf to all inquiries, seized upon his roommate and dragged him aside.

"Great guns! Kid," he exclaimed, "I've seen her—Beauty's sister! She isn't like Beauty at all. She's a stunner, a dream! Look here! Get that dance-card. Get it, if you have to lie and steal. He's in recitation now. You've got to catch him when he comes out. For heaven's sake! don't let any one get ahead of you. Tell him two girls have backed out, and I want five more dances. Tell him I'm to take her to the debate to-night, and the Dramatic Club to-morrow. Kid, get that card!"

Releasing his astounded roommate, he went tearing across the campus to meet the carriage.

"What's happened to our staid and dignified president?" cried the Gutter Pup in wonder. "Is he crazy?"

"Oh, say, fellows," exclaimed the Kid, overcome by the humour of the situation, "who do you think that was?"

The carriage had now stopped before the Dickinson, and Turkey, arrived in time, was helping out a tall, slender figure in black. A light flashed over the group.

"Beauty's sister."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Impossible!"

"Beauty's sister it is," cried the Kid; "and the joke is, she's a stunner, a dream!"

"A dream!" piped up the inevitable Snookers. "Well, I guess! She's an all-round A-No. 1. Gee! I just got a glimpse of her at a theater, and I tell you, boys, she's a paralyzer."

But his remark ended on the air, for all, with a common impulse, had disappeared. Snookers, struck with the same thought, hastened to his room.

Ten minutes later they reappeared. Hickey, in a suit of pronounced checks, his trousers carefully turned up *à l'Anglais*, glanced approvingly at the array of manly fashion.

"And now, fellows," he said, pointing to the Chapel, which Turkey was entering with Miss Sawtelle, "that traitor shall be punished. We'll guard every entrance to Memorial, capture our friend, 'Chesterton V. Sawtelle (absent from bath),' relieve him of that little dance-card, and then, Romans, to the victors belong the spoils!"

The Kid having delayed over the choice between a red-and-yellow necktie or one of simple purple, did not appear until Hickey had stationed his forces. Taking in the situation at a glance, he chuckled to himself, and picking up a couple of books, started for the entrance.

"Lucky it's Hungry and the Egghead," he said to himself as he passed them and entered the Lower Hall. "Hickey would have guessed the game."

He called Sawtelle from the second form, and, slipping his arm through his, drew him down the corridor.

"Sawtelle," he said, "I want your sister's dance-card. There's some mistake, and Turkey wants to fix it up. Thanks; that's all. Oh, no, it isn't, either. Turkey said he'd be over after supper to take your sister to the debate, and that he had seats for the Dramatic Club to-morrow. Don't forget all that. So long! See you later."

In high feather at the success of this stratagem, he skipped downstairs, and, avoiding Hickey, went to meet Turkey in the Chapel, where he was duly presented.

When Sawtelle emerged at length from the study-room, he was amazed at the spontaneity of his reception. He was no longer "Beauty" or "Apollo" or "Venus."

"Sawtelle, old man," they said to him, "I want to see you a moment."

"Chesterton, where have you been?"

"Old man, have you got anything to do?"

Each strove to draw him away from the others, and failing in this, accompanied him to the jiggershop, where he was plied with substantial flattery, until, having disposed of jiggers, soda, and éclairs, he cast one lingering glance at the tempting counters, and said with a twinkle in his ugly little eyes:

"And now, fellows, I guess my sister must be over at the house. Come around this afternoon, why don't you, and meet her?"—an invitation which was received with enthusiasm and much evident surprise.

When the Prom opened that evening, Beauty's sister made her entrée flanked by the smitten Turkey and the languishing

Hasbrouck, while the stricken Kid brought up the rear, consoled by the responsibility of her fan. Five stags who had been lingering miserably in the shadow searching for something daring and imaginative to lay at her feet, crowded forward only to be stricken dumb at the splendour of her toilette.

Beauty's sister, fresn from a Continental season, was quite overwhelmed by the subtle adoration of the famous Wash Simmons and of Egghead, that pattern of elegance and *savoir-faire*—overwhelmed, but not at all confused. Gradually under her deft manipulation the power of speech returned to the stricken. Then the rout began. The young ladies from city and country finishing-schools, still struggling with their teens, were quite eclipsed by the gorgeous Parisian toilette and the science of movement displayed by the sister of Chesterton V. Sawtelle. The ordinary ethics of fair play were thrown to the winds. Before the eyes of every one, Turkey held up the worthless dance-card, and tore it into shreds. Only the brave should deserve the fair. Little Smeed, Poler Fox, and Snorky Green struggled in vain for recognition, and retired crestfallen and defrauded, to watch the scramble for each succeeding dance, which had to be portioned among three and often four clamourers.

In fact, it became epidemic. They fell in love by blocks of five, even as they had sought the privileges of the measles. Each implored a memento to fix imperishably on his wall. The roses she wore consoled a dozen. The Gutter Pup obtained her fan; the Kid her handkerchief, a wonderful scented transparency. Glendenning and Hasbrouck brazenly divided the gloves, while Turkey, trembling at his own blurting audacity, was blown to the stars by permission to express in a letter certain delicate thoughts which stifle in the vulgar scramble of the ballroom.

When the last dance had been fought for, divided, and re-divided, and the lights peremptorily suppressed, the stags *en masse* accompanied Beauty's sister to the Dickinson, where each separately pressed her hand and strove to give to his "Good-night" an accent which would be understood by her alone.

On that next morning that somehow always arises, Turkey and the Kid, envied by all, drove her to the station, listening mutely to her gay chatter, each plunged in melancholy, secretly wondering how she managed to conceal her feelings so well.

They escorted her to the car, and loaded her with magazines and candies and flowers, and each succeeded in whispering in her ear a rapid, daring sentence, which she received from each with just the proper encouragement. Then, imaginary Lucilles and Marie Louises forgot, they drove back, heavy of heart, and uncomprehending, viewing the landscape without joy or hope, suffering stoically as men of eighteen should. Not a word was spoken until from the last hill they caught the first glimmer of the school. Then Turkey hoarsely, flicking the air with the lash of the whip, said:

"Kid——"

"What?"

"That *was* a woman."

"A woman of the world, Turkey."

They left the carriage at the stable, and strolled up to the jigger-shop, joining the group, all intent on the coming baseball season; and gradually the agony eased a bit. Presently a familiar little figure, freckled and towheaded, sidled into the shop, and stood with fists jammed in empty pockets, sniffling the air for succour.

"Oh, you Beauty! oh, you astonishing Venus!" cried the inevitable persecutor. Then from the crowd Macnooder began to intone the familiar lines:

> "His hair, it is a faded white,
> His eye a watery blue;
> He has no buttons on his coat,
> No shoe-strings in his shoe."

"Doc," said the Beauty, blushing sheepishly, "set me up to a jigger, will you? Go on, now!"

Then Macnooder, roaring, shouted back: "Not this year; next year—SISTER!"

Asked to describe the Deity, a donkey would represent him with long ears and **a tail.** Man's conception is higher and truer: he thinks of him as somewhat resembling **a man.**

The gambling known as business looks with austere disfavour upon the business **known as gambling.** AMBROSE BIERCE.

So They Say

WILL ROGERS:
"Self-appointed Diplomat" to Europe—in a news dispatch to the "New York Times"

"A bunch of American tourists were hissed and stoned yesterday in France, but not until they had finished buying."

JUSTICE JACOB PANKEN:
of the Manhattan Municipal Court

"You can trace the breaking down of morals to the crowded condition of the I. R. T. (Subway)."

VIC DONAHEY:
"cowhide boot" farmer-Governor and Democratic leader of Ohio—summarizing his own political career

"Ten years, ten children and ten cents."

JACOB MINTZ:
Secretary, International Secret Service Association, who says women are too "chicken-hearted and romantic" for detective work

"I had a woman detective once who seemed to have every qualification for success, but she lacked the most essential —common sense. I set her out to catch a crook, and she caught him and married him."

HILLYER HAWTHORNE STRATON:
Son of Dr. John Roach Straton, upon entrance into a Baptist ministry

"You can bet your life I was not raised on Mencken and bridge parties. I got my faith from the hickory switch."

MAHATMA GHANDI:
Passive dictator over the minds of millions of Hindus

"Lying is the mother of violence."

RUDYARD KIPLING:
Upon being presented with the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature

"Fiction is truth's elder sister. Fiction began when some man invented a story about another man: it developed when another man told tales about a woman."

PHILIP HARRIS:
replying to his wife's application for temporary alimony. (She lost)

"I make but $15 a week. This is occasioned by the fact that before my marriage I was bow-legged. Before my wife would consent to marry me she insisted that I have my legs broken and straightened."

A FRENCH PRIEST:
invoking from the pulpit the aid of the insect-world against modern fashions in women's dress

"Let the mosquitoes forsake their marshes and come to suck the blood of the women who replace dress with harness. Let cruel wasps come to teach the scantily attired to clothe themselves. Come, mosquitoes, to avenge outraged modesty!"

ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH:
that is, "Al"—upon receiving the four-pound wall-eyed pike caught by President Coolidge

"That fish is too distinguished to be eaten. I am going to have him mounted and placed in the State Museum at Albany."

MAYOR FRANK C. BRADLEY, JR.:
of Bradley Beach, N. J.—where it was decided automobile spooning was not to be stopped by the police "if noiseless"

"Spooning occurs most everywhere, and in some churches there are spooning pews, so I see no reason why lovers should be barred if they conduct themselves properly."

W. O. McGeehan:
Sporting philosopher of the "New York Herald Tribune"

"The athlete's place is in the home. Keep him there."

William J. Pedrick:
Vice-president of the Fifth Avenue Association, N. Y., opposing over-extension of non-parking rules

"It has been obvious for some time to the members of this association, and to the business interests of midtown Manhattan, that their commercial prosperity depends very largely upon private automobile trade."

André Messager:
73-year-old French composer: "Madame Chrysanthème" and other operas

"How can a musician not like jazz? Jazz brings to us new rhythm, new harmony, new instrumentalization. . . . Yes, the Americans have succeeded in creating a new music."

Pietro Mascagni:
Italian composer: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and others

"I believe the governments of the world should stop jazz, in all its different forms of development—in just the same way that they are stopping opium-smoking and cocaine."

Rev. Frank Durwald Adams:
Universalist Church of Our Father, Detroit

"Men rise and fall in the things they love to do, not in the things they have to do."

Judge Algernon I. Nova
of the County Court, Brooklyn, in sentencing William Siskind, who, as the "Coast-to-Coast Sheik," made his courting too profitable financially

"You have loved once too often."

Hugh A. S. Kennedy:
In "Harper's"

"God is life, and life is activity, and wherever we see activity we see life, whether it be in a dog-fight or a dinner-dance."

Shapurji Saklatvala:
Communist member of British Parliament, who was refused admittance to the U. S. by Secretary Kellogg—in a Fourth of July message to President Coolidge

"Congratulations on 150 years of national freedom and social progress. Your nation must feel thankful that no Kelloggs, with immigration acts, were then in existence to ban George Washington and other revolutionary spirits from entering the country."

John H. Morehead:
ex-Governor; Representative from Nebraska in U. S. Congress

"When farming is profitable, cities thrive; when farmers fail, cities decay."

"Bobby" Jones:
world's best golfer

"If I do think about more than one thing when making a shot—I don't make the shot. I don't know if I even think of one thing. I never seem to remember."

King George:

"I like the blue mottled cheese."

Queen Mary:
Before the exhibit of cheeses at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show

"I don't. They're full of animals and not good for you. I prefer cheddar."

Dr. Florence Sherborn:
Professor of Child Care at University of Kansas

"One wonders if the nursery-school child does not sometimes feel himself to be a visitor or guest in his own home."

Col. Ned Green:
Prohibition director of northern California, when charged with taking confiscated liquor for his own use

"This investigation is a small thing. I am a big man, concerned with big things, and I don't give a damn who knows that I have a bottle or two in my room, or who knows that I give a friend of mine a drink."

Ras Tafari:
Regent of Abyssinia, in a letter to the League of Nations

"The people of Abyssinia are anxious to do right, and we have every intention of guiding them along the path of improvement and progress, but throughout their history they have seldom met with foreigners who did not desire to possess themselves of Abyssinian territory and to destroy their independence."

FRANCES HEENAN ("PEACHES") BROWNING:
when the pilot announced that the Sikorsky plane could not fly that day

"But I prepared for my first flight by having this suit embroidered especially! What about it—my suit?"

DR. J. FRANK NORRIS:
Baptist evangelist, the "Texas Tornado," who killed D. E. Chipps and preached in own church the next Sunday

"There is a difference between remorse and regret. I have no remorse of having had to kill this poor man. Of course I have my regrets, because I wouldn't want to kill any one."

WALBERT B. FOLLETT:
President of Whitestone Boosters' Civic Association, ordering the bathing beach cleared at 10:30 p. m.

"We feel that any one on the beach after 10:30 at night is not there for swimming."

RAYMOND POINCARÉ:
heading the French Union Cabinet

"Foreign critics must know that France never dreams of repudiating her debts."

PHILIP GIBBS:
English publicist

"There is no Frenchman I have met who regards that debt as morally binding."

MRS. SALLIE EPSTEIN:
Modiste and designer, sailing for Europe

"He wants me to travel around with him, and I can't do that because it would mean my giving up my work. He doesn't know yet that I'm going to divorce him—I want him to read it in the papers. Just say that I am going to Paris for a vacation, some new clothes, and a divorce."

H. G. WELLS:
English novelist, in "Cosmopolitan"

"The harsh truth is that there is now an over-production of willing beauties and heroines; the market is more than glutted. Every prosperous man, every successful adventurer, finds there are charming, cultivated, unscrupulous young women alert for him at every turn."

ISADORA DUNCAN:
Originator of the modern barefoot dance: now forty-six years old, and noted as the only woman in Paris who wears frocks to her ankles

"I'm in love again! And I'm darn glad of it!"

GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU:
France's Grand Old Man

"One virtue above all I would recommend for obtaining a happy fulfilment of our personal evolution, and thereby of our general civilization: that is tolerance."

BARON MICHAEL ROYCE-GARRETT:
after his wife had committed suicide, explaining their compact

"My wife said: 'This is the last day on earth for you to play billiards and smoke and have a good time, so you go out. You catch the last Coral Gables car back home, but be sure and buy a newspaper before you come. We will spend our last night together, and prepare to die in the morning.'"

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
to the German Ambassador, through whom the German Foreign Minister had sent congratulations on his 70th birthday

"It is the sort of thing that would never occur to a British Foreign Secretary, because, as you know, we are a barbarous nation in matters of culture. We have a general dread of intellect in any form, and a conviction that art, though highly enjoyable clandestinely, is essentially immoral."

MAJOR WALTON A. GREEN:
retiring from the Prohibition service

"The desire for fur coats and expensive clothes is spurring women who lack morals into the liquor business. Women are more successful in dodging dry sleuths than men are."

ANITA LOOS:
author of a "best-seller"

"No, I do not think that blondes prefer gentlemen. I am quite sure they like the roughneck, caveman type."

Mrs. J. M. McGavran:
Make-up expert

"For the real hard-boiled look, shade your upper eyelids heavily with black, and on the lower lid make a heavy line as well. Also blacken your lashes—and no one in the world will suspect that you are not a wild, wild woman."

William Allen White, Jr.:
writes home from his Mediterranean tour

"Rome is a much more pleasant and attractive city than Naples was. . . . For the first time I have come into a slightly blonde zone of girls, with a pleasant sprinkling of redheads. It is a great relief."

Sultan Moulai:
of Morocco, after watching French, English and American girls dancing modern dances

"It is all very curious. I cannot understand how men allow their wives and daughters to do it."

Hope Hampton:
Screen star, home from Paris

"All well-dressed French women are Americans."

Dr. George B. Emerson:
Head of Physical Education Department. Boston University

"A bent back never carries happiness."

E. V. Knox:
English writer

"Scientific invention is ruining our nerves in attempting to control mechanical monsters, and it is destroying calm home life, where cribbage, the family album, and embroidery are now unknown."

The Paris Crowds:
on the Boulevards, when Secretary Mellon arrived in France

"Down with Mellon! Down with Borah! Down with Debts!"

G. K. Chesterton:
in "G. K.'s Weekly"

"It would be rather funny if Mr. Lloyd George were forcing himself to agree with them (the radicals) at the very moment when they were beginning to agree with us. Perhaps he will eventually obtain the triumphant position of Leader of the English Socialist Party, and find that it is no longer there."

David Lloyd George:
English political leader

"I see no signs of my being driven from my leadership of the party in the House of Commons."

Marc T. Greene:
in "China Press"

"Hawaii to-day is, in all probability, the most prosperous and possibly the happiest community on the face of the earth—perfect in climate, rich in productiveness, friendly in its internationalism."

Prof. Algernon de V. Tassin:
After correcting English themes from Columbia students and inmates of Sing Sing

"For a certain type of man a prison is a splendid thing. I would like to send half of the boys at Columbia University to prison for a while. It would be good for them."

Bertrand Russell:
Heir to 2d Lord Russell; writer on social philosophy and mathematics

"Some one ought to write a book on 'How Great Men Have Made a Living'; it would throw light upon an important question, namely: What do the mass of mankind regard as services deserving of reward?"

Maria Jeritza:
Grand opera prima donna

"Girls in Europe still cultivate romantic ideals, and every meeting with one of the male sex brings a premonition of love. In America it is a prelude to sport."

Charles Allen Dinsmore:
Professor, Spiritual Interpretation of Literature, Yale Divinity School

"Never for a moment doubt that you are working in one of the creative epochs of human history. The swirl and tumult about you is not the noise of a collapsing civilization; it is the seething of a shattered and chaotic world rounding into nobler form."

The Lady of Shalott

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Part I

ON EITHER side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbott on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot;
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

The Ladies Go to the Festival

An Idyll of the City

By THEOCRITUS

[*Gorgo and Praxinoë are women of Syracuse visiting at Alexandria, who are going to the festival of the resurrection of Adonis, given by Arsinoë, sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 266 B. C.*]

GORGO—Is Praxinoë at home?

PRAXINOE—Dear Gorgo, how long it is since you have been here! She *is* at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last! Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it too.

GORGO—It does most charmingly as it is.

PRAXINOE—Do sit down.

GORGO—Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

PRAXINOE—It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took—a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbours. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

GORGO—Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear girl, before the little boy—look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

PRAXINOE—Our Lady! the child takes notice.

GORGO—Nice papa!

PRAXINOE—That papa of his the other day—we call every day "the other day"—went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt—the great big endless fellow!

GORGO—Mine has the same trick, too, a perfect spendthrift—Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings apiece for—what do you suppose?—dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash—trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy, the King, to see the Adonis; I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

PRAXINOE—Fine folks do everything finely.

GORGO—What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

PRAXINOE—Idlers have always holiday. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first, and how she carries it! give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! Why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

GORGO—Praxinoë, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me, how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

PRAXINOE—Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money—and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

GORGO—Well, it is *most* successful; all you could wish.

PRAXINOE—Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head, the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused, call in the dog, and shut the street door. (*They go into the street.*) Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can measure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion—oh! the tricks those

perfect rascals used to play. Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear Gorgo, what will become of us? Here come the King's war-horses! My dear man, don't trample on me. Look, the bay's rearing, see, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing it is for me that my brat stays safe at home.

GORGO—Courage, Praxinoë. We are safe behind them, now, and they have gone to their station.

PRAXINOE—There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along, this huge mob is overflowing us.

GORGO (*to an old Woman*)—Are you from the Court, mother?

OLD WOMAN—I am, my child.

PRAXINOE—Is it easy to get there?

OLD WOMAN—The Achæans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run

GORGO—The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

PRAXINOE—Women know everything, yes, and how Zeus married Hera!

GORGO—See Praxinoë, what a crowd there is about the doors.

PRAXINOE—Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand, and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutychis; never lose hold of her, for fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome, Gorgo, my muslin veil is torn in two already! For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate, take care of my shawl!

STRANGER—I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

PRAXINOE—How close-packed the mob is, they hustle like a herd of swine.

STRANGER—Courage, lady, all is well with us now.

PRAXINOE—Both this year and for ever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed—come, wretched girl, push your way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he had shut himself in with his bride.

GORGO—Do come here, Praxinoë. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

PRAXINOE—Lady Athene, what spinning women wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself—Adonis—how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis—Adonis beloved even among the dead.

A STRANGER—You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing words! They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

GORGO—Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes! Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

PRAXINOE—Lady Persephone, never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

GORGO—Hush, hush, Praxinoë—the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the *Adonis;* she that won the prize last year for dirge-singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is preluding with her airs and graces.

The Psalm of Adonis

O Queen that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx, O Aphrodite, that playest with gold, lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis—even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed Hours. Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved Hours, but dear and desired they come, for always, to all mortals, they bring some gift with them. O Cypris, daughter of Diônê, from mortal to immortal, so men tell, thou hast changed Berenice, dropping softly in the woman's breast the stuff of immortality.

Therefore, for thy delight, O thou of many names and many temples, doth the daughter of Berenice, even Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, cherish Adonis with all things beautiful.

Before him lie all ripe fruits that the tall trees' branches bear, and the delicate gardens, arrayed in baskets of silver and the golden vessels are full of incense of Syria. And all the dainty cakes that women fashion in the kneading-tray, mingling blossoms manifold with the white wheaten flour, all that is wrought of honey sweet, and in soft olive oil, all cakes fashioned in the semblance of things that fly, and of things that creep, lo, here they are set before him.

Here are built for him shadowy bowers of green, all laden with tender anise, and children flit overhead—the little Loves—as the young nightingales perched upon the trees fly forth and try their wings from bough to bough.

O the ebony, O the gold, O the twin eagles of white ivory that carry to Zeus the son of Cronos his darling, his cup-bearer! O the purple coverlet strewn above, more soft than sleep! So Miletus will say, and whoso feeds sheep in Samos.

Another bed is strewn for beautiful Adonis, one bed Cypris keeps, and one the rosy-armed Adonis. A bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years is he, his kisses are not rough, the golden down being yet upon his lips! And now, good-night to Cypris, in the arms of her lover! But lo, in the morning we will all of us gather with the dew, and carry him forth among the waves that break upon the beach, and with locks unloosed, and ungirt raiment falling to the ankles, and bosoms bare will we begin our shrill sweet song.

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell, thou only of the demigods dost visit both this world and the stream of Acheron. For Agamemnon had no such lot, nor Aias, that mighty lord of the terrible anger, nor Hector, the eldest born of the twenty sons of Hecuba, nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus, that returned out of Troyland, nor the heroes of yet more ancient days, the Lapithæ and Deucalion's sons, nor the sons of Pelops, and the chiefs of Pelasgian Argos. Be gracious now, dear Adonis, and propitious even in the coming year. Dear to us has thine advent been, Adonis, and dear shall it be when thou comest again.

GORGO—Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman to know so much, thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocleides has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar—don't venture near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, beloved Adonis, may you find us glad at your next coming!

Philandering—By WILLIAM BOYLE

MAUREEN, *acushla*, ah! why such a frown on you!
Sure, 'tis your own purty smiles should be there,
Under those ringlets that make such a crown on you,
As the sweet angels themselves seem to wear,
When from the picthers in church they look down on you,
Kneeling in prayer.

Troth, no, you needn't, there isn't a drop on me,
Barrin' one half-one to keep out the cowld;
And, Maureen, if you'll throw a smile on the top o' me,
Half-one was never so sweet, I'll make bowld.
But, if you like, dear, at once put a stop on me
Life with a scowld.

Red-haired Kate Ryan?—Don't mention her name to me!
I've a taste, Maureen darlin', whatever I do.
But I kissed her?—Ah, now, would you even that same to me?—
Ye saw me! Well, well, if ye did, sure it's true,
But I don't want herself or her cows, and small blame to me
When I know you.

There now, *aroon*, put an ind to this strife o' me,
Poor frightened heart, my own Maureen, my duck;
Troth, till the day comes when you'll be made wife o' me,
Night, noon, and mornin', my heart'll be bruck.
Kiss me, *acushla*! My darlin'! The life o' me!
One more for luck!

Davy Crockett's Courtships

[This tale, from Crockett's autobiography, begins about 1802—when young David had reached his father's home in Tennessee after running away, getting as far as Baltimore, and being "on his own" for about two years. "It will be a source of astonishment," says he, "to many, who reflect that I am now a member of the American Congress—the most enlightened body of men in the world—that at so advanced an age, the age of fifteen, I did not know the first letter in the book."]

I HAD remained for some short time at home with my father, when he informed me that he owed a man, whose name was Abraham Wilson, the sum of thirty-six dollars, and that if I would set in and work out the note, so as to lift it for him, he would discharge me from his service, and I might go free. I agreed to do this, and went immediately to the man who held my father's note, and contracted with him to work six months for it. I set in, and worked with all my might, not losing a single day in the six months. When my time was out, I got my father's note, and then declined working with the man any longer, though he wanted to hire me mighty bad. The reason was, it was a place where a heap of bad company met to drink and gamble, and I wanted to get away from them, for I know'd very well if I staid there, I should get a bad name, as nobody could be respectable that would live there. I therefore returned to my father and gave him up his paper, which seemed to please him mightily, for though he was poor, he was an honest man, and always tried mighty hard to pay off his debts.

I next went to the house of an honest old Quaker, by the name of John Kennedy, who had removed from North Carolina, and proposed to hire myself to him, at two shillings a day. He agreed to take me a week on trial; at the end of which he appeared pleased with my work, and informed me that he held a note on my father for forty dollars, and that he would give me that note if I would work for him six months. I was certain enough that I should never get any part of the note; but then I remembered it was my father that owed it, and I concluded it was my duty as a child to help him along, and ease his lot as much as I could. I told the Quaker I would take him up at his offer, and immediately went to work. I never visited my father's house during the whole time of this engagement, though he lived only fifteen miles off. But when it was finished, and I had got the note, I borrowed one of my employer's horses, and, on a Sunday evening, went to pay my parents a visit. Some time after I got there, I pulled out the note and handed it to my father, who supposed Mr. Kennedy had sent it for collection. The old man looked mighty sorry, and said to me he had not the money to pay it, and didn't know what he should do. I then told him I had paid it for him, and it was then his own; that it was not presented for collection, but as a present from me. At this he shed a heap of tears; and as soon as he got a little over it, he said he was sorry he could not give me anything, but he was not able he was too poor.

The next day I went back to my old friend, the Quaker, and set in to work for him for some clothes; for I had now worked a year without getting any money at all, and my clothes were nearly all worn out, and what few I had left were mighty indifferent. I worked in this way for about two months; and in that time a young woman from North Carolina, who was the Quaker's niece, came on a visit to his house. And now I am just getting on a part of my history that I know I never can forget. For though I have heard people talk about hard loving, yet I reckon no poor devil in this world was ever cursed with such hard love as mine has always been when it came on me. I soon found myself head over heels in love with this girl, whose name the public could make no use of, and I thought that if all the hills about there were pure chink, and all belonged to me, I would give them if I could just talk to her as I wanted to, but I was afraid to begin, for when I would think of saying anything to her my heart would begin to flutter like a duck in a puddle; and if I tried to outdo it and speak, it would get right smack up in my throat and choke me like a cold potato. It bore on my mind in this

way till at last I concluded I must die if I didn't broach the subject; and so I determined to begin and hang on a-trying to speak till my heart would get out of my throat one way or t'other. And so one day at it I went, and after several trials I could say a little. I told her how well I loved her; that she was the darling object of my soul and body; and I must have her or else I should pine down to nothing and just die away with the consumption.

I found my talk was not disagreeable to her; but she was an honest girl and didn't want to deceive nobody. She told me she was engaged to her cousin, a son of the old Quaker. This news was worse to me than war, pestilence, or famine; but still I knowed I could not help myself. I saw quick enough my cake was dough, and I tried to cool off as fast as possible, but I had hardly safety-pipes enough, as my love was so hot as mighty nigh to burst my boilers. But I didn't press my claims any more, seeing there was no chance to do anything.

I began now to think that all my misfortunes growed out of my want of learning. I had never been to school but four days, as the reader has already seen, and did not yet know a letter.

I thought I would try to go to school some, and as the Quaker had a married son who was living about a mile and a half from him and keeping a school, I proposed to him that I would go to school four days in the week and work for him the other two, to pay my board and schooling. He agreed I might come on these terms, and so at it I went, learning and working, backwards and forwards, until I had been with him nigh on to six months. In this time I learned to read a little in my primer, to write my own name, and to cipher some in the first three rules in figures. And this was all the schooling I ever had in my life up to this day. I should have continued longer if it hadn't been that I concluded I couldn't do any longer without a wife; and so I cut out to hunt me one.

I found a family of very pretty little girls that I had known when very young. They had lived in the same neighbourhood with me, and I had thought very well of them. I made an offer to one of them, whose name is nobody's business no more than the Quaker girl's was, and I found she took it very well. I still continued paying my respects to her, until I got to love her as bad as I had the Quaker's niece, and I would have agreed to fight a whole regiment of wild cats if she would only have said she would have me. Several months passed in this way, during all of which time she continued very kind and friendly. At last the son of the old Quaker and my first girl had concluded to bring their matter to a close, and my little queen and myself were called on to wait on them. We went on the day and performed our duty as attendants. This made me worse than ever, and after it was over I pressed my claim very hard on her, but she would still give me a sort of evasive answer. However, I gave her mighty little peace, till she told me at last she would have me. I thought this was glorification enough, even without spectacles. I was then about eighteen years old. We fixed the time to be married, and I thought if that day come I should be the happiest man in the created world, or in the moon, or anywhere else.

I had by this time got to be mighty fond of the rifle, and had bought a capital one. I most generally carried her with me wherever I went, and though I had got back to the old Quaker's to live, who was a very particular man, I would sometimes slip out and attend the shooting matches where they shot for beef; I always tried, though, to keep it a secret from him. He had at the same time a bound boy living with him who I had gotten into almost as great a notion of the girls as myself. He was about my own age, and was deeply smitten with the sister to my intended wife. I know'd it was in vain to try to get the leave of the old man for my young associate to go with me on any of my courting frolics; but I thought I could fix a plan to have him along which would not injure the Quaker, as we had no notion that he should ever know it. We commonly slept up-stairs, and at the gable end of the house there was a window. So one Sunday when the old man and his family were all gone to meeting we went out and cut a long pole, and taking it to the house, we set it up on end in the corner, reaching up the chimney as high as the window. After this we would go up-stairs to bed, and then putting on our Sunday clothes, would go out at the window and climb down the pole, take a horse apiece, and ride about ten miles to where his sweetheart lived and the girl I claimed as my wife. I was always mighty careful to be back before day, so as to escape being found out; and in this way I continued my attentions very closely until a few days before I was to be married, or at least thought I was, for I had no fear that anything was about to go wrong.

Just now I heard of a shooting-match in the neighbourhood right between where I lived and my girl's house, and I determined to kill two birds with one stone—to go to the shooting-match first and then to see her. I therefore made the Quaker believe I was going to hunt for deer, as they were pretty plenty about in those parts, but, instead of hunting them, I went straight on to the shooting-match, where I joined in with a partner, and we put in several shots for the beef. I was mighty lucky, and when the match was over I had won the whole beef. This was on a Saturday, and my success had put me in the finest humour in the world. So I sold my part of the beef for five dollars in the real grit, for I believe that was before bank-notes was invented; at least I had never heard of any. I now started on to ask for my wife, for though the next Thursday was our wedding-day, I had never said a word to her parents about it. I had always dreaded the undertaking so bad that I had put the evil hour off as long as possible; and, indeed, I calculated they knowed me so well they wouldn't raise any objection to having me for their son-in-law. I had a great deal better opinion of myself, I found, than other people had of me; but I moved on with a light heart and my five dollars jingling in my pocket, thinking all the time there was but few greater men in the world than myself.

In this flow of good humour, I went ahead till I got within about two miles of the place, when I concluded I would stop awhile at the house of the girl's uncle, where I might inquire about the family, and so forth, and so on. I was, indeed, just about ready to consider her uncle my uncle; and her affairs, my affairs. When I went in, tho', I found her sister there. I asked how all was at home? In a minute I found from her countenance something was wrong. She looked mortified, and didn't answer as quick as I thought she ought, being it was her *brother-in-law* talking to her. However, I asked her again. She then burst into tears, and told me her sister was going to deceive me; and that she was to be married to another man the next day. This was as sudden to me as a clap of thunder of a bright, sunshiny day. It was the capstone of all the afflictions I had ever met with; and it seemed to me that it was more than any human creature could endure. It struck me perfectly speechless for some time, and made me feel so weak that I thought I should sink down. I, however, recovered from my shock after a little, and rose and started without any ceremony, or even bidding anybody good-by. The young woman followed me out to the gate, and entreated me to go on to her father's, and said she would go with me. She said the young man who was going to marry her sister, had got his license and asked for her; but she assured me her father and mother both preferred me to him; and that she had no doubt but that, if I would go on, I could break off the match. But I found that I could go no further. My heart was bruised, and my spirits were broken down; so I bid her farewell, and turned my lonesome and miserable steps back again homeward, concluding that I was only born for hardships, misery, and disappointment. I now began to think that, in making me, it was entirely forgotten to make my mate, that I was born odd, and should always remain so, and nobody would have me.

But all these reflections did not satisfy my mind, for I had no peace day nor night for several weeks. My appetite failed me, and I grew daily worse and worse. They all thought I was sick; and so I was. And it was the worst kind of sickness—a sickness of the heart, and all the tender parts, produced by disappointed love.

I continued in this down-spirited situation for a good long time, until one day I took my rifle and started a hunting. While out, I made a call at the house of a Dutch widow, who had a daughter that was well enough as to smartness, but she was as ugly as a stone fence. She was, however, quite talkative, and soon began to laugh at me about my disappointment.

She seemed disposed, though, to comfort me as much as she could; and, for that purpose, told me to keep in good heart, that "there was as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught out of it." I doubted this very much; but whether or not, I was certain that she was not one of them, for she was so homely that it almost gave me a pain in the eyes to look at her.

But I couldn't help thinking that she had intended what she had said as a banter for me to court her ! ! !—the last thing in creation I could have thought of doing. I felt little inclined to talk on the subject, it is true; but, to pass off the time, I told her I thought I was born odd, and that no fellow to me could be found. She protested against this, and said if I would come to

their reaping, which was not far off, she would show me one of the prettiest little girls there I had ever seen. She added that the one who had deceived me was nothing to be compared with her. I didn't believe a word of all this, for I had thought that such a piece of flesh and blood as she was had never been manufa tured, and never would again. I agreed with her, though, that the little varment had treated me so bad, that I ought to forget her, and yet I couldn't do it. I concluded the best way to accomplish it was to cut out again, and see if I could find any other that would answer me; and so I told the Dutch girl that I would be at the reaping, and would bring as many as I could with me.

I employed my time pretty generally in giving information of it, as far as I could, until the day came; and I then offered to work for my old friend, the Quaker, two days, if he would let his bound boy go with me on to the reaping. He refused, and reproved me pretty considerable roughly for my proposition; and said, if he was in my place he wouldn't go; that there would be a great deal of bad company there; and that I had been so good a boy, he would be sorry for me to get a bad name. But I knowed my promise to the Dutch girl, and I was resolved to fulfil it; so I shouldered my rifle, and started by myself. When I got to the place, I found a large company of men and women, and mong them an old Irish woman, who had a great deal to say. I soon found out from my Dutch girl, that this old lady was the mother of the little girl she had promised me, though I had not yet seen her. She was in an out-house with some other youngsters, and had not yet made her appearance. Her mama, however, was no way bashful. She came up to me, and began to praise my red cheeks, and said she had a sweetheart for me. I had no doubt she had been told what I come for, and all about it. In the evening I was introduced to her daughter, and I must confess I was plaguy well pleased with her from the word go. She had a good countenance, and was very pretty, and I was full bent on making up an acquaintance with her.

It was not long before the dancing commenced, and I asked her to join me in a reel. She very readily consented to do so; and after we had finished our dance, I took a seat alongside of her, and entered into a talk. I found her very interesting; while I was sitting by her, making as good a use of my time as I could, her mother came to us, and very jocularly called me her son-in-law. This rather confused me, but I looked on it as a joke of the old lady, and tried to turn it off as well as I could; but I took care to pay as much attention to her through the evening as I could. I went on the old saying of salting the cow to catch the calf. I soon became so much pleased with this little girl, that I began to think the Dutch girl had told me the truth, when she said there was still good fish in the sea.

We continued our frolic till near day, when we joined in some plays, calculated to amuse youngsters. I had not often spent a more agreeable night. In the morning, however, we all had to part; and I found my mind had become much better reconciled than it had been for a long time. I went home to the Quaker's, and made a bargain to work with his son for a low-priced horse. He was the first one I had ever owned, and I was to work six months for him. I had been engaged very closely five or six weeks, when this little girl run in my mind so, that I concluded I must go and see her, and find out what sort of people they were at home. I mounted my horse and away I went to where she lived, and when I got there I found her father a very clever old man, and the old woman as talkative as ever. She wanted badly to find out all about me, and as I thought, to see how I would do for her girl. I had not yet seen her about, and I began to feel some anxiety to know where she was.

In a short time, however, my impatience was relieved, as she arrived at home from a meeting to which she had been. There was a young man with her, who I soon found was disposed to set up claim to her, as he was so attentive to her that I could hardly get to slip in a word edgeways. I began to think I was barking up the wrong tree again; but I was determined to stand up to my rack, fodder or no fodder. And so, to know her mind a little on the subject, I began to talk about starting, as I knowed she would then show some sign, from which I could understand which way the wind blowed. It was then near night, and my distance was fifteen miles home. At this my little girl soon began to indicate to the other gentleman that his room would be the better part of his company. At length she left him, and came to me, and insisted mighty hard that I should not go that evening; and, indeed, from all her actions and the attempts she made to get rid of him, I saw that she preferred me all

holler. But it wasn't long before I found trouble enough in another quarter. Her mother was deeply enlisted for my rival, and I had to fight against her influence as well as his. But the girl herself was the prize I was fighting for; and as she welcomed me, I was determined to lay siege to her, let what would happen. I commenced a close courtship, having cornered her from her old beau; while he set off, looking on, like a poor man at a country frolic, and all the time almost gritting his teeth with pure disappointment. But he didn't dare to attempt anything more, for now I had gotten a start, and I looked at him every once in a while as fierce as a wild-cat. I stayed with her until Monday morning, and then I put out for home.

It was about two weeks after this that I was sent for to engage in a wolf hunt, where a great number of men were to meet, with their dogs and guns, and where the best sort of sport was expected. I went as large as life, but I had to hunt in strange woods, and in a part of the country which was very thinly inhabited. While I was out it clouded up, and I began to get scared; and in a little while I was so much so, that I didn't know which way home was, nor anything about it. I set out the way I thought it was, but it turned out with me, as it always does with a lost man, I was wrong, and took exactly the contrary direction from the right one. And for the information of young hunters, I will just say, in this place, that whenever a fellow gets bad lost, the way home is just the way he don't think it is. This rule will hit nine times out of ten. I went ahead, though about six or seven miles, when I found night was coming on fast; but at this distressing time I saw a little woman streaking it along through the woods like all wrath, and so I cut on too, for I was determined I wouldn't lose sight of her that night any more. I run on till she saw me, and she stopped; for she was as glad to see me as I was to see her, as she was lost as well as me. When I came up to her who should she be but my little girl, that I had been paying my respects to? She had been out hunting her father's horses, and had missed her way, and had no knowledge where she was, or how far it was to any house, or what way would take us there. She had been traveling all day, and was mighty tired; and I would have taken her up, and toated her, if it hadn't been that I wanted her just where I could see her all the time, for I thought she looked sweeter than sugar; and by this time I loved her almost well enough to eat her.

At last I came to a path, that I know'd must go somewhere, and so we followed it, till we came to a house, at about dark. Here we stayed all night. I sat up all night courting, and in the morning we parted. She went to her home, from which we were distant about seven miles, and I to mine, which was ten miles off.

I now turned in to work again; and it was about four weeks before I went back to see her. I continued to go occasionally, until I had worked long enough to pay for my horse, by putting in my gun with my work, to the man I had purchased from; and then I began to count whether I was to be deceived again or not. At our next meeting, we set the day for our wedding; and I went to my father's to make arrangements for an infair, and returned to ask her parents for her. When I got there, the old lady appeared to be mighty wrathy; and when I broached the subject, she looked at me as savage as a meat ax. The old man appeared quite willing, and treated me very clever. But I hadn't been there long, before the old woman as good as ordered me out of her house. I thought I would put her in mind of old times, and see how that would go with her. I told her she had called me her son-in-law before I had attempted to call her my mother-in-law, and I thought she ought to cool off. But her Irish was up too high to do anything with her, and so I quit trying. All I cared for, was to have her daughter on my side, which I knowed was the case then; but how soon some other fellow might knock my nose out of joint again, I couldn't tell. I, however, felt rather insulted at the old lady, and I thought I wouldn't get married in her house. And so I told her girl that I would come the next Thursday, and bring a horse, bridle, and saddle for her, and she must be ready to go. Her mother declared I shouldn't have her; but I know'd I should, if somebody else didn't get her before Thursday. I then started, bidding them good day, and went by the house of a justice of the peace, who lived on the way to my father's, and made a bargain with him to marry me.

When Thursday came, all necessary arrangements were made at my father's to receive my wife; and so I took my eldest brother and his wife, and another brother, and a single sister that I had, and two other young men with me, and cut out to her father's house to get her. We went on,

until we got within two miles of the place, where we met a large company that had heard of the wedding, and were waiting. Some of that company went on with my brother and sister, and the young man I had picked out to wait on me. When they got there, they found the old lady as wrathy as ever. However, the old man filled their bottle, and the young men returned in a hurry. I then went on with my company, and when I arrived I never pretended to dismount from my horse, but rode up to the door and asked the girl if she was ready; and she said she was. I then told her to light on the horse I was leading; and she did so. Her father, though, had gone out to the gate, and when I started, he commenced persuading me to stay and marry there; and that he was entirely willing to the match, and that his wife, like most women, had entirely too much tongue; but that I oughtn't to mind her. I told him if she would ask me to stay and marry at her house I would do so. With that he sent for her and after they had talked for some time out by themselves, she came to me and looked at me mighty good, and asked my pardon for what she had said, and invited me to stay. She said it was the first child she ever had to marry; and she couldn't bear to see her go off in that way; that if I would light, she would do the best she could for us. I couldn't stand everything, and so I agreed, and we got down and went in. I sent off then for my parson, and got married in a short time; for I was afraid to wait long, for fear of another defeat. We had as good treatment as could be expected; and that night all went on well. The next day we cut out for my father's where we met a large company of people, that had been waiting a day and a night for our arrival. We passed the time quite merrily, until the company broke up; and having gotten my wife, I thought I was completely made up, and needed nothing more in the whole world. But I soon found this was all a mistake—for now having a wife, I wanted everything else; and, worse than all, I had nothing to give for it.

I remained a few days at my father's and then went back to my new father-in-law's, where, to my surprize, I found my old Irish mother in the finest humour in the world.

She gave us two likely cows and calves, which, though it was a small marriage portion, was still better than I had expected, and, indeed, it was about all I ever got. I rented a small farm and cabin, and went to work; but I had much trouble to find out a plan to get anything to put in my house. At this time my good old friend the Quaker came forward to my assistance, and gave me an order to a store for fifteen dollars' worth of such things as my little wife might choose. With this we fixed up pretty grand, as we thought, and allowed to get on very well. My wife had a good wheel, and know'd exactly how to use it. She was also a good weaver, as most of the Irish are, whether men or women; and being very industrious with her wheel, she had, in a little or no time, a fine web of cloth, ready to make up; and she was good at that, too, and at almost anything else that a woman could do.

We worked on for some years, renting ground and paying high rent, until I found it wasn't the thing it was cracked up to be, and that I couldn't make a fortune at it just at all. So I concluded to quit it, and cut out for some new country. In this time we had two sons, and I found I was better at increasing my family than my fortune. It was, therefore, the more necessary that I should hunt some better place to get along; and as I knowed I would have to move at some time, I thought it was better to do it before my family got too large, that I might have less to carry.

The Duck and Elk river country was just beginning to settle, and I determined to try that. I had now one old horse, and a couple of two-year-old colts. They were both broke to the halter, and my father-in-law proposed, that if I went, he would go with me, and take one horse to help me move. So we all fixed up, and I packed my two colts with as many of my things as they could bear; and away we went across the mountains. We got on well enough, and arrived safely in Lincoln county, on the head of the Mulberry fork of Elk River. I found this a very rich country, and so new that game of different sorts was very plenty. It was here that I began to distinguish myself as a hunter, and to lay the foundation for all my future greatness; but mighty little did I know of what sort it was going to be. Of deer and smaller game I killed abundance; but the bear had been much hunted in those parts before, and were not so plenty as I could have wished. I lived here in the years 1809 and '10, to the best of my recollection, and then I moved to Franklin county, and settled on Beans creek, where I remained till after the close of the last war.

He Just Missed Happiness

From "The Labyrinth"

By JENS IMMANUEL BAGGESEN

AILLARD was a man of experience, taste, and knowledge. He told me the story of his life from beginning to end, he confided to me his principles and his affairs, and I took him to be the happiest man in the world. "I have everything," he said, "all that I have wished for or can wish for: health, riches, domestic peace (being unmarried), a tolerably good conscience, books—and as much sense as I need to enjoy them. I experience only one single want, lack only one single pleasure in this world; but that one is enough to embitter my life and class me with other unfortunates."

I could not guess what might yet be wanting to such a man under such conditions. "It cannot be liberty," I said, "for how can a rich merchant in a free town lack this?"

"No! Heaven save me—I neither would nor could live one single day without liberty."

"You do not happen to be in love with some cruel or unhappy princess?"

"That is still less the case."

"Ah!—now I have it, no doubt—your soul is consumed with a thirst for truth, for a satisfactory answer to the many questions which are but philosophic riddles. You are seeking what so many brave men from Anaxagoras to Spinoza have sought in vain—the corner-stone of philosophy, the foundation of the structure of our ideas."

He assured me that in this respect he was quite at ease. "Then, in spite of your good health, you must be subject to that miserable thing, a cold in the head?" I said.

"Uno minor—Jove, dives Liber, honoratus, pulcher rex denique regum, Præcipue sanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est."—HORACE.

When he denied this too, I gave up trying to solve the meaning of his dark words.

O happiness! of all earthly chimeras thou art the most chimerical! I would rather seek dry figs on the bottom of the sea and fresh ones on this heath,—I would rather seek liberty, or truth itself, or the philosopher's stone, than to run after thee, most deceitful of lights, will-o'-the-wisp of our human life!

I thought that at last I had found a perfectly happy, an enviable man; and now—behold! though I have not the ten-thousandth part of his wealth, though I have not the tenth part of his health, though I I may not have a third of his intellect, although I have all the wants which he has not and the one want under which he suffers, yet I would not change places with him!

From this moment he was the object of my sincerest pity. But what did this awful curse prove to be? Listen and tremble!

"Of what use is it all to me?" he said; "coffee, which I love more than all the wines of this earth and more than all the women of this earth, coffee which I love madly—coffee is forbidden me!"

Laugh who lists! Inasmuch as everything in this world, viewed in a certain light, is tragic, it would be excusable to weep: but inasmuch as everything viewed in another light is comic, a little laughter could not be taken amiss; only beware of laughing at the sigh with which my happy man pronounced these words, for it might be that in laughing at him you laugh at yourself, your father, your grandfather, your great-grandfather, your great-great-grandfather, and so on, including your entire family as far back as Adam.

If, in laughing at such discontent, you laugh in advance at your son, your son's

son, and so forth to the last descendant of your entire family, this is a matter which I do not decide. It will depend upon the road humanity chooses to take. If it continues as it is going, some coffee-want or other will forever strew it with thorns.

Had he said, "Chocolate is forbidden me," or tea, or English ale, or madeira, or strawberries, you would have found his misery equally absurd.

The great Alexander is said to have wept because he found no more worlds to conquer. The man who bemoans the loss of a world and the man who bemoans the loss of coffee are to my mind equally unbalanced and equally in need of forgiveness. The desire for a cup of coffee and the desire for a crown, the hankering after the flavour or even the fragrance of the drink and the hankering after fame, are equally mad and equally—human.

If history is to be believed, Adam possessed all the advantages and comforts, all the necessities and luxuries a first man could reasonably demand . . . Lord of all living things, and sharing his dominion with his beloved, what did he lack?

Among ten thousand pleasures, the fruit of one single tree was forbidden him. Good-by content and peace! Good-by forever all his bliss!

I acknowledge that I should have yielded to the same temptation; and he who does not see that this fate would have overtaken his entire family, past and to come, may have studied all things from the Milky Way in the sky to the milky way in his kitchen, may have studied all stones, plants, and animals, and all folios and quartos dealing therewith, but never himself or man.

As we do not know the nature of the fruit which Adam could not do without, it may as well have been coffee as any other. That it was pleasant to the eyes means no more than that it was forbidden. Every forbidden thing is pleasant to the eyes.

"Of what use is it all to me?" said Adam looking around him in Eden, at the rising sun, the blushing hills, the light-green forest, the glorious waterfall, the laden fruit-tree, and, most beautiful of all, the smiling woman—"of what use it is all to me, when I dare not taste this—coffee bean?"

"And of what use is it all to me?" said Mr. Caillard, and looked around him on the Lüneburg heath: "coffee is forbidden me; one single cup of coffee would kill me."

"If it will be any comfort to you," I said, "I may tell you that I am in the same case." "And you do not despair at times?" —"No," I replied, "for it is not my only want. If like you I had everything else in life, I also might despair."

The Truth of Woman

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

I

WOMAN'S faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.

II

I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weighed a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken:
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

Anger

By MICHEL YQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

Translated by George B. Ives

PLUTARCH is admirable everywhere, but chiefly where he judges of human actions. We may read in the parallel between Lycurgus and Numa excellent things that he says on the subject of our great folly in abandoning children to the governance and care of their fathers. The greater number of our civil governments, as Aristotle says, leave to every man, after the manner of the Cyclops, the guidance of his wife and children, according to his foolish and inconsiderate fancy; and the Lacedæmonians and Cretans were almost alone in entrusting to the laws the schooling of childhood. Who does not see that every thing in a state depends upon its education and nurture? And yet, without any discernment, we leave it at the mercy of parents, however foolish and bad they may be. Among other things, how often, when passing through our streets, have I had a desire to devise something to avenge the little boys whom I saw whipped and knocked down and bruised by some father or mother, furious and mad with anger! You see them sally forth, fire and rage in their eyes,—

> Agitated by rage, they are carried to an abyss, like rocks broken from their support, loosened from a mountain, which roll down a steep slope. (JUVENAL),—

(and according to Hippocrates the most dangerous distempers are those that disfigure the face), with a sharp and violent voice, often against little boys who were but lately at nurse. And afterward, behold these children maimed and dulled with blows; and our laws make no account of it, as if these maimings and dislocations were not of members of our commonwealth.

> It is a cause for gratitude that you have given a citizen to your country and your people, provided that you so act as to make him fit for the country's service, useful in agriculture, useful in the deeds of war and of peace. (JUVENAL.)

There is no passion which so disturbs the honesty of our judgments as anger. No one would hesitate to punish with death the judge who had sentenced his prisoner at the bar in anger; why is it any more permissible for fathers and schoolmasters, when in a passion, to flog children and chastise them? It is no longer correction, it is vengeance. Chastisement takes the place of medicine with children; and should we tolerate a physician who was excited and vexed with his patient?

We ourselves, to do well, should never lay a hand on our servants whilst our anger lasts. When our pulse beats fast and we feel stirred, let us put off the matter; things will seem different to us, in truth, when we have become calm and cool again; it is passion that now rules us; it is passion that speaks; it is not ourselves. Seen through it, faults seem greater to us, as bodies do when seen through a mist. He who is hungry makes use of food; but he who desires to make use of chastisement should have neither hunger nor thirst.

Furthermore, chastisements that have been weighed and are made advisedly are received much better and with more profit by him who suffers them. Otherwise he does not think that he was justly condemned by a man moved by wrath and fury; and he alleges in his justification the extraordinary actions of his master, his flushed face, his unwonted oaths, and his disquietude and reckless haste.

> Their faces swell with anger, their veins blacken with blood, their eyes flash with more than Gorgonean fire. (OVID.)

Suetonius says that, Lucius Saturninus having been condemned by Cæsar, the thing that was of most service to him with the people (to whom he appealed) for gaining his cause was the animosity and harshness that Cæsar brought to that judgment.

Saying is a different thing from doing; the preaching and the preacher must be considered separately. Those persons of our day held good cards who tried to cope with the truth of our Church by setting forth the vices of her ministry; she derives her testimonies from elsewhere; theirs is a foolish way of arguing and would throw everything into confusion. A man of good morals may have false belief, and a bad man may preach truth, yes, one who does not believe it. It is an admirable harmony, no doubt, when the deed and the word go together; and I do not wish to deny that the word, when deeds follow, is of more authority and efficacy; as Eudamidas said, when he heard a philosopher discoursing of war, "These are fine sayings, but he who utters them is not to be believed, for his ears are not accustomed to the sound of the trumpet." Cleomenes, hearing a rhetorician hold forth concerning valour, began to laugh heartily; and the other taking offence, he said to him: "I should do so if it were a swallow who was talking about it; but if it were an eagle, I should listen to him gladly." I perceive, it seems to me, in the writings of the ancients, that he who says what he thinks strikes home much more vigorously than he who dissembles. Hear Cicero speak of the love of liberty; hear Brutus speak of it; the mere written words of this man tell you that he would purchase it at the cost of his life. Let Cicero, the father of eloquence, treat of contempt of death; let Seneca treat of it also: the first drags himself feebly along, and you feel that he desires to solve for you something he has not solved for himself; he gives you no spirit, for he himself has none about this; the other animates and excites you. I never read an author, especially of those who treat of virtue and of duties, that I do not enquire carefully what manner of man he has been. For the Ephors of Sparta, seeing a dissolute man offer the people useful advice, commanded him to keep silence, and begged a man of worth to claim for himself the idea, and to suggest it.

The writings of Plutarch, if well digested, reveal him to us as much as is needful, and I think that I know him to his soul; yet I could wish that we had some memoirs of his life; and I have been induced to go out of my way into this matter because of my gratitude to Aulus Gellius for having left us in writing that anecdote of his character which bears upon my subject of anger. A slave of his, a bad and vicious man, but one whose ears were in some sort stored with philosophic lessons, having been by Plutarch's order, stripped for some fault of his, while they were whipping him, complained at first that it was unreasonable, and that he had done nothing; but finally, beginning to cry out and insult his master in good earnest, he reproached him for not being philosophical as he boasted of being; and that he had often heard him say it was uncomely to be angry; indeed, that he had written a book about it; and that now, when head over ears in anger, his causing him to be so cruelly beaten entirely belied his writings. Whereupon Plutarch coolly and temperately replied: "Tell me, knave, from what do you judge that I am at this moment angry? My face, my voice, my colour, my speech—do they give you any evidence that I am excited? I do not think that my eyes are fierce, or my face disturbed, or my voice terrifyingly loud. Am I flushed? Do I foam at the mouth? Do any words escape from me which I may have to repent of? Do I pant? Do I tremble with wrath? For let me tell you these are the true signs of anger." And then, turning to him who was doing the whipping, "Go on with your business," he said, "while this fellow and I argue." Such is the tale.

Architas Tarentinus, returning from a war in which he had been captain-general, found his house all out of order and his land neglected through the bad management of his bailiff; and having summoned him, "Look you," he said; "if I were not angry, I would cudgel you soundly." And Plato likewise, being chafed by one of his slaves, gave Speusippus orders to punish him, excusing himself from laying his own hand on him on the ground that he was vexed. Charillus, a Lacedæmonian, speaking to a Helot who carried himself too insolently and audaciously toward him, "By the gods," he cried, "if I were not angry, I would kill you this very moment!"

It is a passion that takes pleasure in itself and flatters itself. How often, being disturbed without true reason, if we are offered some good defence or excuse, we fall into high dudgeon against the truth itself, and innocence! I remember in this connection a wonderful example in ancient times. Piso, a man in every other respect of notable virtue, being excited against one of his soldiers because, returning alone from foraging, he could give him no account of where he had left a companion of his, held it for certain that he had killed him, and forthwith condemned the other to

death. And when he is on the gallows, lo! the lost companion arrives. The whole army was greatly rejoiced; and, after much hugging and embracing between the two companions, the hangman took them both before Piso, every one expecting this to give him great pleasure. But it was far otherwise: far from shame and spleen his violence, which was still at its height, was redoubled; and with a craftiness which his passion suddenly suggested to him he made three guilty men of them, because one of them was found innocent, and ordered them all three to be despatched: the first soldier, because judgment had been passed against him; the second, who had strayed away, because he was the cause of his companion's death; and the hangman, for not obeying the command given him.

They who have to deal with testy women may have learned by experience what a rage they are thrown into when one meets their excitement with silence and composure, and disdains to feed their wrath. The orator Cælius was exceedingly choleric by nature. One who was supping in his company, a man of mild and gentle conversation, in order not to provoke him, adopted the course of approving all he said, and agreeing with it. Cælius, unable to suffer his vexation thus to die away without nutriment, exclaimed, "By the gods, deny something, I say! that there may be two of us." They likewise get into a passion only so that some one may get into a passion with them, in imitation of the laws of love. Phocion, with a man who interrupted his talk by vehemently insulting him, did nothing but keep silence and give him full time to exhaust his anger; that done, without any reference to the hindrance, he resumed his talk at the point at which he had dropped it. There is no retort so stinging as such contempt. Regarding the most choleric man in France (and it is always an imperfection, but more excusable in a military man, for in that profession there are certainly occasions which can not dispense with it), I often see that he makes a greater effort than any other man I know to curb his anger; it moves him so violently and furiously,—

> As when a fire of twigs burns noisily under the sides of a cauldron, and the water dances in boiling; within, the steam mounts and rises high with foam; the water escapes; a dark vapour flies up into the air. (VIRGIL),—

that he must needs put a cruel constraint upon himself to moderate it. As for me I know no passion which I could make so great an effort to cloak and bear up against. I would not put so high a price upon wisdom. I do not so much consider what a man does, as what it costs him not to do worse.

Another boasted to me of the composure and gentleness of his deportment, which is, in truth, remarkable. I told him that it was, indeed, something, especially for those of high positions like himself, observed by every one, to appear before the world as always discreetly self-governed; but that the chief thing was to take heed for his inner being and for himself; and that, in my opinion, it was not managing his affairs well to fret himself inwardly, which I feared that he did, in order to maintain that mask and that outward appearance of composure. We incorporate anger in ourselves by concealing it; as Diogenes said to Demosthenes, who, fearing to be seen in a tavern, withdrew to the back of it: "The more you withdraw, the more you enter therein." It is my opinion that it is better to give one's servant a blow on the cheek a little unseasonably than to put one's mind to the trouble of presenting this grave demeanour; and I should prefer to show forth my passions rather than brood upon them at my own cost; they lose their strength when aired, and by expressing themselves; it is better that their point should be turned away from us than against ourselves. *All open vices are comparatively unimportant; and those are most pernicious that lurk under an appearance of health.* (SENECA.)

I warn those in my family whose position authorizes displeasure in them, first, that they govern their anger discreetly and do not pour it out recklessly; for that impairs its effect and weight; hasty and constant noisy scolding becomes a habit, and consequently every one makes light of it; when you make use of it to a servant for his theft, it is not felt, inasmuch as it is the same that he has known you to make use of a hundred times because he has washed a glass badly, or misplaced a stool; second, that they do not waste their displeasure on the air, and that they see to it that their reproof reaches him of whom they complain; for ordinarily they scold before he is in their presence, and continue to scold an age after he has gone;

> And the insane man, seeking (a foe), attacks himself. (CLAUDIAN.)

They quarrel with their own shadow, and carry this bluster to some place where there is no one either punished or injured by it, save by loud wrangling with their voices to a person who can do nothing about the matter. In like manner, I blame those

who swagger and boast without an opponent; we should confine these rodomontades where they take effect,—

As a bull in beginning the combat bellows terribly, and, exciting himself by the use of his horns, struggles with the trunk of a tree and beats the wind with his blows, scattering the sand in prelude to the fight. (VIRGIL).

When I show displeasure, it is as sharply, but as briefly and privately, as I can; I let myself go in suddenness and violence, but not in confusion, so that I make no use of any insulting unselected words, and I take heed only to place my darts where I think they will most wound; for I commonly use my tongue only. My servants come off more cheaply in great matters than in small; small ones take me by surprise, and the mischief of it is that, when you go over the precipice, it matters not who gave you the push—you go to the bottom all the same; the fall is enforced, impelled, and hastened by itself. On great occasions it satisfies me if they are so deserving of blame that every one expects to see them produce reasonable anger; I pride myself on disappointing their expectation; I brace and prepare myself against these; they make me uneasy, and threaten to carry me far, should I follow them. I easily restrain myself from entering into them, and am strong enough, if I expect it, to repel the impulse of that passion, whatever violent cause it may have; but if it takes me unawares, and once seizes upon me, it carries me away, however trifling its cause. I bargain thus with those who may dispute with me: "When you feel that I am the first to become heated, let me go, wrong or right; I will do the same in my turn. The tempest is engendered by the meeting of angers which are usually produced one by the other, and do not arise simultaneously. If we let each have its way, we shall always be at peace." A useful prescription, but of difficult execution. Sometimes, too, it happens that I counterfeit displeasure, for the management of my household, without any real emotion. As advancing age sharpens my temper, I study to correct it; and I shall so manage, if I can, that I shall be henceforth so much the less peevish and hard to please as I shall have more excuse and inclination to be so, although heretofore I have been of those who are least so.

One more word, in conclusion. Aristotle says that anger sometimes serves courage and valour as a weapon. That is probable; however, they who deny it reply neatly that it is a weapon of strange use: for we control other weapons, this one controls us; our hand does not guide it, but it guides our hand; it possesses us, not we it.

The Upas Tree — By ALEXANDER S. PUSHKIN

(Anchar)

Translated by Prince D. S. Mirsky

IN a desert, bleak and unyielding,
On a soil parched by heat,
Anchar, like a menacing sentinel
Stands alone in the universe.

The Nature of the thirsty steppes
Gave birth to it in a day of wrath
And saturated with poison its roots
And the livid green of its branches.

Through the bark, towards noon,
Poison oozes liquid with heat,
And congeals towards evening
In a thick, transparent resin.

No bird flies towards it,
No tiger approaches it: only the black wind
Will bear down on the tree of death—
And hurries further—charged with corruption.

And if a rain cloud in its wanderings,
Moistens the torpid foliage,
Poisonous trickles down the rain
From its branches into the sand.

But a man sent a man
To Anchar with a commanding look.
And the other one obediently set forth,
And returned on the next morning with the poison.

He brought the deadly resin,
And a branch with withered leaves,
And perspiration ran in cold streams
Down his pale face.

He brought it—and felt weak and lay down
Under the roof of the hut on the tree bark.
And the poor slave died at the feet
Of the invincible sovereign.

And the King dipped into that poison
His obedient arrows,
And with them sent death in every direction,
To his neighbours, across the border.

Bank-Notes

A Few Remarks at a Financial Dinner

By SIMEON FORD

AS I sat here this evening, listening to the strains of that fine old banker's anthem, entitled, "When You Ain't Got No Money, Why You Needn't Come Around," I was thinking what a grand idea it was for you magnates to get together once a year to exchange ideas and settle among yourselves what shall be done, and who shall be done, and how you will do them. Personally, I'd prefer to exchange checks rather than ideas with many here present; not but what the ideas are all right, but somehow, when money talks, I am always a fascinated listener.

This is the first opportunity I have had of meeting you bank presidents collectively, and when you were thawed out. I have met most of you individually, when you were frozen stiff. I never supposed you could warm up, as you seem to have done, my previous impressions having been of the "How'd You Like to Be the Iceman?" order. Sometimes I have thought I'd almost rather go without the money than get a congestive chill in a bank president's office, and have him gaze into my eyes, and read the inmost secrets of my soul, and ask unfeeling questions, and pry rudely into my past, and throw out wild suggestions about getting Mr. Astor to indorse for me, and other similar atrocities. And even if I succeed in deceiving him, he leads me, crushed, humiliated and feeling like thirty cents, to a fly cashier, who, taking advantage of my dazed condition, includes in my three-months' note, not only Christmas and the Fourth of July, but St. Patrick's Day, Ash Wednesday, and sixteen Sundays, so that by the time he has deducted the interest, what's coming to me looks like a Jaeger undershirt after its first interview with an African blanchisseuse. That's the kind of thing the poet had in mind when he wrote:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

I have observed that one's reception at a bank varies somewhat with the condition of the money market. Go in when money is easy and the president falls on your neck, calls you by your first name, and cheerfully loans you large sums on your Balloon Common and your Smoke Preferred, and you go on your way rejoicing. The next day, news having arrived that a Gordon Highlander has strained a tendon in his leg while sprinting away from a Dutchman near Ladysmith, money goes up to 180 per cent. a minute, and you get a note requesting you to remove your Balloon Common and your Smoke Preferred and substitute government bonds therefor. And still you wonder at crime.

But if you really want to know the meaning of the terms "marble heart" and "icy eye," go into one of these refrigerating plants for a loan when money is tight. It is prudent at such times to wear ear-muffs and red mittens fastened together by tape so they can't be lost, for you will need 'em. As soon as you reach the outer air—which will be in about a second—run home and plunge the extremities in hot water, and place a porous plaster on what remains of your self-esteem.

Bankers are too prone to judge a man by his appearance, so that the very men who need money most have the hardest work to get it. They are apt, especially at the City Bank, to discriminate against the feller who looks rocky, in favour of the Rockefeller. Clothes do not make the man. If they did, Hetty Green wouldn't be where she is, and Russell Sage would be in the Old Ladies' Home. If Uncle Russell had to travel on his shape, he never would see much of the world. Yet beneath that ragged coat there beats a heart which as a beater can't be beat—a heart as true (so the Standard Gas people say) as true as steal.

But, after all, banks and trust companies do a lot of good in a quiet way, especially to their directors. See what a convenience some of our trust companies have been to their directors of late. It would sometimes

be mortifying to these directors to have to attempt to borrow money on certain securities in institutions with which they were not connected, because, instead of getting the money, they might get six months.

I noticed that the Secretary of the Treasury says that 105 per cent. of the bank failures are occasioned by the directors borrowing all the funds and thoughtlessly neglecting to return the same. This is not as it should be. Directors should be satisfied with attending meetings and trying to look sagacious at ten dollars per look, and not selfishly insist upon getting away with all the boodle. Such business methods are not only discouraging to the stockholders and annoying to the depositors, but remove all incentive to effort from the cashier and note teller.

Nor do I think that any man should be eligible to act as a director after he attains the age of 100 years. The hardships are too severe. Sometimes when a director, in the pursuit of his duties, has to examine the securities of a bank, he is liable to suddenly come across collaterals the sight of which may bring on heart failure.

I know of one lovely old gentleman who examined an uptown bank, and he came in contact with so much Ice, common and preferred, that he got severely frost-bitten. I say, let the young men take up the heat and burden of the day. There are lots of us who in time will develop into excellent borrowers, and to whom a weekly ten-dollar gold piece will be as was the manna to the children of Israel.

You all know my address.

Dining with a Chinese War-Lord

By PIERRE BENOIT

AS I was about to look in a melancholy fashion at a Kite which fluttered in the dusty wind in front of my window above the yellow cemetery, the interpreter of Marshal Chang Tso-Lin came in and handed me ceremoniously a large red envelope.

The marshal invited me to come and sit this evening on his mats! In other words, I was invited for dinner.

The marshal was proud of his cook. . . . For the benefit of our gourmets in France, I copy the list of dishes which I had to eat with chop-sticks . . .

Swallows'-nest soup,
Small wings of sharks,
Dragon beard in a white sauce,
Lacquered Peking duck,
Silver ears of Seü Tchuan,
Gizzards of fowl,
Bamboo mark of Seü Tchuan,
Pigeon eggs in tiger-skin,
Chaoshing salted slices of fish,
Crab pan-cakes,
Duck kidneys,
Anabas with cauliflowers,
Spring rolls,
Doornail flowers with hot cream.

And then there were the wines, three sorts of wines, served in minuscule cups which were never allowed to be empty—white chao-sing wine, rose wine and that strange Ou Kiapi wine, which is composed of five simple wines.

And this is the man who makes China tremble at present. His rule by sword has subdued Manchuria.

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days are come—when with saunter over the
—have a Camel!

WHEN Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—*have a Camel!*

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city streets or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant—so smooth and mellowy mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there's no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. All Camel days are happy days, for they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. No matter how much you are able or willing to pay, you'll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

So, this perfect autumn day as your trail leads over the fields or along the turning road—

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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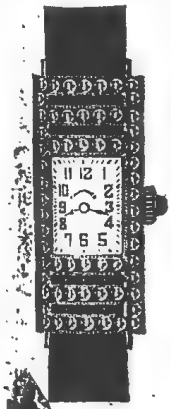

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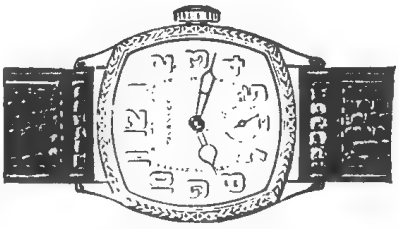

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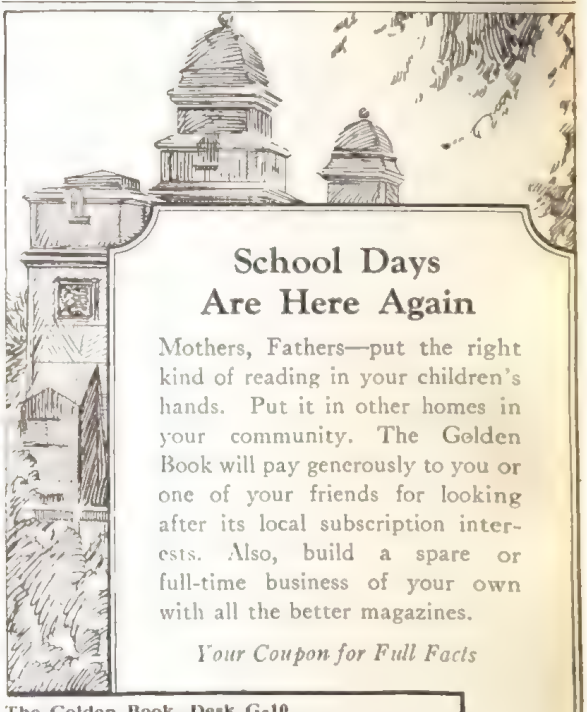

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RADIO NEWS AND NOTES

Lively Interest in the Season Just Ahead

WITH the general turning of public attention from outdoor to indoor entertainment in which broadcasting now plays such a prominent part, the outlook is most inviting for the Fall and Winter radio season.

The general impression among the well informed is that this season will establish new records in the quality and quantity of entertainment supplied, in improvement of broadcasting methods and of receiving equipment, as well as in sales of the latter.

Radio impresarios throughout the country report they will broadcast entertainment far beyond that in years gone by. And the desire to share in this entertainment is so pronounced that before the year is ended it seems assured that more than $500,000,000 will have been invested by the public during 1926 in receiving sets and accessories.

Both present and prospective owners of radio receivers are showing lively interest in the latest models of receiving sets, loud speakers, cabinets, etc., and a keener appreciation of essential points.

Tonal quality will be a point of prime importance to the prospective buyer this Fall, just as it has been for some time past. Likewise simplicity of tuning and selectivity—the ability to tune a desired station in without interference and with volume.

Buyers in areas more than 200 miles from large cities will doubtless desire apparatus which can tune in distant stations. And a growing demand will be found, especially in the large cities, for batteryless operated receivers.

The style of cabinet and its furniture aspect will be important to many, though this factor may not be considered as carefully by the majority of users as will tone quality, selectivity, simplicity of tuning and volume, and the question of distance.

The equipment now on the market insures these features to a greater degree than ever before—well made by dependable manufacturers and sold through dealers properly qualified to serve the buyer.

This season will mark the sixth since public broadcasting began. It finds many names of manufacturers which were prominent several years ago unknown today. It has been a case of survival of the fittest.

Those manufacturers who have lived through the period of stabilization, who have strengthened their position by production of dependable apparatus and consistent advertising, find that the reputation and good will they have created is to be a great aid this season in dealing with the public.

In this connection special attention is invited to the various announcements of radio equipment wherever they appear in this magazine.

THE GOLDEN BOOK *maintains a special censorship over its radio advertising in conjunction with* THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, REVIEW OF REVIEWS, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, WORLD'S WORK *and* RADIO BROADCAST MAGAZINE LABORATORIES. *Among those whose announcements have been accepted are: The Atwater Kent Co., Amplion Corporation of America, Burgess Battery Co., Eagle Radio Co., Electrical Research Laboratories Assn., Freed-Eisemann Co., A. H. Grebe & Co., Magnavox Co., The Radio Corporation of America.*

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

FREED-EISEMANN

THE RADIO OF AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES

In radio, too, *Social Prestige* has been established

ONE AUTOMOBILE—*one* piano —*one* organ—stand in the public mind as the summit of excellence and *social recognition*. Now, among radios, *one* has reached the same eminence. That Radio is the FREED-EISEMANN. It was selected by the United States Navy for use on the President's yacht, the Mayflower. Today, the blue book of FREED-EISEMANN users is the "Who's Who" of each community.

The amazing advances made in the new FREED-EISEMANN sets have still further intensified FREED-EISEMANN leadership. Think of it! These sets offer: Complete metal shielding from outside interference; single control; steel chassis construction for permanence; cabinets of unapproached craftsmanship. All sets can be run from alternating house current by the use of FREED-EISEMANN power units.

Model C-40 (Illustrated above) Six tube shielded single control set. Price (less loud speaker unit) $150.00. Table model of same set $85.*

Model 30 (Illustrated below.) Six tube double control shielded set. Price $75.00. *Licensed under a group of Latour Patents.*

This year, the economies of vast production bring FREED-EISEMANN quality down to these surprisingly low prices:

TABLE MODELS BEGINNING AT $60

BEAUTIFUL CONSOLE SETS $95 *to* $650

Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies. You may have a free demonstration in your own home and can arrange convenient terms if desired.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION
Junius St. & Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A SPACE-BUYER

WHEN an agent puts on your list THE QUALITY GROUP you may be sure that his recommendation is a conscientious one.

He must exist on his commissions. His margin is not wide. Always his problem is how to render good service without letting it devour his profit.

The percentage of commission which we allow him is no larger than that allowed by other periodicals having much higher rates.

Obviously the preparation of a lower-priced page throws just as much work on the copy, mechanical and clerical departments of the agency as the preparation of a higher-priced page.

The agent can make the most immediate profits by reaching for circulations in the millions, where page rates are higher, money is spent quicker and commissions earned with less effort.

Therefore his sincerity is proved when he subdivides an appropriation to include THE QUALITY GROUP. He lets himself in for more work.

By that act he shows himself to be immune to the mania for million circulations. He is applying something more than a quantitative standard.

He knows that while other publishers have been aiming for the millions, THE QUALITY GROUP has held steadily to its idea of quality. Quality in contents, in physical appearance, in the intelligence of its readers, in the interest with which they read, in their purchasing power, in their influence upon their environment. He knows that readers of this sort have always been the core of American opinion, the vital force in making advertising profitable.

After all, in bringing this force to bear upon your product, he is being something more than conscientious. He is also being faithful to the ultimate best interests of his own profession, which thrives by keeping advertising sane and wholesome.

He knows that advertising in THE QUALITY GROUP is *next to thinking matter.*

THE QUALITY GROUP

285 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
THE WORLD'S WORK

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Each Month

MAGNAVOX
SINGLE DIAL Radio

Junior Model: $85 without accessories. Beautiful mahogany cabinet. Same 5-tube circuit as other Magnavox models.

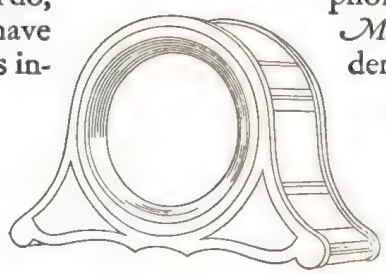
The enduring type perfected single dial

Style in radio sets is swiftly changing from awkward, dial-ridden boxes to the smart, handsome, refined *Magnavox* type. *Magnavox* single dial control, while primarily an operating advantage, also permits of dignified and enduring beauty. *Magnavox* is a set that will live with you a lifetime.

The *Magnavox* perfected single dial long ago proved that one dial does all that two or more dials can do, and does it better. And it didn't have to prove that single dial control is infinitely easier and simpler to operate.

Not only is *Magnavox* the enduring type of radio, but it is the enduring name in radio. Fifteen years of conspicuous achievement, including creation of the original radio loud speaker, is an assurance of your satisfaction.

Magnavox models range from $260 to $75, including one that fits your phonograph and makes it a radio-phonograph. Let the *Magnavox* dealer demonstrate them.



Magnavox Cone Speaker: Stanford Model (mahogany cabinet), $35.00. The greatest advance since the *original* loud speaker, also created by Magnavox Co.

THE MAGNAVOX CO.
Oakland California

R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd., Toronto, Distrs. for Canada [not including British Columbia]

510 ©1926

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MAGNAVOX PROGRESS IN RADIO

Elm tree, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, treated and saved by Davey Tree Surgeons. New bark along both edges is healing perfectly over Davey cement filling

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS NEVER EXPERIMENT ON YOUR TREES

John Davey originated the science of Tree Surgery as a pioneer achievement. He worked out and demonstrated its basic methods and philosophy. Every improvement has been developed within the Davey organization, until today Davey Tree Surgery is more nearly accurate than any other science dealing with life.

All the experiments that have produced these improvements are worked out on practice trees in connection with the Davey School—never on your trees. What you get from Davey representatives are proven methods—standardized practices—thoroughly trained and reliable selected men—plus organized supervision and responsibility, with the guarantee of satisfactory service.

Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity. You don't have to take chances with poorly trained and unreliable men, or with experimental methods. It will cost you nothing to have your trees examined by your local Davey Representative. Write today for free examination without obligating yourself.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., INC.
511 City Bank Bldg.
Kent, Ohio
JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Exclusive INDIVIDUAL STATIONERY

All the Rich and Distinctive Appearance of Die Engraving (Not Printed)

Our "Cameo Club" stationery lends dignity and charm to your correspondence. With 35 color combinations, you have a splendid opportunity to make your stationery very personal and your own.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

"Double" Box

100 Double (folded) sheets, choice of 5 colors, and 100 long pointed flap envelopes, with your name and address marked by our Cameo Process, in choice of 7 colors. Prepaid, $2.00.

$2

"Single" Box

100 Single (note size) sheets 6¾x5¼ and 100 long pointed flap envelopes, all marked, with 100 additional plain sheets. Prepaid $2.00. For marking entire 200 sheets add 50 cents.

PAPER COLORS: Bisque (light sand), Pearl (French grey), Orchid (light lavender), Blue (turquoise), White.

MARKING COLORS: Blue, Black, Jade Green, Brown, Purple (Gold and Silver, 10% extra).

JUST TELL US (1) Single or double sheets (2) Color paper (3) Color marking (4) What you want on paper and envelopes (name may be omitted from either paper or envelopes if desired) (5) Where to ship (6) Always enclose check, money order or currency. West of the Mississippi and in U. S. possessions add 10%.

Send for free folio of Personal Engraved Christmas Cards

Wallace Brown, Inc. 223 Fifth Ave. *New York*

Lend WINGS To Your EYES

Rare Bargain!

HENSOLDT GERMAN BINOCULAR

10 Days' FREE Trial

8 Power

FORTUNATE PURCHASE at advantageous price. HENSOLDT and MARESCHAL Prism Binoculars. 8-Power Magnification; superb lenses; brilliant illumination; exquisite definition. Wide field of vision; individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Leather Case, neck and shoulder straps. List price $42. Our price (while limited quantity lasts) **$23.50**

CONQUER DISTANCE! See Miles away! Observe people, ships, game, scenes, sports OFF in the distance! Bring them right to your feet! Open NEW Worlds!

OUR PLAN IS DIFFERENT. *Send NO Money now! Pay NOTHING on delivery. ENJOY Binoculars for 10 Days' Trial Absolutely FREE!*

If pleased, you may pay on Budget Plan: **$5.00 MONTHLY** **$21.75**
or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $21.75.

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.
"3 Generations of Honorable Dealings"
365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Largest Retailers of Binoculars in America.

Gentlemen:—Send me the 8-POWER BINOCULARS for 10 days' FREE Trial on the above plan.
☐ Hensoldt ☐ Mareschal. *Check preference.*

Name _____
Address _____
Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU. Golden B. 10-26

Which of these things do *you* want most?

EVERY MAN wants to own his own home and have a car. This page tells how *you* can have them and other things you want most.

OURS is an old insurance company with a new idea. The new idea is this. You have no interest in death. You dislike the thought of it. You don't want to talk about it.

Your interest is in life. In success. In getting the things you want. In having the most possible fun while you live, with the least worry. Most of all, probably, you want happiness and success for your children.

There is a way to secure every one of these things.

We have prepared a very remarkable booklet that tells how. The subjects which it covers are listed at the bottom of the page; the coupon will bring it to you without any obligation or cost.

Look at the list. These are the things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells how to get them. If you need further information, after reading it, a Phoenix Mutual Counselor will be glad to be of service to you. You will find him a very unusual man. He is competent to help and advise you, for he has had long years of practical experience or he has been through an intensive course of training in our service school in Hartford. His whole idea of life insurance is to put the emphasis on the *life*—on the things that make for more fun in living, for freedom from worry, for larger success.

Pick out the things you want to get and the booklet will tell you how to get them. *Send for it today.*

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. *First Policy Issued 1851*

TO GET THESE . . . MAIL THIS

Here are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65
2 REALLY own your home.
3 SEND your children to college.
4 CREATE an estate.
5 MAKE SURE your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
6 LEAVE an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
198 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

NAME .....
BUSINESS ADDRESS .....
OR
HOME ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....
DATE OF BIRTH

THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

An Investment of $10,000 For a Woman I should greatly appreciate the assistance of your Bureau in selection of bonds for a $10,000 investment for my mother who wishes the best possible yield, safety having the first consideration.

We suggest that your mother's fund be divided about equally and a portion placed in the real estate mortgage bond field, in railroad bonds of high grade and public utility, industrial and foreign government bonds that rank well up in the investment scale. This diversification of the fund will add still greater safety to the investment and is one of the first principles of sound investment.

In the real estate mortgage bond field, there are available bonds which, in addition to bearing the guarantee of the issuing house, are insured as to payment of both principal and interest by large surety companies. These securities seem about as safe as any investment can be. Bonds selected from the other fields of investment which seem suitable for a woman, and which fill the requirements as laid down in your letter, are as follows:

Chicago Rock Island & Pacific ref. 4s due 1934.
Atlantic & Danville 1st 4s 1948 (Southern Ry.)
American Power & Light Company 6s, 2016.
Pacific Gas & Electric 1st and ref. 6s, 1941.
Armour & Co. of Del. 5½s, 1943.
Bethlehem Steel 5½s, 1953.
Argentine 6s, 1957.
Belgium 6½s, 1949.

A Better Choice of Securities I have about $5,000 that I wish to invest in some good securities. I have been advised by a banker to buy U. S. Steel preferred and a broker has suggested Northern N. Y. Utilities 6 per cent. bonds due 1947 at 107. The yield is almost the same, I believe. Which of these in your opinion is the more desirable and can you suggest one or two other securities equally safe and the return as high or higher?

Both the U. S. Steel preferred and Northern New York Utilities 1st lien and refunding bonds due 1947 seem to us to be selling at too high prices to make their purchase attractive at the present time, and we would suggest that in place of them you buy some good public utility preferred stock like Ohio Power Company 6 per cent. preferred selling at 97, and Minnesota Power and Light 7 per cent. preferred selling around 106, and some good public utility debenture bonds like Lehigh Power Securities 6s due 2026, selling on the curb around 94¼, or American Power & Light 6s due 2016, selling around 100.

An Investment Program Will you please give me your advice on the following list of stocks, which you consider the best buy at the present price:

American Tel. & Tel.
Anaconda Copper.
Central Leather.
Timken Roller Bearing.
U. S. Steel.
Westinghouse Electric.
Standard Oil of Calif.
Sears Roebuck.
Sinclair Oil.
Montana Power.
Pennsylvania R. R.

or would you favor some foreign bonds such as:

Sugar Estates of Oriente.
Argentine Government.
Finnish Guaranteed Municipal Loan.
Northern Ohio Power and Light.

I am inclined to favor some good stocks and ask your advice in regard to prices.

I want to buy for cash and hold them but want to buy in a down market.

Stock prices are at present at very high levels and we believe it would be well for you to invest your money in high grade bonds or place that portion of it that you ultimately intend for the purchase of stocks in some such short-term securities as the following:

Chicago Rock Island & Pacific 5 per cent. notes due 1929.

(*Continued on page 66*)

Head Office
National City
Bank Building
New York

PRINCIPAL
CORRESPONDENT
OFFICES

ALBANY
ATLANTA
ATLANTIC CITY
BALTIMORE
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
DAVENPORT
DENVER
DETROIT
HARTFORD
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE, KY.
MEMPHIS
MIAMI, FLA.
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEWARK
NEW ORLEANS
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME.
PORTLAND, ORE.
PROVIDENCE
ROCHESTER
SAN DIEGO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
ST. LOUIS
SAINT PAUL
TOLEDO
WASHINGTON
WILKES-BARRE
MONTREAL
TORONTO
LONDON
COPENHAGEN
GENEVA
TOKIO
SHANGHAI

When an Investment is Right for You

EVERY day we recommend different investments to different men . . . . . For each case presents a different set of conditions.

TO BE sound, any investment must meet certain standards. It must safeguard money. It must convert readily into cash. It must pay good interest.

BUT a sound investment may meet the needs of one individual and miss the needs of another.

IF YOU are active in business, you may wisely make an investment which the non-business man had best avoid. An investment well-adapted to the provisions of another's Will might hamper clean-cut execution of your Will. Your plans to stay at home or to travel may affect the investment you should make. Different incomes often point to quite different investments. An investment should also effect a good balance with investments already held.

PLAINLY, such problems call for judgment and experience.

BEHIND the Company's counsel are included a background of one hundred and fourteen years of financial experience; world-wide foreign connections; eleven thousand miles of private wires to investment centers in America, and offices in over 50 leading American cities.

A NATIONAL CITY COMPANY representative will know how to bring the Company's equipment to bear on your needs.

YOU MAY get in touch with a representative by addressing The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York, or by visiting our office in your city.

The National City Company

BONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES

(Continued from page 64)

St. Louis, Iron Mt. & Southern R. R. unif & ref 4s, 1929.
Tri City Ry. & Light 5s, 1930.
Central Indiana Gas 5s, 1931.
Houston Gas & Fuel ref & imp 5s, 1932.

These could be realized upon with little or no loss at any time to buy stocks when the market prices for such issues are lower. The Argentine Government bonds are the best of those about which you inquired.

German Mark Bonds I have 50,000 marks of City of Hamburg 4½s issued in 1919. I saw something in the papers not long ago indicating that in July, 1925, there was some law passed in Germany for revaluation of such bonds. If you can give me any information I shall greatly appreciate your kindness, also such suggestions as you may be able to make as to whom I should send these bonds in order to get whatever is possible out of them.

You should get in touch with Mr. Hans Kruger, special commissioner in this country for German Government loans, at the German Consulate General's office, 42 Broadway, New York City, to find out what you should do in regard to having your City of Hamburg mark bonds, 4½s, issued in 1919, revaluated. Under the revaluation measure adopted by Germany in 1925, the bonds issued prior to January 1, 1919, are to be revalued on the face value of the bonds, but those issued subsequent to that date are to have their new value figured on the actual gold value of the mark at the time the bonds were issued.

Are *You* Sacrificing 30% of Your Investment Income?

THE records of 230 of the great Life Insurance Companies reveal that for the past eleven years these institutions have secured an average yield of 6.19% from Mortgage Investments as against a yield of only 4.76% from their other Securities.

A 30% Greater Income!

It is likely that an anchor of Forman First Mortgage Investments would effect a substantial increase in *your* income. Certainly the opportunity for a 30% increase in income from even a part of your holdings, with unqualified safety, deserves your careful consideration.

To investigate, simply mail the coupon for a list of *choice* 6½ and 6% Forman First Mortgage Investments, secured by valuable, money-earning land and buildings located in the *favored, established* and *concentrated* districts of New York, Chicago and other great key cities.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Investment Bonds Since 1885

112 West Adams St., Chicago

Gentlemen:—Please send me List No. 13510 describing *choice* 6½ and 6% Forman First Mortgage Investments

Name .....

Address .....

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 147 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Write for the new year book. The stock of this Company is listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.
Chicago

Steady growth in business and population has made Chicago the Center of the World's Largest Pool of Power.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

SHREWD INVESTORS BUY HIGH GRADE SOUTHERN BONDS

Southern Freight Tonnage
During the Past Fifteen Years
Has Increased 73%

DURING the past 15 years, the South has laid main line railroad track mile for mile with the entire United States. Freight originating in the South has increased 114 million tons, a gain of 73% compared with a country-wide gain of 10% in the same period.

Steady well-rounded progress of the South in agriculture and in all forms of industry is reflected in these millions of tons of Southern products shipped by freight.

Caldwell & Company, with a background of many years of Southern financial experience, and with an organization extending into every part of the South, as well as into the great northern and eastern centers of accumulated wealth, has utilized its experience and resources in helping to supply capital to finance this rapid normal Southern development. It surrounds its underwritings with the conservative safeguards characteristic of sound investment banking throughout the country.

This organization places comprehensive facilities at the service of individual and institutional investors wherever situated to supply authoritative information regarding Southern Municipal, Corporation and First Mortgage Bonds.

We will take pleasure in sending you a complimentary copy of a little book on Southern investment conditions, "What Determines the Interest Rate?"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

Caldwell & Company

INVESTMENT BANKERS

Southern Municipal, Corporation and First Mortgage Bonds

842 Union Street Nashville, Tenn.

Chicago Detroit Pittsburgh Cincinnati Kansas City St. Louis
Louisville Washington Chattanooga Memphis Knoxville Greensboro
New Orleans Birmingham Jackson St. Petersburg Jacksonville Dallas

Rogers Caldwell & Company, Inc., New York

Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

How to Make Use of the Investment Service of THE GOLDEN BOOK
Without Cost or Obligation to You

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. The Golden Book Magazine Investment Service is an impartial service under the management, direction and supervision of The Review of Reviews Corporation, and free of charge to the 350,000 and more readers of The Golden Book and The Review of Reviews.

For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1. What You Should Know About Real Estate Mortgage Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Public Utility Securities as Investments—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
5. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
7. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
8. 8% and Safety—Filer-Cleveland Co.
9. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
10. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
11. Gas, an Essential Utility and an Opportunity—Hambleton & Co.
12. Security Bonds—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
13. Insured First Mortgage "Sixes"—Mortgage Insurance Corp.
14. Municipal Bonds—National City Co.
15. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
16. Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety—F. H. Smith Co.
17. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.

— — — — — — — — PRINT YOUR NAME—CUT THE COUPON — — — — — — — —

INVESTMENT BUREAU, GOLDEN BOOK
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

October, 1926

Please send to the undersigned literature numbered.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

If agreeable kindly state business .....

I do
I do not } object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."

ADAIR
Guaranteed-Insurable
6½% Bonds
have an income advantage of
62% over 4% bonds
44% over 4½% bonds
30% over 5% bonds
18% over 5½% bonds
8% over 6% bonds

Does Your Money Earn 6½%?

Are your investments unconditionally guaranteed?
Can they be insured against loss?

LEADING financial authorities are agreed that guaranteed real estate mortgage bonds offer a higher return than any other security of equal safety. They point out that the yield of high-grade industrial and railroad bonds has been steadily declining since 1921 and is today at least 30% lower than the yield of 6½% Adair Guaranteed-Insurable First Mortgage Bonds.

4,000 Years of Improvement

Only by investing in Adair Bonds can you combine:

1 the fundamental soundness of the old-fashioned real estate mortgage, dating back 4000 years;

2 the convenience and simplicity of the modern coupon bond, in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100;

3 the written and unconditional guarantee of the underwriting house, with capital, surplus and profits of $2,500,000;

4 the right to insure your holdings against loss at any time on application to an independent surety company, with resources over $27,000,000;

5 an uninterrupted income of $65 from every $1000 invested.

$30,000 in 15 Years

An average semi-annual investment of $553.15 [$92.19 a month] with interest reinvested, in 6½% Adair Bonds will build $1,000 up to $30,000 in 15 years.

Send for Free Booklet

For those desirous of averaging up both the safety and net yield of their investments, we have prepared a comprehensive guide to the safe selection of high-grade mortgage bonds.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO NEAREST OFFICE

Gentlemen:
Please send me your booklet; "Why Your Real Estate Bonds Should Be Guaranteed."

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. *Founded 1865*
CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS $2,500,000
Healey Building, ATLANTA
Packard Building, PHILADELPHIA

ADAIR REALTY & MORTGAGE CO., *Inc.*
NEW YORK:
270 Madison Avenue
ST. LOUIS
Boatmen's Bank Building
Ownership identical

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

GB-19

Take Heed Before You Invest

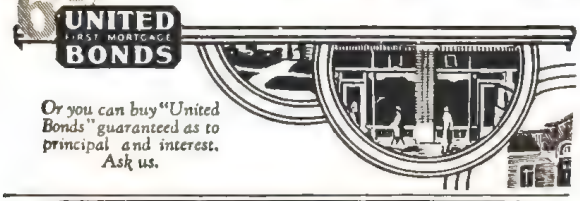
Consider the standing, the resources and experience of the company sponsoring the bonds you buy.

We operate under the supervision of the Michigan State Banking Department.

We are one of the oldest and strongest bond houses in Michigan with a record of "No loss to any investor" evidence of the character of United Bonds. Send for "The Making of a Good Investment".

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND CO., LTD.
Howard C. Wade, President
334 U. S. Mortgage Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Capital $1,000,000. Resources more than $13,000,000
In Canada; United Bond Co., Ltd.
Toronto and Windsor, Ont. (2805)

6½% UNITED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS



Or you can buy "United Bonds" guaranteed as to principal and interest. Ask us.

6% 6%

Secured by 50% First Liens on California Homes

Certificates issued under State supervision—principal and interest guaranteed—"legal for savings"—tax free in California

INSURED FIRST MORTGAGE "SIXES"

write direct for booklet—Dept. GB-10

MORTGAGE INSURANCE CORPORATION

609 So. Grand Ave - Los Angeles

The Beauty of Income Checks

UNFAILING regularity; attractive rate; perfect security; principal and income guaranteed three ways; no coupons, no forms, no delays, no fluctuations, no collection difficulties. Semi-annual interest checks and full cash return at maturity.

Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates

completely described in Booklet No. 40

Fidelity Safety is Real Safety

THE Fidelity MORTGAGE COMPANY
FIDELITY MORTGAGE BLDG.
1940 EAST SIXTH STREET
CLEVELAND

How to know the *Best Bonds*

Some bonds are better than others. The "best" bonds are those which are best for *you*.

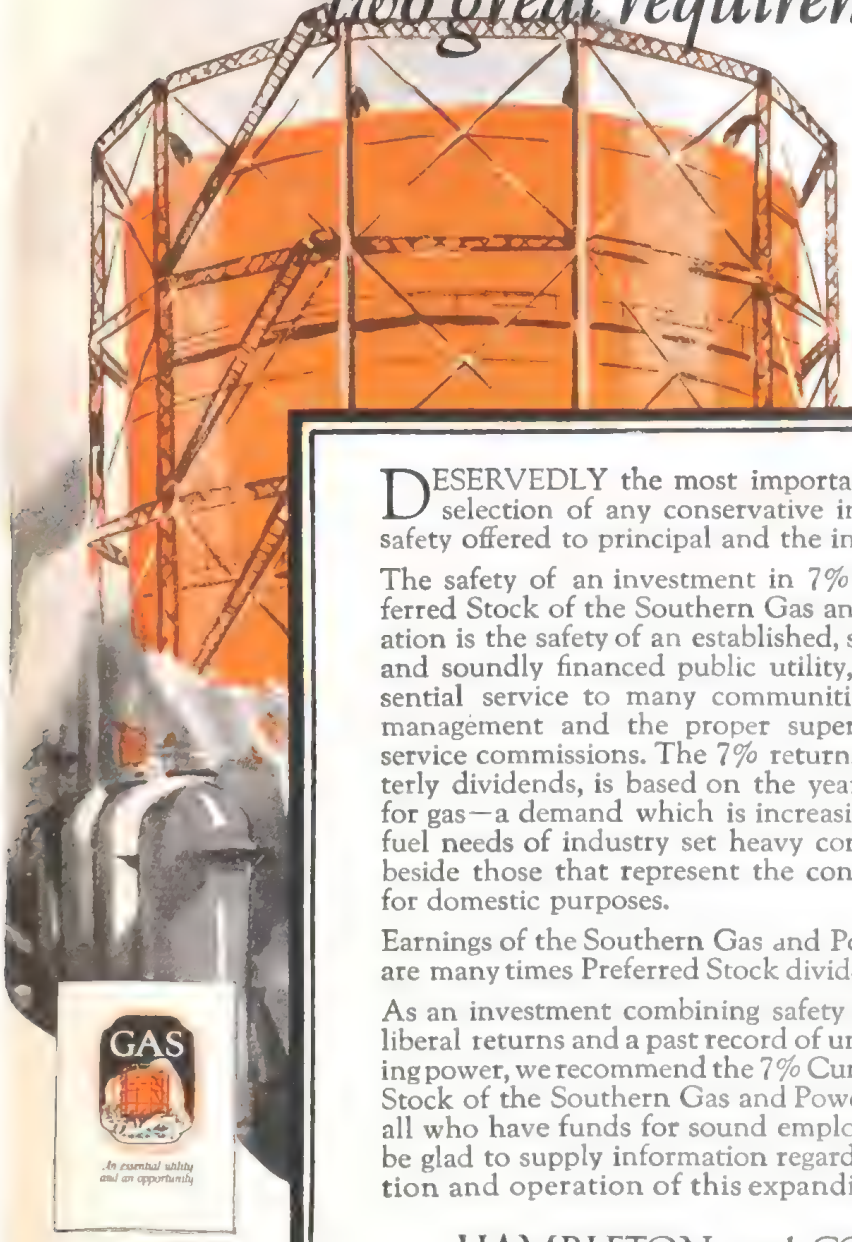
With some knowledge of your investment objective and the securities you now have, we will gladly assist you in keeping your holdings properly balanced and thus improve your investment position.

We believe our booklet,
"What Bonds Shall I Buy?"
will interest you.
May we send you a copy?

Ask for AB-2455

A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED
67 West Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Philadelphia Milwaukee
Boston San Francisco Minneapolis

7% and Safety—
meeting the conservative investor's two great requirements



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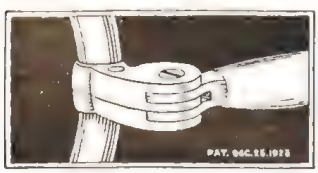

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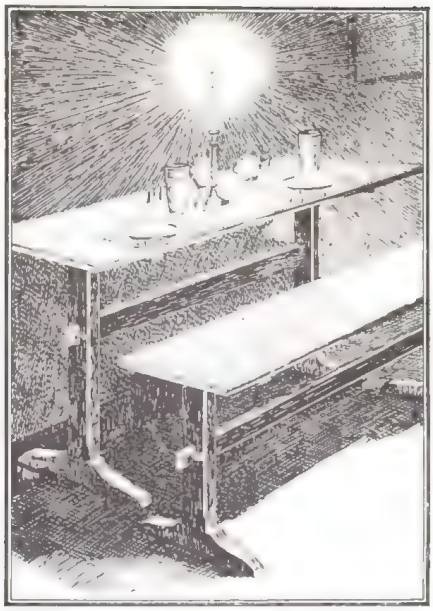

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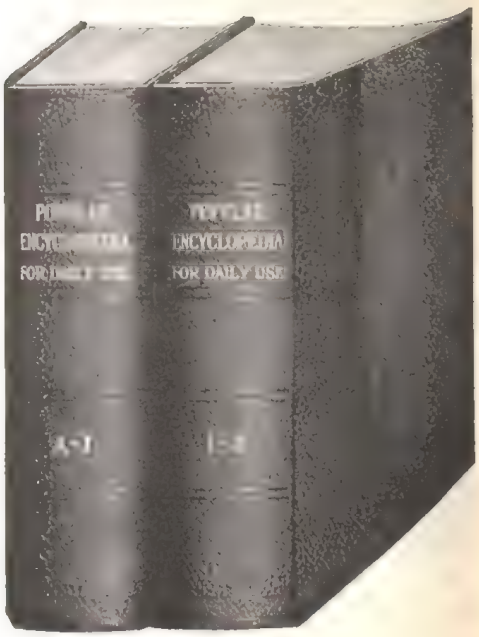

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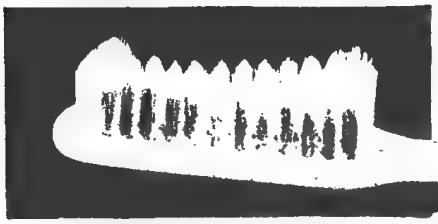

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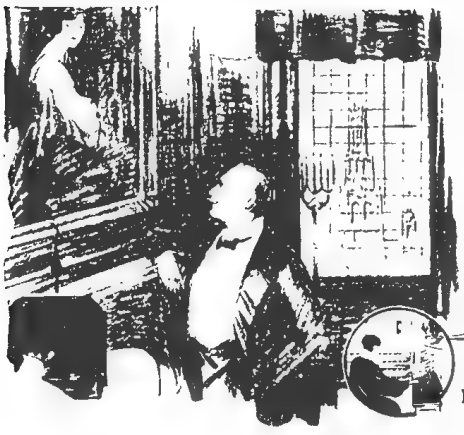

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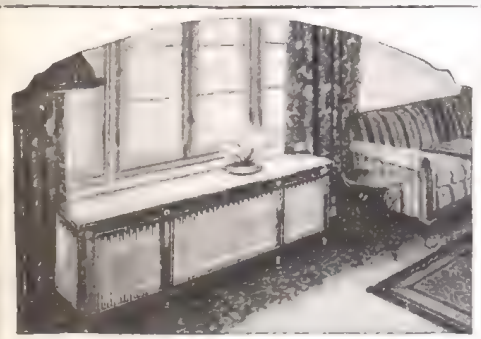

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ABOUT four centuries ago, in the golden era of Ferdinand, Isabella, Columbus, Spanish galleons, and the like, "the land of amazement" was the description given South America by early discoverers. Today, after phenomenal growth and development, it is still "the land of amazement." Scintillatingly colorful with life and evidences of liberal culture beyond what most strangers can imagine, it beckons visitors both by the sophistication of its modern cities and its backdrop of luxurious tropical mystery. For the atmosphere of the unknown still hangs about portions of South America—as typified by the "River of Doubt" of Roosevelt fame. The great, gaunt mountains, colorful rivers overhung with fragrant orchids, soft swaying wheat fields, cattle ranges, the artistic metropolitan centers, quaint villages, the incoherent chatter of monkeys amidst the vast stretches of the upper Amazon, where races of men as yet undiscovered are said to exist—all incite the authentic travel thrill; both for comfortable sight-seeing and downright adventure.

The hustling American sometimes thinks of South America as the "manana" land; others fed on the artificial thrillers of Richard Harding Davis have an idea that there is a revolution in South America every hour and on the hour. Still others, and rightly, see a land of romance, of old Spanish graces in both primitive and modern settings.

South America is reached from the U. S. via a choice of perhaps the most colorful sea journeys possible; a journey through the Panama Canal, a journey that crosses the Equator, through waters virtually the same as those traversed by Beebe in his Arcturus, or Darwin and his Beagle.

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Down along the coast soon comes in sight Peru—which is, for some reason, a poet's point of comparison:

> "'Tis nothing when a fancied scene's in view
> To skip from Covent Garden to Peru,"

is the way Steele put it, but there are others; for instance, Thomas Warton:

> "All human race from China to Peru,
> Pleasure, however disguised by art, pursue."

Even Goldsmith uses the phrase "observe mankind from China to Peru," while Soame Jenkyns makes it "from frozen Lapland to Peru." From which examples it must be suspected that Peru is popular with poets for its possibilities of alliterative pliability and rhyming potentialities!

On the highlands lies Bolivia, whose capital, La Paz, 12,000 feet high, rests in the heart of the Andes, of which Emerson, in his "Bacchus" said:

> "Bring me wine but wine which never grew
> In the belly of the grape,
> Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through
> Under the Andes to the Cape,
> Suffered no savor of the earth to escape."

The strange rainless west coast is one long stretch of color, down to the legendary isle where Robinson Crusoe once lived; and around Cape Horn. You leave then the majestic Andes peaks for the interminable Argentine pampas, in the land where July is winter and December hot summer time. You come to Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro—each a Paris of the western hemisphere; beautiful, artistic, rich, pleasure-loving. You come finally to the dense forests on the eastern coast, bathed by the Atlantic's waters, and that storied river—the Amazon.

> "And then they knew they sailed upon
> The broad mouth of the Amazon"

as Sam Walter Foss put it. Iguazu Falls—widest of cataracts, and an utterly bewildering galaxy of natural beauties, await the traveler who ventures up that queen of rivers.

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(*Continued on page 84*)

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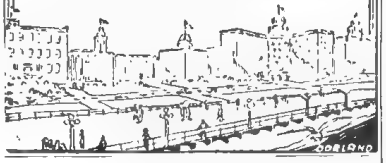

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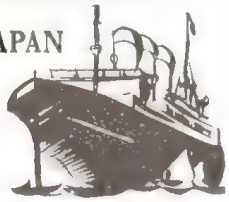

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(*Continued from page 80*)

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